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Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE POEMS

OF

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Revised and Complete Household Edition

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH was born November 11, 1836, in Portsmouth, N. H., a city which, under the name of "Rivermouth," he has made familiar to thousands who have never seen the old seaport. It was in "The Story of a Bad Boy" that he first, with many vivid and loving touches, depicted its elm-shaded streets, spacious, old-fashioned dwellings, decaying warehouses, and crumbling wharves, haunted by a faint spicy odor, — the ghost of the dead West India trade. In this delightful history, which we have the best authority for regarding as substantially autobiographical, is given as spirited and living a picture of its author's boyhood as could be desired. Taken in infancy to Louisiana, where his father had business interests, he returned to his grandfather's house in Portsmouth to pass his school days, and there, in 1852, when he was preparing to enter Harvard College, he received the news of his father's death in New Orleans. This loss changed his purpose, and he accepted a position in the banking-house of an uncle in New York.

But already the boy's aspirations were literary rather than commercial, and his earliest verses,

after the manner of their kind, had appeared in the Poets' Corner of a local newspaper. Even during the three years he remained in his uncle's office he became known as a not infrequent contributor to journals and magazines, and in 1855 he definitely connected himself with the "New York Evening Mirror." From 1856 to 1859 he was assistant editor of the "Home Journal," then under the charge of Mr. N. P. Willis, who gave to the work of his youthful associate a kindly appreciation and encouragement that the latter always held in grateful remembrance. In the early part of the Civil War he was for a time attached to Blenker's Division of the Army of the Potomac as a newspaper correspondent.

He brought out several volumes of verse during these years, the earliest, "The Ballad of Baby Bell, and Other Poems," having been issued when its author was but twenty. Always his own severest critic, he was peculiarly merciless in dealing with his juvenile poems; and in an examination of this little book and its immediate successors but few verses will be found that have reappeared in later collections.

In 1865 Mr. Aldrich married, and removed to Boston to take charge of "Every Saturday," a new weekly established by Ticknor & Fields, of which he remained editor until 1874. In the year first named an edition of his poems was brought out by

the same publishers, in one of their little blue and gold volumes, a guise in which for a season nearly all American poets of repute were presented to the public, and it was no mean distinction for so young an author to appear thus in company with the best writers of the best period of American literature. Several of the poems in this volume, including "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," were first printed in the "Atlantic Monthly," to which Mr. Aldrich had been a contributor since 1860.

In 1869 "The Story of a Bad Boy" appeared as a serial in "Our Young Folks," a juvenile magazine published by Ticknor & Fields. To the vitality and truthfulness of this portrait of a healthy, happy, unspoiled boy, enthusiastic readers, old as well as young, have always been eager to testify. The genuine naturalness of the story, its pleasant humor, and its fine literary quality give it a perennial freshness, and have made it popular in many lands remote from its native New England.

Up to this time Mr. Aldrich may be said to have been known only as a poet, but during the succeeding ten years he was to win wide recognition as a story-writer and novelist. It was then that much began to be said and written about the excellence of the American short story, praises which must have been in no small part inspired by the publication of such little masterpieces as "Miss Mehetabel's Son," "A Rivermouth Romance," and

"Marjorie Daw," — the last in especial, by its potent if elusive charm, gaining an instant popularity, exceptional in its extent and, it may be added, in its enduring quality. "Marjorie Daw" gave name to a collection of stories and sketches published in 1873; and in the same year appeared a new volume of verse, "Cloth of Gold," followed three years later by "Flower and Thorn." "Prudence Palfrey," its author's first novel, was issued in 1874. The others are "The Queen of Sheba" (1877) and "The Stillwater Tragedy" (1880). A later volume of short stories, "Two Bites at a Cherry, and Other Tales," was brought out in 1893, and another, "A Sea-Turn, and Other Matters," appeared in 1902. In these works, whether novel, story, or sketch, we find that easy readableness which comes only from infinite pains on the part of the writer, a lucid style, free alike from mannerisms and affectations and with a quite individual charm, naturalness of movement, and, above all, a quiet but pervasive and spontaneous humor, with touches of simple and unforced pathos.

In 1881, as successor to Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Aldrich became editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," in which so much of his best work had first appeared, and he held this chair until 1890. In the early years of his Boston residence he had established a country home at Ponkapog, a village whose rural charms are pleasantly touched upon in "Our

New Neighbors." For two years, during an absence of Mr. Lowell, he had been the tenant of Elmwood. In 1875 he had made a somewhat extensive European tour, destined to be the first of many similar wanderings and sojourns. It was from the earlier vivid impressions of certain places, which use had not yet made over-familiar, that the agreeable travel-sketches collected in "From Ponkapog to Pesth" (1883) were written. Later journeys were of still larger scope, including two visits to Russia, of which traces may be found in his poems. Freedom from his editorial charge brought larger opportunities for travel, and in 1894–95 he made a journey round the world.

Always loyal to his birthplace, in "An Old Town by the Sea" (1893) he gives a picturesque description of the Portsmouth of history and tradition, as well as his own reminiscences of such survivals of its old life as still remained in his boyhood. The latest volumes of poems are "Mercedes" and "Later Lyrics" (1883), "Mercedes" being a play in two acts, genuinely dramatic in form and spirit, which, with Miss Julia Arthur in the title rôle, was given at Palmer's Theatre, New York, in the season of 1895; "Wyndham Towers" (1889), an Elizabethan story in verse, full of the atmosphere of the time, and containing passages of rare beauty, one of which, the song, "Sweetheart, Sigh no More," is as charming a reproduction of the lyric of England's

lyric age as these latter days are likely to give us; "The Sisters' Tragedy" (1890); "Unguarded Gates" (1895); "Judith and Holofernes" (1896); and "Judith of Bethulîa," a tragedy in four acts (1904). The last, Mr. Aldrich's second piece of stage-work, was produced at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, by Miss Nance O'Neil in 1904, and subsequently performed in our principal cities. His last prose volume was "Ponkapog Papers," a collection of short essays and sketches published in 1903.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Mr. Aldrich by Yale College (1881) and by Harvard University (1896), and that of Doctor of Letters by Yale (1901) and by the University of Pennsylvania (1905).

We may confidently predict that it is as a poet, and especially as a lyric poet, that Mr. Aldrich will be longest remembered. Some of his briefer poems, in which the beauty of the thought is equaled by the exquisite form of the verse which gives it life, lines which once read linger always in the memory, must be among the things which remain. Thoroughly of New England as he was, he had the French feeling for literary form, the French grace and lightness of touch, qualities which have helped to make his *vers de société* easily the best in our literature. Having the true artist's reverence for his craft, he had little tolerance for careless, ill-

considered work, least of all for any of his own work that he found wanting, and he never allowed popular favor to save such delinquents from suppression.

Mr. Aldrich died at his home on Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, March 19, 1907. The fine poem on Longfellow, which he had just written for the centenary of the poet's birth, was, very appropriately, read at his own funeral.

NOTICE
Please do not write in this
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FLOWER AND THORN

TO L. A.

I

At Shiraz, in a sultan's garden, stood
A tree whereon a curious apple grew,
One side like honey, and one side like rue.

Thus sweet and bitter is the life of man,
The sultan said, for thus together grow
Bitter and sweet, but wherefore none may know.

Herewith together you have flower and thorn,
Both rose and brier, for thus together grow
Bitter and sweet, but wherefore none may know.

II

Take them and keep them,
Silvery thorn and flower,
Plucked just at random
In the rosy weather —
Snowdrops and pansies,
Sprigs of wayside heather,

And five-leafed wild-rose
Dead within an hour.

Take them and keep them:
Who can tell? some day, dear,
(Though they be withered,
Flower and thorn and blossom,)
Held for an instant
Up against thy bosom,
They might make December
Seem to thee like May, dear!

BABY BELL AND OTHER POEMS

BABY BELL

I

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even —
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,
Bearing the holy Dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers — those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet.
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

II

She came and brought delicious May;
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went, the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
And on the porch the slender vine
Held out its cups of fairy wine.
How tenderly the twilights fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing-birds
And opening springtide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours.

III

O Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay —
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more:
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born.
We felt we had a link between

This real world and that unseen —
The land beyond the morn;
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth,
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise,) —
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!* — our hearts bowed down
Like violets after rain.

IV

And now the orchards, which were white
And pink with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The folded chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling, range on range:
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Baby Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel-nature ripened too:
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now . . .
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.

V

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things
Who was Christ's self in purity.

VI

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell —
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah! how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

VII

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow —
White buds, the summer's drifted snow —
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers . . .
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours.

PISCATAQUA RIVER

Thou singest by the gleaming isles,
By woods, and fields of corn,
Thou singest, and the sunlight smiles
Upon my birthday morn.

But I within a city, I,
So full of vague unrest,
Would almost give my life to lie
An hour upon thy breast!

To let the wherry listless go,
And, wrapt in dreamy joy,

Dip, and surge idly to and fro,
Like the red harbor-buoy;

To sit in happy indolence,
To rest upon the oars,
And catch the heavy earthy scents
That blow from summer shores;

To see the rounded sun go down,
And with its parting fires
Light up the windows of the town
And burn the tapering spires;

And then to hear the muffled tolls
From steeples slim and white,
And watch, among the Isles of Shoals,
The Beacon's orange light.

O River! flowing to the main
Through woods, and fields of corn,
Hear thou my longing and my pain
This sunny birthday morn;

And take this song which sorrow shapes
To music like thine own,
And sing it to the cliffs and capes
And crags where I am known!

PAMPINA

Lying by the summer sea
I had a dream of Italy.

Chalky cliffs and miles of sand,
Dripping reefs and salty caves,
Then the sparkling emerald waves,
Faded; and I seemed to stand,
Myself an old-time Florentine,
In the heart of that fair land.
And in a garden cool and green,
Boccaccio's own enchanted place,
I met Pampina face to face—
A maid so lovely that to see
Her smile was to know Italy.
Her hair was like a coronet
Upon her Grecian forehead set,
Where one gem glistened sunnily
Like Venice, when first seen at sea.
I saw within her violet eyes
The starlight of Italian skies,
And on her brow and breast and hand
The olive of her native land.

And, knowing how in other times
Her lips were rich with Tuscan rhymes
Of love and wine and dance, I spread

My mantle by an almond-tree,
And "Here, beneath the rose," I said,
"I 'll hear thy Tuscan melody."
I heard a tale that was not told
In those ten dreamy days of old,
When Heaven, for some divine offence,
Smote Florence with the pestilence;
And in that garden's odorous shade
The dames of the Decameron,
With each a loyal lover, strayed,
To laugh and sing, at sorest need,
To lie in the lilies in the sun
With glint of plume and silver brede.
And while she whispers in my ear,
The pleasant Arno murmurs near,
The timid, slim chameleons run
Through twenty colors in the sun;
The breezes blur the fountain's glass,
And wake æolian melodies,
And scatter from the scented trees
The lemon-blossoms on the grass.

The tale? I have forgot the tale —
A Lady all for love forlorn,
A rose tree, and a nightingale
That bruised his bosom on the thorn;
A jar of rubies buried deep,
A glen, a corpse, a child asleep,
A Monk, that was no monk at all,
In the moonlight by a castle-wall.

Now while the dark-eyed Tuscan wove
The gilded thread of her romance —
Which I have lost by grievous chance —
The one dear woman that I love,
Beside me in our seaside nook,
Closed a white finger in her book,
Half vext that she should read, and weep
For Petrarch, to a man asleep.
And scorning one so tame and cold,
She rose, and wandered down the shore,
Her wind-swept drapery, fold in fold,
Imprisoned by a snowy hand;
And on a bowlder, half in sand,
She stood, and looked at Appledore.

And waking, I beheld her there
Sea-dreaming in the moted air,
A siren lithe and debonair,
With wristlets woven of scarlet weeds,
And strings of lucent amber beads
Of sea-kelp shining in her hair.
And as I thought of dreams, and how
The something in us never sleeps,
But laughs, or sings, or moans, or weeps,
She turned — and on her breast and brow
I saw the tint that seemed not won
From touches of New England sun;
I saw on brow and breast and hand
The olive of a sunnier land.

She turned — and, lo! within her eyes
There lay the starlight of Italian skies.

Most dreams are dark, beyond the range
Of reason; oft we cannot tell
If they are born of heaven or hell:
But to my thought it seems not strange
That, lying by the summer sea,
With that dark woman watching me,
I slept and dreamed of Italy.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP

I

THERE is a rest for all things. On still nights
There is a folding of a world of wings —
The bees in unknown woods,
The painted dragonflies, and downy broods
In dizzy poplar heights —
Rest for innumerable nameless things,
Rest for the creatures underneath the sea,
And in the earth, and in the starry air.
It comes to heavier sorrow than I bear,
To pain, and want, and crime, and dark despair
And yet comes not to me!

II

One that has fared a long and toilsome way
And sinks beneath the burden of the day,
O delicate Sleep,
Brings thee a soul that he would have thee keep
A captive in thy shadowy domain
With Puck and Ariel and the happy train
That people dreamland. Give unto his sight
Immortal shapes, and fetch to him again
His Psyche that went out into the night!

III

Thou that dost hold the priceless gift of rest,
Strew lotus leaf and poppy on his breast;
Reach forth thy hand
And lead him to thy castle in the land
All vainly sought —
To those hushed chambers lead him, where the thought
Wanders at will upon enchanted ground,
And never human footfall makes a sound
Along the corridors.

The bell sleeps in the belfry — from its tongue
A drowsy murmur floats into the air
Like thistle-down. There is no bough but seems
Weighted with slumber — slumber everywhere!

Couched on her leaf, the lily sways and dips;
In the green dusk where joyous birds have sung
Sits Silence with her finger on her lips;
Shy woodland folk and sprites that haunt the streams
Are pillowed now in grottoes cool and deep;
But I in chilling twilight stand and wait
At the portcullis of thy castle gate,
Longing to see the charmèd door of dreams
Turn on its noiseless hinges, delicate Sleep!

THE FLIGHT OF THE GODDESS

A MAN should live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends, and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.

Of old, when I walked on a rugged way,
And gave much work for but little bread,
The Goddess dwelt with me night and day,
Sat at my table, haunted my bed.

The narrow, mean attic, I see it now!—
Its window o'erlooking the city's tiles,
The sunset's fires, and the clouds of snow,
And the river wandering miles and miles.

Just one picture hung in the room,
The saddest story that Art can tell —
Dante and Virgil in lurid gloom
Watching the Lovers float through Hell.

Wretched enough was I sometimes,
Pinched, and harassed with vain desires;
But thicker than clover sprung the rhymes
As I dwelt like a sparrow among the spires.

Midnight filled my slumbers with song;
Music haunted my dreams by day.
Now I listen and wait and long,
But the Delphian airs have died away.

I wonder and wonder how it befell:
Suddenly I had friends in crowds;
I bade the house-tops a long farewell;
"Good-by," I cried, "to the stars and clouds!

"But thou, rare soul, thou hast dwelt with me,
Spirit of Poesy! thou divine
Breath of the morning, thou shalt be,
Goddess! for ever and ever mine."

And the woman I loved was now my bride,
And the house I wanted was my own;
I turned to the Goddess satisfied —
But the Goddess had somehow flown.

Flown, and I fear she will never return;
I am much too sleek and happy for her,
Whose lovers must hunger and waste and burn,
Ere the beautiful heathen heart will stir.

I call — but she does not stoop to my cry;
I wait — but she lingers, and ah! so long!
It was not so in the years gone by,
When she touched my lips with chrism of song.

I swear I will get me a garret again,
And adore, like a Parsee, the sunset's fires,
And lure the Goddess, by vigil and pain,
Up with the sparrows among the spires.

For a man should live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends, and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.

AN OLD CASTLE

I

The gray arch crumbles,
And totters and tumbles;
The bat has built in the banquet hall;

In the donjon-keep
Sly mosses creep;
The ivy has scaled the southern wall.
No man-at-arms
Sounds quick alarms
A-top of the cracked martello tower;
The drawbridge-chain
Is broken in twain —
The bridge will neither rise nor lower.
Not any manner
Of broidered banner
Flaunts at a blazoned herald's call.
Lilies float
In the stagnant moat;
And fair they are, and tall.

II

Here, in the old
Forgotten springs,
Was wassail held by queens and kings;
Here at the board
Sat clown and lord,
Maiden fair and lover bold,
Baron fat and minstrel lean,
The prince with his stars,
The knight with his scars,
The priest in his gabardine.

III

Where is she
Of the fleur-de-lys,
And that true knight who wore her gages?
Where are the glances
That bred wild fancies
In curly heads of my lady's pages?
Where are those
Who, in steel or hose,
Held revel here, and made them gay?
Where is the laughter
That shook the rafter —
Where is the rafter, by the way?
Gone is the roof,
And perched aloof
Is an owl, like a friar of Orders Gray.
(Perhaps 't is the priest
Come back to feast —
He had ever a tooth for capon, he!
But the capon 's cold,
And the steward 's old,
And the butler 's lost the larder-key!)
The doughty lords
Sleep the sleep of swords;
Dead are the dames and damozels;
The King in his crown
Hath laid him down,
And the Jester with his bells.

IV

All is dead here:
Poppies are red here,
Vines in my lady's chamber grow —
If 't was her chamber
Where they clamber
Up from the poisonous weeds below.
All is dead here,
Joy is fled here;
Let us hence. 'T is the end of all —
The gray arch crumbles,
And totters, and tumbles,
And Silence sits in the banquet hall.

LOST AT SEA

THE face that Carlo Dolci drew
Looks down from out its leafy hood —
The holly berries, gleaming through
The pointed leaves, seem drops of blood.

Above the cornice, round the hearth,
Are evergreens and spruce-tree boughs;
'T is Christmas morning: Christmas mirth
And joyous voices fill the house.

I pause, and know not what to do;
I feel reproach that I am glad:
Until to-day, no thought of you,
O Comrade! ever made me sad.

But now the thought of your blithe heart,
Your ringing laugh, can give me pain,
Knowing that we are worlds apart,
Not knowing we shall meet again.

For all is dark that lies in store:
Though they may preach, the brotherhood,
We know just this, and nothing more,
That we are dust, and God is good.

What life begins when death makes end?
Sleek gownsmen, is 't so very clear?
How fares it with us? — O my Friend,
I only know you are not here!

That I am in a warm, light room,
With life and love to comfort me,
While you are drifting through the gloom,
Beneath the sea, beneath the sea!

O wild green waves that lash the sands
Of Santiago and beyond,
Lift him, I pray, with gentle hands,
And bear him on — true heart and fond!

To some still grotto far below
The washings of the warm Gulf Stream
Bear him, and let the winds that blow
About the world not break his dream!

—I smooth my brow. Upon the stair
I hear my children shout in glee,
With sparkling eyes and floating hair,
Bringing a Christmas wreath for me.

Their joy, like sunshine deep and broad,
Falls on my heart, and makes me glad:
I think the face of our dear Lord
Looks down on them, and seems not sad.

THE QUEEN'S RIDE

AN INVITATION

'T is that fair time of year,
When stately Guinevere,
In her sea-green robe and hood,
Went a-riding through the wood.

And as the Queen did ride,
Sir Launcelot at her side
Laughed and chatted, bending over,
Half her friend and all her lover.

And as they rode along,
The throstle gave them song,
And the buds peeped through the grass
To see youth and beauty pass.

And on, through deathless time,
These lovers in their prime
(Two fairy ghosts together!)
Ride, with sea-green robe, and feather!

And so we two will ride,
At your pleasure, side by side,
Laugh and chat; I bending over,
Half your friend, and all your lover.

But if you like not this,
And take my love amiss,
Then I 'll ride unto the end,
Half your lover, all your friend.

So, come which way you will.
Valley, upland, plain, and hill
Wait your coming. For one day
Loose the bridle, and away!

"THE QUEEN'S RIDE." Page 22.

DIRGE

Let us keep him warm,
Stir the dying fire:
Upon his tired arm
Slumbers young Desire.

Soon, ah, very soon
We too shall not know
Either sun or moon,
Either grass or snow.

Others in our place
Come to laugh and weep,
Win or lose the race,
And to fall asleep.

Let us keep him warm,
Stir the dying fire:
Upon his tired arm
Slumbers young Desire.

What does all avail —
Love, or power, or gold?
Life is like a tale
Ended ere 't is told.

Much is left unsaid,
Much is said in vain —
Shall the broken thread
Be taken up again?

Let us keep him warm,
Stir the dying fire:
Upon his tired arm
Slumbers young Desire.

Kisses one or two
On his eyelids set,
That, when all is through,
He may not forget.

He has far to go —
Is it East or West?
Whither? Who may know?
Let him take his rest.

Wind, and snow, and sleet —
So the long night dies.
Draw the winding-sheet,
Cover up his eyes.

Let us keep him warm,
Stir the dying fire:
Upon his tired arm
Slumbers young Desire.

ON LYNN TERRACE

All day to watch the blue wave curl and break,
All night to hear it plunging on the shore —
In this sea-dream such draughts of life I take,
I cannot ask for more.

Behind me lie the idle life and vain,
The task unfinished, and the weary hours;
That long wave softly bears me back to Spain
And the Alhambra's towers!

Once more I halt in Andalusian Pass,
To list the mule-bells jingling on the height;
Below, against the dull esparto grass,
The almonds glimmer white.

Huge gateways, wrinkled, with rich grays and browns,
Invite my fancy, and I wander through
The gable-shadowed, zigzag streets of towns
The world's first sailors knew.

Or, if I will, from out this thin sea-haze
Low-lying cliffs of lovely Calais rise;
Or yonder, with the pomp of olden days,
Venice salutes my eyes.

Or some gaunt castle lures me up its stair;
I see, far off, the red-tiled hamlets shine,
And catch, through slits of windows here and there,
Blue glimpses of the Rhine.

Again I pass Norwegian fjord and fell,
And through bleak wastes to where the sunset's fires
Light up the white-walled Russian citadel,
The Kremlin's domes and spires.

And now I linger in green English lanes,
By garden-plots of rose and heliotrope;
And now I face the sudden pelting rains
On some lone Alpine slope.

Now at Tangier, among the packed bazaars,
I saunter, and the merchants at the doors
Smile, and entice me: here are jewels like stars,
And curved knives of the Moors;

Cloths of Damascus, strings of amber dates;
What would Howadji — silver, gold, or stone?
Prone on the sun-scorched plain outside the gates
The camels make their moan.

All this is mine, as I lie dreaming here,
High on the windy terrace, day by day;
And mine the children's laughter, sweet and clear,
Ringing across the bay.

For me the clouds; the ships sail by for me;
For me the petulant sea-gull takes its flight;
And mine the tender moonrise on the sea,
And hollow caves of night.

SEADRIFT

See where she stands, on the wet sea-sands,
Looking across the water:
Wild is the night, but wilder still
The face of the fisher's daughter.

What does she there, in the lightning's glare,
What does she there, I wonder?
What dread demon drags her forth
In the night and wind and thunder?

Is it the ghost that haunts this coast? —
The cruel waves mount higher,
And the beacon pierces the stormy dark
With its javelin of fire.

Beyond the light of the beacon bright
A merchantman is tacking;
The hoarse wind whistling through the shrouds,
And the brittle topmasts cracking.

The sea it moans over dead men's bones,
The sea turns white in anger;
The curlews sweep through the resonant air
With a warning cry of danger.

The star-fish clings to the sea-weed's rings
In a vague, dumb sense of peril;
And the spray, with its phantom-fingers, grasps
At the mullein dry and sterile.

Oh, who is she that stands by the sea,
In the lightning's glare, undaunted? —
Seems this now like the coast of hell
By one white spirit haunted!

The night drags by; and the breakers die
Along the ragged ledges;
The robin stirs in his drenchèd nest,
The wild-rose droops on the hedges.

In shimmering lines, through the dripping pines,
The stealthy morn advances;
And the heavy sea-fog straggles back
Before those bristling lances.

Still she stands on the wet sea-sands;
The morning breaks above her,
And the corpse of a sailor gleams on the rocks —
What if it were her lover?

THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARK AT MIDNIGHT

HUSHED is the music, hushed the hum of voices;
Gone is the crowd of dusky promenaders,
Slender-waisted, almond-eyed Venetians,
Princes and paupers. Not a single footfall
Sounds in the arches of the Procuratie.
One after one, like sparks in cindered paper,
Faded the lights out in the goldsmiths' windows.
Drenched with the moonlight lies the still Piazza.

Fair as the palace builded for Aladdin,
Yonder St. Mark uplifts its sculptured splendor —
Intricate fretwork, Byzantine mosaic,
Color on color, column upon column,
Barbaric, wonderful, a thing to kneel to!
Over the portal stand the four gilt horses,
Gilt hoof in air, and wide distended nostril,
Fiery, untamed, as in the days of Nero.
Skyward, a cloud of domes and spires and crosses;
Earthward, black shadows flung from jutting stone-
work.
High over all the slender Campanile
Quivers, and seems a falling shaft of silver.

Hushed is the music, hushed the hum of voices.
Listen — from cornice and fantastic gargoyle,

Now and again the moan of dove or pigeon,
Fairily faint, floats off into the moonlight.
This, and the murmur of the Adriatic,
Lazily restless, lapping the mossed marble,
Staircase or buttress, scarcely break the stillness.
Deeper each moment seems to grow the silence,
Denser the moonlight in the still Piazza.
Hark! on the Tower above the ancient gateway,
The twin bronze Vulcans, with their ponderous hammers,
Hammer the midnight on their brazen bell there!

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS

The thing I am, and not the thing Man is,
Fills my deep dreaming. Let him moan and die;
I know my own creation was divine.
I brood on all the shapes I must attain
Before I reach the Perfect, which is God,
And dream my dream, and let the rabble go;
For I am of the mountains and the sea,
The deserts, and the caverns in the earth,
The catacombs and fragments of old worlds.
I was a spirit on the mountain-tops,
A perfume in the valleys, a simoom
On arid deserts, a nomadic wind
Roaming the universe, a tireless voice.

I was ere Romulus and Remus were;
I was ere Nineveh and Babylon;
I was, and am, and evermore shall be,
Progressing, never reaching to the end.
A hundred years I trembled in the grass,
The delicate trefoil that muffled warm
A slope on Ida; for a hundred years
Moved in the purple gyre of those dark flowers
The Grecian women strew upon the dead.
Under the earth, in fragrant glooms, I dwelt;
Then in the veins and sinews of a pine
On a lone isle, where, from the Cyclades,
A mighty wind, like a leviathan,
Ploughed through the brine, and from those soli-
tudes
Sent Silence, frightened. To and fro I swayed,
Drawing the sunshine from the stooping clouds.
Suns came and went, and many a mystic moon,
Orbing and waning, and fierce meteors,
Leaving their lurid ghosts to haunt the night.
I heard loud voices by the sounding shore,
The stormy sea-gods, and from fluted conchs
Wild music, and strange shadows floated by,
Some moaning and some singing. So the years
Clustered about me, till the hand of God
Let down the lightning from a sultry sky,
Splintered the pine and split the iron rock;
And from my odorous prison-house a bird,
I in its bosom, darted; so we fled,

Turning the brittle edge of one high wave,
Island and tree and sea-gods left behind!
Free as the air from zone to zone I flew,
Far from the tumult to the quiet gates
Of daybreak; and beneath me I beheld
Vineyards, and rivers that like silver threads
Ran through the green and gold of pasture-lands,
And here and there a convent on a hill,
And here and there a city in a plain;
I saw huge navies battling with a storm
By hidden reefs along the desolate coasts,
And lazy merchantmen, that crawled, like flies,
Over the blue enamel of the sea
To India or the icy Labradors.
A century was as a single day.
What is a day to an immortal soul?
A breath, no more. And yet I hold one hour
Beyond all price — that hour when from the sky
I circled near and nearer to the earth,
Nearer and nearer, till I brushed my wings
Against the pointed chestnuts, where a stream,
That foamed and chattered over pebbly shoals,
Fled through the briony, and with a shout
Leapt headlong down a precipice; and there,
Gathering wild-flowers in the cool ravine,
Wandered a woman more divinely shaped
Than any of the creatures of the air,
Or river-goddesses, or restless shades
Of noble matrons marvellous in their time

For beauty and great suffering; and I sung,
I charmed her thought, I gave her dreams, and then
Down from the dewy atmosphere I stole
And nestled in her bosom. There I slept
From moon to moon, while in her eyes a thought
Grew sweet and sweeter, deepening like dawn —
A mystical forewarning! When the stream,
Breaking through leafless brambles and dead leaves,
Piped shriller treble, and from chestnut boughs
The fruit dropt noiseless through the autumn night,
I gave a quick, low cry, as infants do:
We weep when we are born, not when we die!
So was it destined; and thus came I here,
To walk the earth and wear the form of Man,
To suffer bravely as becomes my state,
One step, one grade, one cycle nearer God.
And knowing these things, can I stoop to fret,
And lie, and haggle in the market-place,
Give dross for dross, or everything for naught?
No! let me sit above the crowd, and sing,
Waiting with hope for that miraculous change
Which seems like sleep; and though I waiting starve,
I cannot kiss the idols that are set
By every gate, in every street and park;
I cannot fawn, I cannot soil my soul;
For I am of the mountains and the sea,
The deserts, and the caverns in the earth,
The catacombs and fragments of old worlds.

BAYARD TAYLOR

In other years — lost youth's enchanted years,
Seen now, and evermore, through blinding tears
And empty longing for what may not be —
The Desert gave him back to us; the Sea
Yielded him up; the icy Norland strand
Lured him not long, nor that soft German air
He loved could keep him. Ever his own land
Fettered his heart and brought him back again.
What sounds are these of farewell and despair
Borne on the winds across the wintry main!
What unknown way is this that he has gone,
Our Bayard, in such silence and alone?
What dark new quest has tempted him once more
To leave us? Vainly, standing by the shore,
We strain our eyes. But patience! When the soft
Spring gales are blowing over Cedarcroft,
Whitening the hawthorn; when the violets bloom
Along the Brandywine, and overhead
The sky is blue as Italy's, he will come . . .
In the wind's whisper, in the swaying pine,
In song of bird and blossoming of vine,
And all fair things he loved ere he was dead!

INTERLUDES

HESPERIDES

If thy soul, Herrick, dwelt with me,
This is what my songs would be:
Hints of our sea-breezes, blent
With odors from the Orient;
Indian vessels deep with spice;
Star-showers from the Norland ice;
Wine-red jewels that seem to hold
Fire, but only burn with cold;
Antique goblets, strangely wrought,
Filled with the wine of happy thought,
Bridal measures, vain regrets,
Laburnum buds and violets;
Hopeful as the break of day;
Clear as crystal; new as May;
Musical as brooks that run
O'er yellow shallows in the sun;
Soft as the satin fringe that shades
The eyelids of thy Devon maids;
Brief as thy lyrics, Herrick, are,
And polished as the bosom of a star.

BEFORE THE RAIN

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens —
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To scatter them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind — and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

AFTER THE RAIN

The rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,

A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye.

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A square of gold, a disk, a speck;
And in the belfry sits a Dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

A SNOWFLAKE

Once he sang of summer,
Nothing but the summer;
Now he sings of winter,
Of winter bleak and drear:
Just because there 's fallen
A snowflake on his forehead
He must go and fancy
'T is winter all the year!

FROST-WORK

These winter nights, against my window-pane
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,

Which she will shape when summer comes again —
Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,
Like curious Chinese etchings. . . . By and by
(I in my leafy garden as of old)
These frosty fantasies shall charm my eye
In azure, damask, emerald, and gold.

THE ONE WHITE ROSE

A SORROWFUL woman said to me,
"Come in and look on our child."
I saw an Angel at shut of day,
And it never spoke — but smiled.

I think of it in the city's streets,
I dream of it when I rest —
The violet eyes, the waxen hands,
And the one white rose on the breast!

LANDSCAPE

GAUNT shadows stretch along the hill;
Cold clouds drift slowly west;
Soft flocks of vagrant snowflakes fill
The redwing's frozen nest.

By sunken reefs the hoarse sea roars;
Above the shelving sands,
Like skeletons the sycamores
Uplift their wasted hands.

The air is full of hints of grief,
Faint voices touched with pain —
The pathos of the falling leaf
And rustling of the rain.

In yonder cottage shines a light,
Far-gleaming like a gem —
Not fairer to the Rabbins' sight
Was star of Bethlehem!

NOCTURNE

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white-rose lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him in at the window —
I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lip she holds him,
And kisses him many a time —
Ah, me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb!

APPRECIATION

To the sea-shell's spiral round
'T is your heart that brings the sound:
The soft sea-murmurs that you hear
Within, are captured from your ear.

You do poets and their song
A grievous wrong,
If your own soul does not bring
To their high imagining
As much beauty as they sing.

PALABRAS CARIÑOSAS

(SPANISH AIR)

GOOD-NIGHT! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto the slender hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there —
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say Good-night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my farewells. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago —
What, both these snowy hands! ah, then
I'll have to say Good-night again!

APPARITIONS

At noon of night, and at the night's pale end,
  Such things have chanced to me
As one, by day, would scarcely tell a friend
  For fear of mockery.

Shadows, you say, mirages of the brain!
  I know not, faith, not I.
Is it more strange the dead should walk again
  Than that the quick should die?

UNSUNG

As sweet as the breath that goes
From the lips of the blown rose,
As weird as the elfin lights
That glimmer of frosty nights,
As wild as the winds that tear
The curled red leaf in the air,
Is the song I have never sung.

In slumber, a hundred times
I have said the mystic rhymes,

But ere I open my eyes
This ghost of a poem flies;
Of the interfluent strains
Not even a note remains:
I know by my pulses' beat
It was something wild and sweet,
And my heart is deeply stirred
By an unremembered word!

I strive, but I strive in vain,
To recall the lost refrain.
On some miraculous day
Perhaps it will come and stay;
In some unimagined Spring
I may find my voice, and sing
The song I have never sung.

AN UNTIMELY THOUGHT

I WONDER what day of the week,
I wonder what month of the year —
Will it be midnight, or morning,
And who will bend over my bier? . . .

— What a hideous fancy to come
As I wait at the foot of the stair,

While Lilian gives the last touch
To her robe, or the rose in her hair.

Do I like your new dress — pompadour?
And do I like *you*? On my life,
You are eighteen, and not a day more,
And have not been six years my wife.

Those two rosy boys in the crib
Up-stairs are not ours, to be sure! —
You are just a sweet bride in her bloom,
All sunshine, and snowy, and pure.

As the carriage rolls down the dark street
The little wife laughs and makes cheer —
But . . . I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month of the year.

ONE WOMAN

Thou listenest to us with unheeding ear;
Alike to thee our censure and our praise:
Thou hearest voices that we may not hear;
Thou livest only in thy yesterdays.

e thee move, erect and pale and brave ;
words are thine, sweet deeds, and gracious
will ;
thou art dead as any in the grave —
y thy presence lingers with us still.

With others, joy and sorrow seem to slip
Like light and shade, and laughter kills regret ;
But thou — the fugitive tremor of thy lip
Lays bare thy secret — thou canst not forget !

REALISM

ROMANCE beside his unstrung lute
Lies stricken mute.
The old-time fire, the antique grace,
You will not find them anywhere.
To-day we breathe a commonplace,
Polemic, scientific air :
We strip Illusion of her veil ;
We vivisect the nightingale
To probe the secret of his note.
The Muse in alien ways remote
Goes wandering.

DISCIPLINE

In the crypt at the foot of the stairs
They lay there, a score of the Dead:
They could hear the priest at his prayers,
And the litany overhead.

They knew when the great crowd stirred
As the Host was lifted on high;
And they smiled in the dark when they heard
Some light-footed nun trip by.

Side by side on their shelves
For years and years they lay;
And those who misbehaved themselves
Had their coffin-plates taken away.

Thus is the legend told
In black-letter monkish rhyme,
Explaining those plaques of gold
That vanished from time to time!

DESTINY

Three roses, wan as moonlight and weighed down
Each with its loveliness as with a crown,
Drooped in a florist's window in a town.

The first a lover bought. It lay at rest,
Like flower on flower, that night, on Beauty's
breast.

The second rose, as virginal and fair,
Shrunk in the tangles of a harlot's hair.

The third, a widow, with new grief made wild,
Shut in the icy palm of her dead child.

NAMELESS PAIN

In my nostrils the summer wind
Blows the exquisite scent of the rose:
Oh for the golden, golden wind,
Breaking the buds as it goes!
Breaking the buds and bending the grass,
And spilling the scent of the rose.

O wind of the summer morn,
Tearing the petals in twain,
Wafting the fragrant soul
Of the rose through valley and plain,
I would you could tear my heart to-day
And scatter its nameless pain!

HEREDITY

A SOLDIER of the Cromwell stamp,
With sword and psalm-book by his side,
At home alike in church and camp:
Austere he lived, and smileless died.

But she, a creature soft and fine —
From Spain, some say, some say from France;
Within her veins leapt blood like wine —
She led her Roundhead lord a dance!

In Grantham church they lie asleep;
Just where, the verger may not know.
Strange that two hundred years should keep
The old ancestral fires aglow!

In me these two have met again;
To each my nature owes a part:
To one, the cool and reasoning brain,
To one, the quick, unreasoning heart.

IDENTITY

SOMEWHERE — in desolate wind-swept space —
In Twilight-land — in No-man's-land —
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one a-gape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

LYRICS AND EPICS

I WOULD be the Lyric
Ever on the lip,
Rather than the Epic
Memory lets slip.
I would be the diamond
At my lady's ear,
Rather than the June-rose
Worn but once a year.

A WINTER PIECE

Sous le voile qui vous protége,
Défiant les regards jaloux,
Si vous sortez par cette neige,
Redoutez vos pieds andalous.
THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

BENEATH the heavy veil you wear,
Shielded from jealous eyes you go;

But of your pretty feet have care
If you should venture through the snow.

Howe'er you tread, a tiny mould
Betrays that light foot all the same;
Upon this glistening, snowy fold
At every step it signs your name.

Thus guided, one might come too close
Upon the slyly-hidden nest
Where Psyche, with her cheek's cold rose,
On Love's warm bosom lies at rest.

KRISS KRINGLE

(Written in a child's album)

JUST as the moon was fading amid her misty rings,
And every stocking was stuffed with childhood's precious things,
Old Kriss Kringle looked round, and saw on the elm-tree bough,
High-hung, an oriole's nest, silent and empty now.
"Quite like a stocking," he laughed, "pinned up there on the tree!

Little I thought the birds expected a present from me!"
Then old Kriss Kringle, who loves a joke as well as the best,
Dropped a handful of flakes in the oriole's empty nest.

RENCONTRE

Toiling across the Mer de Glace,
I thought of, longed for thee;
What miles between us stretched, alas!—
What miles of land and sea!

My foe, undreamed of, at my side
Stood suddenly, like Fate.
For those who love, the world is wide,
But not for those who hate.

LOVE'S CALENDAR

The Summer comes and the Summer goes;
Wild-flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The swallows go darting through fragrant rains,
Then, all of a sudden — it snows.

Dear Heart, our lives so happily flow,
So lightly we heed the flying hours,
We only know Winter is gone — by the flowers,
We only know Winter is come — by the snow.

LOST ART

I

When I was young and light of heart
I made sad songs with easy art:
Now I am sad, and no more young,
My sorrow cannot find a tongue.

II

Pray, Muses, since I may not sing
Of Death or any grievous thing,
Teach me some joyous strain, that I
May mock my youth's hypocrisy!

CLOTH OF GOLD

PROEM

I

You ask us if by rule or no
Our many-colored songs are wrought:
Upon the cunning loom of thought
We weave our fancies, so and so.

II

The busy shuttle comes and goes
Across the rhymes, and deftly weaves
A tissue out of autumn leaves,
With here a thistle, there a rose.

III

With art and patience thus is made
The poet's perfect Cloth of Gold:
When woven so, nor moth nor mould
Nor time can make its colors fade.

AN ARAB WELCOME

Because thou com'st, a weary guest
Unto my tent, I bid thee rest.
This cruse of oil, this skin of wine,
These tamarinds and dates are thine;
And while thou eatest, Medjid, there,
Shall bathe the heated nostrils of thy mare.

Illah il' Allah! Even so
An Arab chieftain treats a foe,
Holds him as one without a fault
Who breaks his bread and tastes his salt;
And, in fair battle, strikes him dead
With the same pleasure that he gives him bread.

A TURKISH LEGEND

A certain Pasha, dead these thousand years,
Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,

And had this sentence on the city's gate
Deeply engraven, *Only God is great.*

So those four words above the city's noise
Hung like the accents of an angel's voice,

And evermore, from the high barbacan,
Saluted each returning caravan.

Lost is that city's glory. Every gust
Lifts, with dead leaves, the unknown Pasha's dust.

And all is ruin — save one wrinkled gate
Whereon is written, *Only God is great.*

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS

KIND was my friend who, in the Eastern land,
Remembered me with such a gracious hand,
And sent this Moorish Crescent which has been
Worn on the haughty bosom of a queen.
No more it sinks and rises in unrest
To the soft music of her heathen breast;
No barbarous chief shall bow before it more,
No turbaned slave shall envy and adore.

I place beside this relic of the Sun
A Cross of Cedar brought from Lebanon,
Once borne, perchance, by some pale monk who trod
The desert to Jerusalem and his God.
Here do they lie, two symbols of two creeds,

Each with deep meaning to our human needs,
Both stained with blood, and sacred made by faith,
By tears, and prayers, and martyrdom, and death.
That for the Moslem is, but this for me.
The waning Crescent lacks divinity:
It gives me dreams of battles, and the woes
Of women shut in dim seraglios.
But when this Cross of simple wood I see,
The Star of Bethlehem shines again for me,
And glorious visions break upon my gloom —
The patient Christ, and Mary at the Tomb.

THE UNFORGIVEN

Near my bed, there, hangs the picture jewels could
not buy from me:
'T is a Siren, a brown Siren, in her sea-weed dra-
pery,
Playing on a lute of amber, by the margin of a
sea.

In the east, the rose of morning seems as if 't would
blossom soon,
But it never, never blossoms, in this picture; and
the moon
Never ceases to be crescent, and the June is always
June.

And the heavy-branched banana never yields its
creamy fruit;
In the citron-trees are nightingales forever stricken
mute;
And the Siren sits, her fingers on the pulses of the
lute.

In the hushes of the midnight, when the heliotropes
grow strong
With the dampness, I hear music — hear a quiet,
plaintive song —
A most sad, melodious utterance, as of some im-
mortal wrong;

Like the pleading, oft repeated, of a Soul that
pleads in vain,
Of a damnèd Soul repentant, that would fain be
pure again! —
And I lie awake and listen to the music of her
pain.

And whence comes this mournful music? — whence,
unless it chance to be
From the Siren, the brown Siren, in her sea-weed
drapery,
Playing on a lute of amber, by the margin of a
sea.

DRESSING THE BRIDE

A FRAGMENT

So, after bath, the slave-girls brought
The broidered raiment for her wear,
The misty izar from Mosul,
The pearls and opals for her hair,
The slippers for her supple feet,
(Two radiant crescent moons they were,)
And lavender, and spikenard sweet,
And attars, nedd, and richest musk.
When they had finished dressing her,
(The Eye of Dawn, the Heart's Desire!)
Like one pale star against the dusk,
A single diamond on her brow
Trembled with its imprisoned fire.

TWO SONGS FROM THE PERSIAN

I

O CEASE, sweet music, let us rest!
Too soon the hateful light is born;
Henceforth let day be counted night,
And midnight called the morn.

"DRESSING THE BRIDE." Page 58.

O cease, sweet music, let us rest!
A tearful, languid spirit lies,
Like the dim scent in violets,
In beauty's gentle eyes.

There is a sadness in sweet sound
That quickens tears. O music, lest
We weep with thy strange sorrow, cease!
Be still, and let us rest.

II

Ah! sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love —
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray!
They stand in everlasting light,

They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And slumber in his heart by night.

TIGER-LILIES

I LIKE not lady-slippers,
Nor yet the sweet-pea blossoms,
Nor yet the flaky roses,
Red, or white as snow;
I like the chaliced lilies,
The heavy Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow.

For they are tall and slender;
Their mouths are dashed with carmine;
And when the wind sweeps by them,
On their emerald stalks
They bend so proud and graceful —
They are Circassian women,
The favorites of the Sultan,
Adown our garden walks.

And when the rain is falling,
I sit beside the window
And watch them glow and glisten,
How they burn and glow!

Oh for the burning lilies,
The tender Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow!

THE SULTANA

In the draperies' purple gloom,
In the gilded chamber she stands,
I catch a glimpse of her bosom's bloom,
And the white of her jewelled hands.

Each wandering wind that blows
By the lattice, seems to bear
From her parted lips the scent of the rose,
And the jasmine from her hair.

Her dark-browed odalisques lean
To the fountain's feathery rain,
And a paroquet, by the broidered screen,
Dangles its silvery chain.

But pallid, luminous, cold,
Like a phantom she fills the place,
Sick to the heart, in that cage of gold,
With her sumptuous disgrace.

THE WORLD'S WAY

At Haroun's court it chanced, upon a time,
An Arab poet made this pleasant rhyme:

"The new moon is a horseshoe, wrought of God,
Wherewith the Sultan's stallion shall be shod."

On hearing this, the Sultan smiled, and gave
The man a gold-piece. *Sing again, O slave!*

Above his lute the happy singer bent,
And turned another gracious compliment.

And, as before, the smiling Sultan gave
The man a sekkah. *Sing again, O slave!*

Again the verse came, fluent as a rill
That wanders, silver-footed, down a hill.

The Sultan, listening, nodded as before,
Still gave the gold, and still demanded more

The nimble fancy that had climbed so high
Grew weary with its climbing by and by:

Strange discords rose; the sense went quite
amiss;
The singer's rhymes refused to meet and kiss:

Invention flagged, the lute had got unstrung,
And twice he sang the song already sung.

The Sultan, furious, called a mute, and said,
O Musta, straightway whip me off his head!

Poets! not in Arabia alone
You get beheaded when your skill is gone.

LATAKIA

I

When all the panes are hung with frost,
Wild wizard-work of silver lace,
I draw my sofa on the rug
Before the ancient chimney-place.
Upon the painted tiles are mosques
And minarets, and here and there
A blind muezzin lifts his hands
And calls the faithful unto prayer.
Folded in idle, twilight dreams,

I hear the hemlock chirp and sing
As if within its ruddy core
It held the happy heart of Spring.
Ferdousi never sang like that,
Nor Saadi grave, nor Hafiz gay:
I lounge, and blow white rings of smoke,
And watch them rise and float away.

II

The curling wreaths like turbans seem
Of silent slaves that come and go —
Or Viziers, packed with craft and crime,
Whom I behead from time to time,
With pipe-stem, at a single blow.

And now and then a lingering cloud
Takes gracious form at my desire,
And at my side my lady stands,
Unwinds her veil with snowy hands —
A shadowy shape, a breath of fire!

O Love, if you were only here
Beside me in this mellow light,
Though all the bitter winds should blow,
And all the ways be choked with snow,
'T would be a true Arabian night!

WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN

When the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan,
Even before he gets so far
As the place where the clustered palm-trees are,
At the last of the thirty palace-gates,
The flower of the harem, Rose-in-Bloom,
Orders a feast in his favorite room —
Glittering squares of colored ice,
Sweetened with syrop, tinctured with spice,
Creams, and cordials, and sugared dates,
Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,
Limes, and citrons, and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern princes;
And Nubian slaves, with smoking pots
Of spicèd meats and costliest fish
And all that the curious palate could wish,
Pass in and out of the cedarn doors;
Scattered over mosaic floors
Are anemones, myrtles, and violets,
And a musical fountain throws its jets
Of a hundred colors into the air.
The dusk Sultana loosens her hair,
And stains with the henna-plant the tips
Of her pointed nails, and bites her lips

Till they bloom again ; but, alas, *that* rose
Not for the Sultan buds and blows,
Not for the Sultan Shah-Zaman
When he goes to the city Ispahan.

Then at a wave of her sunny hand
The dancing-girls of Samarcand
Glide in like shapes from fairy-land,
Making a sudden mist in air
Of fleecy veils and floating hair
And white arms lifted. Orient blood
Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes.
And there, in this Eastern Paradise,
Filled with the breath of sandal-wood,
And Khoten musk, and aloes and myrrh,
Sits Rose-in-Bloom on a silk divan,
Sipping the wines of Astrakhan ;
And her Arab lover sits with her.
That's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan.

Now, when I see an extra light,
Flaming, flickering on the night
From my neighbor's casement opposite,
I know as well as I know to pray,
I know as well as a tongue can say,
That the innocent Sultan Shah-Zaman
Has gone to the city Ispahan.

"WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN." Page 66.

A PRELUDE

Hassan ben Abdul at the Ivory Gate
Of Bagdad sat and chattered in the sun,
Like any magpie chattered to himself
And four lank, swarthy Arab boys that stopped
A gambling game with peach-pits, and drew near.
Then Iman Khan, the friend of thirsty souls,
The seller of pure water, ceased his cry,
And placed his water-skins against the gate —
They looked so like him, with their sallow cheeks
Puffed out like Iman's. Then a eunuch came
And swung a pack of sweetmeats from his head,
And stood — a hideous pagan cut in jet.
And then a Jew, whose sandal-straps were red
With desert-dust, limped, cringing, to the crowd;
He, too, would listen; and close after him
A jeweller that glittered like his shop.
Then two blind mendicants, who wished to go
Six diverse ways at once, came stumbling by,
But hearing Hassan chatter, sat them down.
And if the Khalif had been riding near,
He would have paused to listen like the rest,
For Hassan's fame was ripe in all the East.
From white-walled Cairo to far Ispahan,
From Mecca to Damascus, he was known,
Hassan, the Arab with the Singing Heart.

His songs were sung by boatmen on the Nile,
By Beddowee maidens, and in Tartar camps,
While all men loved him as they loved their eyes;
And when he spake, the wisest, next to him,
Was he who listened. And thus Hassan sung.
— And I, a stranger lingering in Bagdad,
Half English and half Arab, by my beard!
Caught at the gilded epic as it grew,
And for my Christian brothers wrote it down.

TO HAFIZ

THOUGH gifts like thine the fates gave not to me,
One thing, O Hafiz, we both hold in fee —
Nay, it holds us; for when the June wind blows
We both are slaves and lovers to the rose.
In vain the pale Circassian lily shows
Her face at her green lattice, and in vain
The violet beckons, with unveilèd face —
The bosom's white, the lip's light purple stain,
These touch our liking, yet no passion stir.
But when the rose comes, Hafiz — in that place
Where she stands smiling, we kneel down to her!

AT NIJNII-NOVGOROD

"A CRAFTY Persian set this stone;
A dusk Sultana wore it;
And from her slender finger, sir,
A ruthless Arab tore it.

"A ruby, like a drop of blood —
That deep-in tint that lingers
And seems to melt, perchance was caught
From those poor mangled fingers!

"A spendthrift got it from the knave,
And tossed it, like a blossom,
That night into a dancing-girl's
Accurst and balmy bosom.

"And so it went. One day a Jew
At Cairo chanced to spy it
Amid a one-eyed peddler's pack,
And did not care to buy it —

"Yet bought it all the same. You see,
The Jew he knew a jewel.
He bought it cheap to sell it dear:
The ways of trade are cruel.

"But I — be Allah's all the praise! —
Such avarice, I scoff it!
If I buy cheap, why, I sell cheap,
Content with modest profit.

"This ring — such chasing! look, milord,
What workmanship! By Heaven,
The price I name you makes the thing
As if the thing were given!

"A stone without a flaw! A queen
Might not disdain to wear it.
Three hundred roubles buys the stone;
No kopeck less, I swear it!"

Thus Hassan, holding up the ring
To me, no eager buyer. —
A hundred roubles was not much
To pay so sweet a liar!

THE LAMENT OF EL MOULOK

Within the sacred precincts of the mosque,
Even on the very steps of St. Sophia,
He lifted up his voice and spoke these words,
El Moulok, who sang naught but love-songs once,
And now was crazed because his son was dead:

O ye who leave
Your slippers at the portal, as is meet,
Give heed an instant ere ye bow in prayer.

Ages ago,
Allah, grown weary of His myriad worlds,
Would one star more to hang against the blue.

Then of men's bones,
Millions on millions, did He build the earth;

Of women's tears,
Down falling through the night, He made the sea;

Of sighs and sobs
He made the winds that surge about the globe.

Where'er ye tread,
Ye tread on dust that once was living man.

The mist and rain
Are tears that first from human eyelids fell.

The unseen winds
Breathe endless lamentation for the dead.

Not so the ancient tablets told the tale,
Not so the Koran! This was blasphemy,

And they that heard El Moulok dragged him thence,
Even from the very steps of St. Sophia,
And loaded him with triple chains of steel,
And cast him in a dungeon.

None the less
Do women's tears fall ceaseless day and night,
And none the less do mortals faint and die
And turn to dust; and every wind that blows
About the globe seems heavy with the grief
Of those who sorrow, or have sorrowed, here.
Yet none the less is Allah the Most High,
The Clement, the Compassionate. He sees
Where we are blind, and hallowed be His Name!

NOURMADEE

THE POET MIRTZY MOHAMMED-ALI TO HIS FRIEND ABOU-HASSEM IN ALGEZIRAS

O Hassem, greeting! Peace be thine!
With thee and thine be all things well!
Give refuge to these words of mine.
The strange mischance which late befell
Thy servant must have reached thine ear;
Rumor has flung it far and wide,
With dark additions, as I hear.

When They-Say speaks, what ills betide!
So lend no credence, O my Friend,
To scandals, fattening as they fly.
Love signs and seals the roll I send:
Read thou the truth with lenient eye.

In Yússuf's garden at Tangier
This happened. In his cool kiosk
We sat partaking of his cheer —
Thou know'st that garden by the Mosque
Of Irma; stately palms are there,
And silver fish in marble tanks,
And scents of jasmine in the air —
We sat and feasted, with due thanks
To Allah, till the pipes were brought;
And no one spoke, for Pleasure laid
Her finger on the lips of Thought.
Then, on a sudden, came a maid,
With tambourine, to dance for us —
Allah il' Allah! it was she,
The slave-girl from the Bosphorus
That Yússuf purchased recently.

Long narrow eyes, as black as black!
And melting, like the stars in June;
Tresses of night drawn smoothly back
From eyebrows like the crescent moon.
She paused an instant with bowed head,

Then, at a motion of her wrist,
A veil of gossamer outspread
And wrapped her in a silver mist.
Her tunic was of Tiflis green
Shot through with many a starry speck;
The zone that clasped it might have been
A collar for a cygnet's neck.
None of the thirty charms she lacked
Demanded for perfection's grace;
Charm upon charm in her was packed
Like rose leaves in a costly vase.
Full in the lanterns' colored light
She seemed a thing of Paradise.
I knew not if I saw aright,
Or if my vision told me lies.
Those lanterns spread a cheating glare;
Such stains they threw from bough and vine
As if the slave-boys, here and there,
Had spilled a jar of brilliant wine.
And then the fountain's drowsy fall,
The burning aloes' heavy scent,
The night, the place, the hour — they all
Were full of subtle blandishment.

Much had I heard of Nourmadee —
The name of this fair slenderness —
Whom Yússuf kept with lock and key
Because her beauty wrought distress
In all men's hearts that gazed on it;

And much I marvelled why, this night,
Yússuf should have the little wit
To lift her veil for our delight.
For though the other guests were old —
Grave, worthy merchants, three from Fez
(These mostly dealt in dyes and gold),
Cloth merchants two, from Mekïnez —
Though they were old and gray and dry,
Forgetful of their youth's desires,
My case was different, for I
Still knew the touch of springtime fires.
And straightway as I looked on her
I bit my lip, grew ill at ease,
And in my veins was that strange stir
Which clothes with bloom the almond-trees.

O Shape of blended fire and snow!
Each clime to her some spell had lent —
The North her cold, the South her glow,
Her languors all the Orient.
Her scarf was as the cloudy fleece
The moon draws round its loveliness,
That so its beauty may increase
The more in being seen the less.
And as she moved, and seemed to float —
So floats a swan! — in sweet unrest,
A string of sequins at her throat
Went clink and clink against her breast.
And what did some birth-fairy do

But set a mole, a golden dot,
Close to her lip — to pierce men through!
How could I look and love her not?

Yet heavy was my heart as stone,
For well I knew that love was vain;
To love the thing one may not own! —
I saw how all my peace was slain.
Coffers of ingots Yússuf had,
Houses on land, and ships at sea,
And I — alas! was I gone mad,
To cast my eyes on Nourmadee!
I strove to thrust her from my mind,
I bent my brows, and turned away,
And wished that Fate had struck me blind
Ere I had come to know that day.
I fixed my thoughts on this and that;
Assessed the worth of Yússuf's ring;
Counted the colors in the mat —
And then a bird began to sing,
A bulbul hidden in a bough.
From time to time it loosed a strain
Of moonlit magic that, somehow,
Brought solace to my troubled brain.

But when the girl once, creeping close,
Half stooped, and looked me in the face,
My reason fled, and I arose
And cried to Yússuf, from my place:

"O Yússuf, give to me this girl!
You are so rich and I so poor!
You would not miss one little pearl
Like that from out your countless store!"
"'This girl'? What girl? No girl is here!"
Cried Yússuf with his eyes agleam;
"Now, by the Prophet, it is clear
Our friend has had a pleasant dream!"
(And then it seems that I awoke,
And stared around, no little dazed
At finding naught of what I spoke:
Each guest sat silent and amazed.)

Then Yússuf — of all mortal men
This Yússuf has a mocking tongue! —
Stood at my side, and spoke again:
"O Mirtzy, I too once was young.
With mandolin or dulcimer
I 've waited many a midnight through,
Content to catch one glimpse of Her,
And have my turban drenched with dew.
By Her I mean some slim Malay,
Some Andalusian with her fan
(For I have travelled in my day),
Or some swart beauty of Soudán.
No Barmecide was I to fare
On fancy's shadowy wine and meat;
No phantom moulded out of air
Had spells to lure me to her feet.

O Mirtzy, be it understood
I blame you not. Your sin is slight! —
You fled the world of flesh and blood,
And loved a vision of the night!
Sweeter than musk such visions be
As come to poets when they sleep!
You dreamed you saw fair Nourmadee?
Go to! it is a pearl I keep!"

By Allah, but his touch was true!
And I was humbled to the dust
That I in those grave merchants' view
Should seem a thing no man might trust.
For he of creeping things is least
Who, while he breaks of friendship's bread,
Betrays the giver of the feast.
"Good friends, I 'm not that man!" I said.
"O Yússuf, shut not Pardon's gate!
The words I spake I no wise meant.
Who holds the threads of Time and Fate
Sends dreams. I dreamt the dream he sent.
I am as one that from a trance
Awakes confused, and reasons ill;
The world of men invites his glance,
The world of shadows claims him still.
I see those lights among the leaves,
Yourselves I see, sedate and wise,
And yet some finer sense perceives
A presence that eludes the eyes.

Of what is gone there seems to stay
Some subtlety, to mock my pains:
So, when a rose is borne away,
The fragrance of the rose remains!"
Then Yússuf laughed, Abdallah leered,
And Melik coughed behind his hand,
And lean Ben-Auda stroked his beard
As who should say, "We understand!"
And though the fault was none of mine,
As I explained and made appear,
Since then I 've not been asked to dine
In Yússuf's garden at Tangier.

Farewell, O Hassem! Peace be thine!
With thee and thine be always Peace!
To virtue let thy steps incline,
And may thy shadow not decrease!
Get wealth — wealth makes the dullard's jest
Seem witty where true wit falls flat;
Do good, for goodness still is best —
But then the Koran tells thee that.
Know Patience here, and later Bliss;
Grow wise, trust woman, doubt not man;
And when thou dinest out — mark this —
Beware of wines from Ispahan!

FRIAR JEROME'S BEAUTIFUL BOOK ETC.

FRIAR JEROME'S BEAUTIFUL BOOK

A. D. 1200

THE Friar Jerome, for some slight sin,
Done in his youth, was struck with woe.
"When I am dead," quoth Friar Jerome,
"Surely, I think my soul will go
Shuddering through the darkened spheres,
Down to eternal fires below!
I shall not dare from that dread place
To lift mine eyes to Jesus' face,
Nor Mary's, as she sits adored
At the feet of Christ the Lord.
Alas! December's all too brief
For me to hope to wipe away
The memory of my sinful May!"
And Friar Jerome was full of grief
That April evening, as he lay
On the straw pallet in his cell.
He scarcely heard the curfew-bell

Calling the brotherhood to prayer;
But he arose, for 't was his care
Nightly to feed the hungry poor
That crowded to the Convent door.

His choicest duty it had been:
But this one night it weighed him down.
"What work for an immortal soul,
To feed and clothe some lazy clown?
Is there no action worth my mood,
No deed of daring, high and pure,
That shall, when I am dead, endure,
A well-spring of perpetual good?"

And straight he thought of those great tomes
With clamps of gold — the Convent's boast —
How they endured, while kings and realms
Passed into darkness and were lost;
How they had stood from age to age,
Clad in their yellow vellum-mail,
'Gainst which the Paynim's godless rage,
The Vandal's fire, could naught avail:
Though heathen sword-blows fell like hail,
Though cities ran with Christian blood,
Imperishable they had stood!
They did not seem like books to him,
But Heroes, Martyrs, Saints — themselves
The things they told of, not mere books
Ranged grimly on the oaken shelves.

"FRIAR JEROME." Page 82.

To those dim alcoves, far withdrawn,
He turned with measured steps and slow,
Trimming his lantern as he went;
And there, among the shadows, bent
Above one ponderous folio,
With whose miraculous text were blent
Seraphic faces: Angels, crowned
With rings of melting amethyst;
Mute, patient Martyrs, cruelly bound
To blazing fagots; here and there,
Some bold, serene Evangelist,
Or Mary in her sunny hair;
And here and there from out the words
A brilliant tropic bird took flight;
And through the margins many a vine
Went wandering — roses, red and white,
Tulip, wind-flower, and columbine
Blossomed. To his believing mind
These things were real, and the wind,
Blown through the mullioned window, took
Scent from the lilies in the book.

"Santa Maria!" cried Friar Jerome,
"Whatever man illumined this,
Though he were steeped heart-deep in sin,
Was worthy of unending bliss,
And no doubt hath it! Ah! dear Lord,
Might I so beautify Thy Word!
What sacristan, the convents through,

Transcribes with such precision? who
Does such initials as I do?
Lo! I will gird me to this work,
And save me, ere the one chance slips.
On smooth, clean parchment I 'll engross
The Prophet's fell Apocalypse;
And as I write from day to day,
Perchance my sins will pass away."

So Friar Jerome began his Book.
From break of dawn till curfew-chime
He bent above the lengthening page,
Like some rapt poet o'er his rhyme.
He scarcely paused to tell his beads,
Except at night; and then he lay
And tossed, unrestful, on the straw,
Impatient for the coming day —
Working like one who feels, perchance,
That, ere the longed-for goal be won,
Ere Beauty bare her perfect breast,
Black Death may pluck him from the sun.
At intervals the busy brook,
Turning the mill-wheel, caught his ear;
And through the grating of the cell
He saw the honeysuckles peer,
And knew 't was summer, that the sheep
In fragrant pastures lay asleep,
And felt, that, somehow, God was near.
In his green pulpit on the elm,

The robin, abbot of that wood,
Held forth by times; and Friar Jerome
Listened, and smiled, and understood.

While summer wrapped the blissful land
What joy it was to labor so,
To see the long-tressed Angels grow
Beneath the cunning of his hand,
Vignette and tail-piece subtly wrought!
And little recked he of the poor
That missed him at the Convent door;
Or, thinking of them, put the thought
Aside. "I feed the souls of men
Henceforth, and not their bodies!"— yet
Their sharp, pinched features, now and then,
Stole in between him and his Book,
And filled him with a vague regret.

Now on that region fell a blight:
The grain grew cankered in its sheath;
And from the verdurous uplands rolled
A sultry vapor fraught with death —
A poisonous mist, that, like a pall,
Hung black and stagnant over all.
Then came the sickness — the malign,
Green-spotted terror called the Pest,
That took the light from loving eyes,
And made the young bride's gentle breast
A fatal pillow. Ah! the woe,

The crime, the madness that befell!
In one short night that vale became
More foul than Dante's inmost hell.
Men cursed their wives; and mothers left
Their nursing babes alone to die,
And wantoned, singing, through the streets,
With shameless brow and frenzied eye;
And senseless clowns, not fearing God —
Such power the spotted fever had —
Razed Cragwood Castle on the hill,
Pillaged the wine-bins, and went mad.
And evermore that dreadful pall
Of mist hung stagnant over all:
By day, a sickly light broke through
The heated fog, on town and field;
By night, the moon, in anger, turned
Against the earth its mottled shield.

Then from the Convent, two and two,
The Prior chanting at their head,
The monks went forth to shrive the sick,
And give the hungry grave its dead —
Only Jerome, he went not forth,
But muttered in his dusty nook,
"Let come what will, I must illume
The last ten pages of my Book!"
He drew his stool before the desk,
And sat him down, distraught and wan,
To paint his daring masterpiece,
The stately figure of Saint John.

He sketched the head with pious care,
Laid in the tint, when, powers of Grace!
He found a grinning Death's-head there,
And not the grand Apostle's face!

Then up he rose with one long cry:
"'T is Satan's self does this," cried he,
"Because I shut and barred my heart
When Thou didst loudest call to me!
O Lord, Thou know'st the thoughts of men,
Thou know'st that I did yearn to make
Thy Word more lovely to the eyes
Of sinful souls, for Christ his sake!
Nathless, I leave the task undone:
I give up all to follow Thee —
Even like him who gave his nets
To winds and waves by Galilee!"

Which said, he closed the precious Book
In silence, with a reverent hand;
And drawing his cowl about his face
Went forth into the stricken land.
And there was joy in Heaven that day —
More joy o'er this forlorn old friar
Than over fifty sinless men
Who never struggled with desire!

What deeds he did in that dark town,
What hearts he soothed with anguish torn,

What weary ways of woe he trod,
Are written in the Book of God,
And shall be read at Judgment Morn.
The weeks crept on, when, one still day.
God's awful presence filled the sky,
And that black vapor floated by,
And lo! the sickness passed away.
With silvery clang, by thorp and town,
The bells made merry in their spires:
O God! to think the Pest is flown!
Men kissed each other on the street,
And music piped to dancing feet
The livelong night, by roaring fires!

Then Friar Jerome, a wasted shape—
For he had taken the Plague at last—
Rose up, and through the happy town,
And through the wintry woodlands, passed
Into the Convent. What a gloom
Sat brooding in each desolate room!
What silence in the corridor!
For of that long, innumerous train
Which issued forth a month before
Scarce twenty had come back again!

Counting his rosary step by step,
With a forlorn and vacant air,
Like some unshriven churchyard thing,
The Friar crawled up the mouldy stair

To his damp cell, that he might look
Once more on his belovèd Book.

And there it lay upon the stand,
Open! — he had not left it so.
He grasped it, with a cry; for, lo!
He saw that some angelic hand,
While he was gone, had finished it!
There 't was complete, as he had planned;
There, at the end, stood Finis, writ
And gilded as no man could do —
Not even that pious anchoret,
Bilfrid, the wonderful, nor yet
The miniatore Ethelwold,
Nor Durham's Bishop, who of old
(England still hoards the priceless leaves)
Did the Four Gospels all in gold.
And Friar Jerome nor spoke nor stirred,
But, with his eyes fixed on that word,
He passed from sin and want and scorn;
And suddenly the chapel-bells
Rang in the holy Christmas-Morn.

In those wild wars which racked the land
Since then, and kingdoms rent in twain,
The Friar's Beautiful Book was lost —
That miracle of hand and brain:
Yet, though its leaves were torn and tossed,
The volume was not writ in vain!

MIANTOWONA

I

Long ere the Pale Face
Crossed the Great Water,
Miantowona
Passed, with her beauty,
Into a legend
Pure as a wild-flower
Found in a broken
Ledge by the seaside.

Let us revere them —
These wildwood legends,
Born of the camp-fire.
Let them be handed
Down to our children —
Richest of heirlooms.
No land may claim them:
They are ours only,
Like our grand rivers,
Like our vast prairies,
Like our dead heroes.

II

In the pine-forest,
Guarded by shadows,

Lieth the haunted
Pond of the Red Men.
Ringed by the emerald
Mountains, it lies there
Like an untarnished
Buckler of silver,
Dropped in that valley
By the Great Spirit!
Weird are the figures
Traced on its margins —
Vine-work and leaf-work,
Down-drooping fuchsias,
Knots of sword-grasses,
Moonlight and starlight,
Clouds scudding northward.
Sometimes an eagle
Flutters across it;
Sometimes a single
Star on its bosom
Nestles till morning.

Far in the ages,
Miantowona,
Rose of the Hurons,
Came to these waters.
Where the dank greensward
Slopes to the pebbles,
Miantowona
Sat in her anguish.

Ice to her maidens,
Ice to the chieftains,
Fire to her lover!
Here he had won her,
Here they had parted,
Here could her tears flow.
With unwet eyelash,
Miantowona
Nursed her old father,
Gray-eyed Tawanda,
Oldest of Hurons,
Soothed his complainings,
Smiled when he chid her
Vaguely for nothing —
He was so weak now,
Like a shrunk cedar
White with the hoar-frost.
Sometimes she gently
Linked arms with maidens,
Joined in their dances:
Not with her people,
Not in the wigwam,
Wept for her lover.

Ah! who was like him?
Fleet as an arrow,
Strong as a bison,
Lithe as a panther,
Soft as the south-wind,

Who was like Wawah?
There is one other
Stronger and fleeter,
Bearing no wampum,
Wearing no war-paint,
Ruler of councils,
Chief of the war-path —
Who can gainsay him,
Who can defy him?
His is the lightning,
His is the whirlwind,
Let us be humble,
We are but ashes —
'T is the Great Spirit!

Ever at nightfall
Miantowona
Strayed from the lodges,
Passed through the shadows
Into the forest:
There by the pond-side
Spread her black tresses
Over her forehead.
Sad is the loon's cry
Heard in the twilight;
Sad is the night-wind,
Moaning and moaning;
Sadder the stifled
Sob of a widow.

Low on the pebbles
Murmured the water:
Often she fancied
It was young Wawah
Playing the reed-flute.
Sometimes a dry branch
Snapped in the forest:
Then she rose, startled,
Ruddy as sunrise,
Warm for his coming!
But when he came not,
Back through the darkness,
Half broken-hearted,
Miantowona
Went to her people.

When an old oak dies,
First 't is the tree-tops,
Then the low branches,
Then the gaunt stem goes:
So fell Tawanda,
Oldest of Hurons,
Chief of the chieftains.

Miantowona
Wept not, but softly
Closed the sad eyelids;
With her own fingers

Fastened the deer-skin
Over his shoulders;
Then laid beside him
Ash-bow and arrows,
Pipe-bowl and wampum,
Dried corn and bear-meat —
All that was needful
On the long journey.
Thus old Tawanda
Went to the hunting
Grounds of the Red Man.
Then, as the dirges
Rose from the village,
Miantowona
Stole from the mourners,
Stole through the cornfields,
Passed like a phantom
Into the shadows
Through the pine forest.

One who had watched her —
It was Nahoho,
Loving her vainly —
Saw, as she passed him,
That in her features
Made his stout heart quail.
He could but follow.
Quick were her footsteps,

Light as a snowflake,
Leaving no traces
On the white clover.

Like a trained runner,
Winner of prizes,
Into the woodlands
Plunged the young chieftain.
Once he abruptly
Halted, and listened;
Then he sped forward
Faster and faster
Toward the bright water.
Breathless he reached it.
Why did he crouch then,
Stark as a statue?
What did he see there
Could so appall him?
Only a circle
Swiftly expanding,
Fading before him;
But, as he watched it,
Up from the centre,
Slowly, superbly,
Rose a Pond-Lily.

One cry of wonder,
Shrill as the loon's call,
Rang through the forest,

Startling the silence,
Startling the mourners
Chanting the death-song.
Forth from the village,
Flocking together
Came all the Hurons —
Striplings and warriors,
Maidens and old men,
Squaws with pappooses.
No word was spoken:
There stood the Hurons
On the dank greensward,
With their swart faces
Bowed in the twilight.
What did they see there?
Only a Lily
Rocked on the azure
Breast of the water.

Then they turned sadly
One to another,
Tenderly murmuring,
"Miantowona!"
Soft as the dew falls
Down through the midnight,
Cleaving the starlight,
Echo repeated,
"Miantowona!"

THE GUERDON

> Vedder, this legend, if it had its due,
> Would not be sung by me, but told by you
> In colors such as Tintoretto knew.

Soothed by the fountain's drowsy murmuring —
Or was it by the west-wind's indolent wing? —
The grim court-poet fell asleep one day
In the lords' chamber, when chance brought that way
The Princess Margaret with a merry train
Of damozels and ladies — flippant, vain
Court-butterflies — midst whom fair Margaret
Swayed like a rathe and slender lily set
In rustling leaves, for all her drapery
Was green and gold, and lovely as could be.

Midway in hall the fountain rose and fell,
Filling a listless Naiad's outstretched shell
And weaving rainbows in the shifting light.
Upon the carven friezes, left and right,
Was pictured Pan asleep beside his reed.
In this place all things seemed asleep, indeed —
The hook-billed parrot on his pendent ring,
Sitting high-shouldered, half forgot to swing;
The wind scarce stirred the hangings at the door,
And from the silken arras evermore
Yawned drowsy dwarfs with satyr's face and hoof.

A forest of gold pillars propped the roof,
And like one slim gold pillar overthrown,
The sunlight through a great stained window shone
And lay across the body of Alain.
You would have thought, perchance, the man was slain:
As if the checkered column in its fall
Had caught and crushed him, he lay dead to all.
The parrot's gray bead eye as good as said,
Unclosing viciously, "The clown is dead."
A dragon-fly in narrowing circles neared,
And lit, secure, upon the dead man's beard,
Then spread its iris vans in quick dismay,
And into the blue summer sped away!

Little was his of outward grace to win
The eyes of maids, but white the soul within.
Misshaped, and hideous to look upon
Was this man, dreaming in the noontide sun,
With sunken eyes and winter-whitened hair
And sallow cheeks deep seamed with thought and care.
And so the laughing ladies of the court,
Coming upon him suddenly, stopped short,
And shrunk together with a nameless dread:
Some, but fear held them, would have turned and fled,
Seeing the uncouth figure lying there.
But Princess Margaret, with her heavy hair

From out its diamond fillet rippling down,
Slipped from the group, and plucking back her gown
With white left hand, stole softly to his side —
The fair court gossips staring, curious-eyed,
Half mockingly. A little while she stood,
Finger on lip; then, with the agile blood
Climbing her cheek, and silken lashes wet —
She scarce knew what vague pity or regret
Wet them — she stooped, and for a moment's space
Her golden tresses touched the sleeper's face.
Then she stood straight, as lily on its stem,
But hearing her ladies titter, turned on them
Her great queen's eyes, grown black with scornful frown —
Great eyes that looked the shallow women down.
"Nay, not for love" — one rosy palm she laid
Softly against her bosom — "as I 'm a maid!
Full well I know what cruel things you say
Of this and that, but hold your peace to-day.
I pray you think no evil thing of this.
Nay, not for love's sake did I give the kiss,
Not for his beauty who 's nor fair nor young,
But for the songs which those mute lips have sung."

That was a right brave princess, one, I hold,
Worthy to wear a crown of beaten gold.

TITA'S TEARS

A FANTASY

A CERTAIN man of Ischia — it is thus
The story runs — one Lydus Claudius,
After a life of threescore years and ten,
Passed suddenly from out the sphere of men
Into the sphere of phantoms.
In a vale
Where shoals of spirits against the moonlight pale
Surged ever upward, in a wan-lit place
Near heaven, he met a Presence face to face —
A figure like a carving on a spire,
Shrouded in wings and with a fillet of fire
About the brows — who stayed him there, and said:
"This the gods grant to thee, O newly dead!
Whatever thing on earth thou holdest dear
Shall, at thy bidding, be transported here,
Save wife or child, or any living thing."
Then straightway Claudius fell to wondering
What he should wish for. Having heaven at hand,
His wants were few, as you can understand;
Riches and titles, matters dear to us,
To him, of course, were now superfluous.
But Tita, small brown Tita, his young wife,
A two weeks' bride when he took leave of life,
What would become of her without his care?

Tita, so rich, so thoughtless, and so fair!
At present crushed with sorrow, to be sure —
But by and by? What earthly griefs endure?
They pass like joys. A year, three years at most,
And would she mourn her lord, so quickly lost?
With fine, prophetic ear, he heard afar
The tinkling of some horrible guitar
Under her balcony. "Such thing could be,"
Sighed Claudius; "I would she were with me,
Safe from all harm." But as that wish was vain,
He let it drift from out his troubled brain
(His highly trained austerity was such
That self-denial never cost him much),
And strove to think what object he might name
Most closely linked with the bereavèd dame.
Her wedding ring? — 't would be too small to wear;
Perhaps a ringlet of her raven hair?
If not, her portrait, done in cameo,
Or on a background of pale gold? But no,
Such trifles jarred with his severity.
At last he thought: "The thing most meet for me
Would be that antique flask wherein my bride
Let fall her heavy tears the night I died."
(It was a custom of that simple day
To have one's tears sealed up and laid away,
As everlasting tokens of regret —
They find the bottles in Greek ruins yet.)
For this he wished, then.

Swifter than a thought
The Presence vanished, and the flask was brought —
Slender, bell-mouthed, and painted all around
With jet-black tulips on a saffron ground;
A tiny jar, of porcelain if you will,
Which twenty tears would rather more than fill.
With careful fingers Claudius broke the seal
When, suddenly, a well-known merry peal
Of laughter leapt from out the vial's throat,
And died, as dies the wood-bird's distant note.
Claudius stared; then, struck with strangest fears,
Reversed the flask —

Alas, for Tita's tears!

A BALLAD

A. D. 1700

Bretagne had not her peer. In the Province far
or near
There were never such brown tresses, such a fault-
less hand;
She had youth, and she had gold, she had jewels
all untold,
And many a lover bold wooed the Lady of the
Land.

But she, with queenliest grace, bent low her pallid face,
And "Woo me not, for Jesus' sake, fair gentlemen," she said.
If they wooed, then — with a frown she would strike their passion down:
She might have wed a crown to the ringlets on her head.

From the dizzy castle-tips, hour by hour she watched the ships,
Like sheeted phantoms coming and going evermore,
While the twilight settled down on the sleepy seaport town,
On the gables peaked and brown, that had sheltered kings of yore.

Dusky belts of cedar-wood partly clasped the widening flood;
Like a knot of daisies lay the hamlets on the hill;
In the hostelry below sparks of light would come and go,
And faint voices, strangely low, from the garrulous old mill.

Here the land in grassy swells gently broke; there sunk in dells
With mosses green and purple, and prongs of rock and peat;

Here, in statue-like repose, an old wrinkled mountain rose,
With its hoary head in snows, and wild roses at its feet.

And so oft she sat alone in the turret of gray stone,
And looked across the moorland, so woful, to the sea,
That there grew a village-cry, how her cheek did lose its dye,
As a ship, once, sailing by, faded on the sapphire lea.

Her few walks led all one way, and all ended at the gray
And ragged, jagged rocks that fringe the lonely beach;
There she would stand, the Sweet! with the white surf at her feet,
While above her wheeled the fleet sparrow-hawk with startling screech.

And she ever loved the sea, with its haunting mystery,
Its whispering weird voices, its never-ceasing roar:
And 't was well that, when she died, they made her a grave beside
The blue pulses of the tide, by the towers of Castelnore.

Now, one chill November dawn, many russet autumns gone,
A strange ship with folded wings lay idly off the lea;
It had lain throughout the night with its wings of murky white
Folded, after weary flight — the worn nursling of the sea.

Crowds of peasants flocked the sands; there were tears and clasping hands;
And a sailor from the ship stalked through the church-yard gate.
Then amid the grass that crept, fading, over her who slept,
How he hid his face and wept, crying, *Late, too late! too late!*

And they called her cold. God knows. . . . Underneath the winter snows
The invisible hearts of flowers grow ripe for blossoming!
And the lives that look so cold, if their stories could be told,
Would seem cast in gentler mould, would seem full of love and spring.

THE LEGEND OF ARA-CŒLI

I

Looking at Fra Gervasio,
Wrinkled and withered and old and gray,
A dry Franciscan from crown to toe,
You would never imagine, by any chance,
That, in the convent garden one day,
He spun this thread of golden romance.

Romance to me, but to him, indeed,
'T was a matter that did not hold a doubt;
A miracle, nothing more nor less.
Did I think it strange that, in our need,
Leaning from Heaven to our distress,
The Virgin brought such things about —
Gave mute things speech, made dead things move? —
Mother of Mercy, Lady of Love!
Besides, I might, if I wished, behold
The Bambino's self in his cloth of gold
And silver tissue, lying in state
In the Sacristy. Would the signor wait?

Whoever will go to Rome may see,
In the chapel of the Sacristy
Of Ara-Cœli, the Sainted Child —

Garnished from throat to foot with rings
And brooches and precious offerings,
And its little nose kissed quite away
By dying lips. At Epiphany,
If the holy winter day prove mild,
It is shown to the wondering, gaping crowd
On the church's steps — held high aloft —
While every sinful head is bowed,
And the music plays, and the censers' soft
White breath ascends like silent prayer.

Many a beggar kneeling there,
Tattered and hungry, without a home,
Would not envy the Pope of Rome,
If he, the beggar, had half the care
Bestowed on *him* that falls to the share
Of yonder Image — for you must know
It has its minions to come and go,
Its perfumed chamber, remote and still,
Its silken couch, and its jewelled throne,
And a special carriage of its own
To take the air in, when it will;
And though it may neither drink nor eat,
By a nod to its ghostly seneschal
It could have of the choicest wine and meat.
Often some princess, brown and tall,
Comes, and unclasping from her arm
The glittering bracelet, leaves it, warm
With her throbbing pulse, at the Baby's feet.

Ah, he is loved by high and low,
Adored alike by simple and wise.
The people kneel to him in the street.
What a felicitous lot is his —
To lie in the light of ladies' eyes,
Petted and pampered, and never to know
The want of a dozen *soldi* or so!
And what does he do for all of this?
What does the little Bambino do?
It cures the sick, and, in fact, 't is said
Can almost bring life back to the dead.
Who doubts it? Not Fra Gervasio.
When one falls ill, it is left alone
For a while with one — and the fever 's gone!

At least, 't was once so; but to-day
It is never permitted, unattended
By monk or priest, to work its lure
At sick folks' beds — all that was ended
By one poor soul whose feeble clay
Satan tempted and made secure.

It was touching this very point the friar
Told me the legend, that afternoon,
In the cloisteral garden all on fire
With scarlet poppies and golden stalks.
Here and there on the sunny walks,
Startled by some slight sound we made,
A lizard, awaking from its swoon,

Shot like an arrow into the shade.
I can hear the fountain's languorous tune,
(How it comes back, that hour in June
When just to exist was joy enough!)
I can see the olives, silvery-gray,
The carven masonry rich with stains,
The gothic windows with lead-set panes,
The flag-paved cortile, the convent grates,
And Fra Gervasio holding his snuff
In a squirrel-like meditative way
'Twixt finger and thumb. But the Legend waits.

II

It was long ago (so long ago
That Fra Gervasio did not know
What year of our Lord), there came to Rome
Across the Campagna's flaming red,
A certain Filippo and his wife —
Peasants, and very newly wed.
In the happy spring and blossom of life,
When the light heart chirrups to lovers' calls,
These two, like a pair of birds, had come
And built their nest 'gainst the city's walls.

He, with his scanty garden-plots,
Raised flowers and fruit for the market-place,
Where she, with her pensile, flower-like face —
Own sister to her forget-me-nots —

Played merchant: and so they thrived apace,
In humble content, with humble cares,
And modest longings, till, unawares,
Sorrow crept on them; for to their nest
Had come no little ones, and at last
When six or seven summers had passed,
Seeing no baby at her breast,
The husband brooded, and then grew cold;
Scolded and fretted over this —
Who would tend them when they were old,
And palsied, may be, sitting alone,
Hungry, beside the cold hearth-stone?
Not to have children, like the rest!
It cankered the very heart of bliss.

Then he fell into indolent ways,
Neglecting the garden for days and days,
Playing at *mora*, drinking wine,
With this and that one — letting the vine
Run riot and die for want of care,
And the choke-weeds gather; for it was spring,
When everything needed nurturing.
But he would drowse for hours in the sun,
Or sit on the broken step by the shed,
Like a man whose honest toil is done,
Sullen, with never a word to spare,
Or a word that were better all unsaid.
And Nina, so light of thought before,
Singing about the cottage door

In her mountain dialect — sang no more;
But came and went, sad-faced and shy,
Wishing, at times, that she might die,
Brooding and fretting in her turn.
Often, in passing along the street,
Her basket of flowers poised, peasant-wise,
On a lustrous braided coil of her hair,
She would halt, and her dusky cheek would burn
Like a poppy, beholding at her feet
Some stray little urchin, dirty and bare.
And sudden tears would spring to her eyes
That the tiny waif was not her own,
To fondle, and kiss, and teach to pray.
Then she passed onward, making moan.
Sometimes she would stand in the sunny square,
Like a slim bronze statue of Despair,
Watching the children at their play.

In the broad piazza was a shrine,
With Our Lady holding on her knee
A small nude waxen effigy.
Nina passed by it every day,
And morn and even, in rain or shine,
Repeated an *ave* there. "Divine
Mother," she 'd cry, as she turned away,
"Sitting in paradise, undefiled,
Oh, have pity on my distress!"
Then glancing back at the rosy Child,

She would cry to it, in her helplessness,
"Pray her to send the like to me!"

Now once as she knelt before the saint,
Lifting her hands in silent pain,
She paled, and her heavy heart grew faint
At a thought which flashed across her brain —
The blinding thought that, perhaps if she
Had lived in the world's miraculous morn
God might have chosen *her* to be
The mother — Oh, heavenly ecstasy! —
Of the little babe in the manger born!
She, too, was a peasant girl, like her,
The wife of the lowly carpenter!
Like Joseph's wife, a peasant girl!

Her strange little head was in a whirl
As she rose from her knees to wander home,
Leaving her basket at the shrine;
So dazed was she, she scarcely knew
The old familiar streets of Rome,
Nor whither she wished to go, in fine;
But wandered on, now crept, now flew,
In the gathering twilight, till she came
Breathless, bereft of sense and sight,
To the gloomy Arch of Constantine,
And there they found her, late that night,
With her cheeks like snow and her lips like flame!

Many a time from day to day,
She heard, as if in a troubled dream,
Footsteps around her, and some one saying —
Was it Filippo? — "Is she dead?"
Then it was some one near her praying,
And she was drifting — drifting away
From saints and martyrs in endless glory!
She seemed to be floating down a stream,
Yet knew she was lying in her bed.
The fancy held her that she had died,
And this was her soul in purgatory,
Until, one morning, two holy men
From the convent came, and laid at her side
The Bambino. Blessed Virgin! then
Nina looked up, and laughed, and wept,
And folded it close to her heart, and slept.

Slept such a soft, refreshing sleep,
That when she awoke her eyes had taken
The hyaline lustre, dewy, deep,
Of violets when they first awaken;
And the half-unravelled, fragile thread
Of life was knitted together again.
But she shrunk with sudden, speechless pain,
And seemed to droop like a flower, the day
The Capuchins came, with solemn tread,
To carry the Miracle Child away!

III

Ere spring in the heart of pansies burned,
Or the buttercup had loosed its gold,
Nina was busy as ever of old
With fireside cares; but was not the same,
For from the hour when she had turned
To clasp the Image the fathers brought
To her dying-bed, a single thought
Had taken possession of her brain:
A purpose, as steady as the flame
Of a lamp in some cathedral crypt,
Had lighted her on her bed of pain;
The thirst and the fever, they had slipped
Away like visions, but this had stayed —
To have the Bambino brought again,
To have it, and keep it for her own!
That was the secret dream which made
Life for her now — in the streets, alone,
At night, and morning, and when she prayed.

How should she wrest it from the hand
Of the jealous Church? How keep the Child?
Flee with it into some distant land —
Like mother Mary from Herod's ire?
Ah, well, she knew not; she only knew
It was written down in the Book of Fate

That she should have her heart's desire,
And very soon now, for of late,
In a dream, the little thing had smiled
Up in her face, with one eye's blue
Peering from underneath her breast,
Which the baby fingers had softly pressed
Aside, to look at her! Holy one!
But that should happen ere all was done.

Lying dark in the woman's mind —
Unknown, like a seed in fallow ground —
Was the germ of a plan, confused and blind
At first, but which, as the weeks rolled round,
Reached light, and flowered — a subtile flower,
Deadly as nightshade. In that same hour
She sought the husband and said to him,
With crafty tenderness in her eyes
And treacherous archings of her brows,
"Filippo mio, thou lov'st me well?
Truly? Then get thee to the house
Of the long-haired Jew Ben Raphaim —
Seller of curious tapestries,
(Ah, he hath everything to sell!)
The cunning carver of images —
And bid him to carve thee to the life
A *bambinetto* like that they gave
In my arms, to hold me from the grave
When the fever pierced me like a knife.
Perhaps, if we set the image there

By the Cross, the saints would hear the prayer
Which in all these years they have not heard."

Then the husband went, without a word,
To the crowded Ghetto; for since the days
Of Nina's illness the man had been
A tender husband — with lover's ways
Striving, as best he might, to wean
The wife from her sadness, and to bring
Back to the home whence it had fled
The happiness of that laughing spring
When they, like a pair of birds, had wed.

The image! It was a woman's whim —
They were full of whims. But what to him
Were a dozen pieces of silver spent,
If it made her happy? And so he went
To the house of the Jew Ben Raphaim.
And the carver heard, and bowed, and smiled,
And fell to work as if he had known
The thought that lay in the woman's brain,
And somehow taken it for his own:
For even before the month was flown
He had carved a figure so like the Child
Of Ara-Cœli, you 'd not have told,
Had both been decked with jewel and chain
And dressed alike in a dress of gold,
Which was the true one of the twain.

When Nina beheld it first, her heart
Stood still with wonder. The skilful Jew
Had given the eyes the tender blue,
And the cheeks the delicate olive hue,
And the form almost the curve and line
Of the Image the good Apostle made
Immortal with his miraculous art,
What time the sculptor[1] dreamed in the shade
Under the skies of Palestine.
The bright new coins that clinked in the palm
Of the carver in wood were blurred and dim
Compared with the eyes that looked at him
From the low sweet brows, so seeming calm;
Then he went his way, and her joy broke free,
And Filippo smiled to hear Nina sing
In the old, old fashion — carolling
Like a very thrush, with many a trill
And long-drawn, flute-like, honeyed note,
Till the birds in the farthest mulberry,
Each outstretching its amber bill,
Answered her with melodious throat.

Thus sped two days; but on the third
Her singing ceased, and there came a change
As of death on Nina; her talk grew strange,

[1] According to a monastic legend, the *Santissimo Bambino* was carved by a pilgrim, out of a tree which grew on the Mount of Olives, and painted by St. Luke while the pilgrim was sleeping over his work.

Then she sunk in a trance, nor spoke nor stirred;
And the husband, wringing his hands dismayed,
Watched by the bed; but she breathed no word
That night, nor until the morning broke,
When she roused from the spell, and feebly laid
Her hand on Filippo's arm, and spoke:
"Quickly, Filippo! get thee gone
To the holy fathers, and beg them send
The Bambino hither" — her cheeks were wan
And her eyes like coals — "Oh, go, my friend,
Or all is said!" Through the morning's gray
Filippo hurried, like one distraught,
To the monks, and told his tale; and they,
Straight after matins, came and brought
The Miracle Child, and went their way.

Once more in her arms was the Infant laid,
After these weary months, once more!
Yet the woman seemed like a thing of stone
While the dark-robed fathers knelt and prayed;
But the instant the holy friars were gone
She arose, and took the broidered gown
From the Baby Christ, and the yellow crown
And the votive brooches and rings it wore,
Till the little figure, so gay before
In its princely apparel, stood as bare
As your ungloved hand. With tenderest care,
At her feet, 'twixt blanket and counterpane,
She hid the Babe; and then, reaching down

To the coffer wherein the thing had lain,
Drew forth Ben Raphaim's manikin
In haste, and dressed it in robe and crown,
With lace and bauble and diamond-pin.
This finished, she turned to stone again,
And lay as one would have thought quite dead
If it had not been for a spot of red
Upon either cheek. At the close of day
The Capuchins came, with solemn tread,
And carried the false bambino away!

Over the vast Campagna's plain,
At sunset, a wind began to blow
(From the Apennines it came, they say),
Softly at first, and then to grow —
As the twilight gathered and hurried by —
To a gale, with sudden tumultuous rain
And thunder muttering far away.
When the night was come, from the blackened sky
The spear-tongued lightning slipped like a snake,
And the great clouds clashed, and seemed to shake
The earth to its centre. Then swept down
Such a storm as was never seen in Rome
By any one living in that day.
Not a soul dared venture from his home,
Not a soul in all the crowded town.
Dumb beasts dropped dead, with terror, in stall;
Great chimney-stacks were overthrown,

And about the streets the tiles were blown
Like leaves in autumn. A fearful night,
With ominous voices in the air!
Indeed, it seemed like the end of all.
In the convent, the monks for very fright
Went not to bed, but each in his cell
Counted his beads by the taper's light,
Quaking to hear the dreadful sounds,
And shrivelling in the lightning's glare.
It was as if the rivers of Hell
Had risen, and overleaped their bounds.

In the midst of this, at the convent door,
Above the tempest's raving and roar
Came a sudden knocking! Mother of Grace,
What desperate wretch was forced to face
Such a night as that was out-of-doors?
Across the echoless, stony floors
Into the windy corridors
The monks came flocking, and down the stair,
Silently, glancing each at each,
As if they had lost the power of speech.
Yes — it was some one knocking there!
And then — strange thing! — untouched by a soul
The bell of the convent 'gan to toll!
It curdled the blood beneath their hair.
Reaching the court, the brothers stood
Huddled together, pallid and mute,
By the massive door of iron-clamped wood,

Till one old monk, more resolute
Than the others — a man of pious will —
Stepped forth, and letting his lantern rest
On the pavement, crouched upon his breast
And peeped through a chink there was between
The cedar door and the sunken sill.
At the instant a flash of lightning came,
Seeming to wrap the world in flame.
He gave but a glance, and straight arose
With his face like a corpse's. What had he seen?
Two dripping, little pink-white toes!
Then, like a man gone suddenly wild,
He tugged at the bolts, flung down the chain,
And there, in the night and wind and rain —
Shivering, piteous, and forlorn,
And naked as ever it was born —
On the threshold stood the SAINTED CHILD!

"Since then," said Fra Gervasio,
"We have never let the Bambino go
Unwatched — no, not by a prince's bed.
Ah, signor, it made a dreadful stir."
"And the woman — Nina — what of her?
Had she no story?" He bowed his head,
And knitting his meagre fingers, so —
"In that night of wind and wrath," said he,
"There was wrought in Rome a mystery.
What know I, signor? They found her dead!"

"LEGEND OF ARA-CŒLI." Page 122.

BAGATELLE

CORYDON

A PASTORAL

SCENE: *A roadside in Arcady*

SHEPHERD

GOOD sir, have you seen pass this way
A mischief straight from market-day?
You 'd know her at a glance, I think;
Her eyes are blue, her lips are pink;
She has a way of looking back
Over her shoulder, and, alack!
Who gets that look one time, good sir,
Has naught to do but follow her.

PILGRIM

I have not seen this maid, methinks,
Though she that passed had lips like pinks.

SHEPHERD

Or like two strawberries made one
By some sly trick of dew and sun.

PILGRIM

A poet!

SHEPHERD

Nay, a simple swain
That tends his flock on yonder plain,
Naught else, I swear by book and bell.
But she that passed — you marked her well.
Was she not smooth as any be
That dwell herein in Arcady?

PILGRIM

Her skin was as the satin bark
Of birches.

SHEPHERD

Light or dark?

PILGRIM

Quite dark.

SHEPHERD

Then 't was not she.

PILGRIM

The peach's side
That gets the sun is not so dyed
As was her cheek. Her hair hung down

Like summer twilight falling brown;
And when the breeze swept by, I wist
Her face was in a sombre mist.

SHEPHERD

No, that is not the maid I seek.
Her hair lies gold against the cheek;
Her yellow tresses take the morn
Like silken tassels of the corn.
And yet — brown locks are far from bad.

PILGRIM

Now I bethink me, this one had
A figure like the willow-tree
Which, slight and supple, wondrously
Inclines to droop with pensive grace,
And still retains its proper place;
A foot so arched and very small
The marvel was she walked at all;
Her hand — in sooth I lack for words —
Her hand, five slender snow-white birds;
Her voice — though she but said "God-speed" —
Was melody blown through a reed;
The girl Pan changed into a pipe
Had not a note so full and ripe.
And then her eye — my lad, her eye!
Discreet, inviting, candid, shy,

An outward ice, an inward fire,
And lashes to the heart's desire —
Soft fringes blacker than the sloe.

SHEPHERD, *thoughtfully*

Good sir, which way did *this* one go?

. . . . . .

PILGRIM, *solus*

So, he is off! The silly youth
Knoweth not Love in sober sooth.
He loves — thus lads at first are blind —
No woman, only Womankind.

ON AN INTAGLIO HEAD OF MINERVA

BENEATH the warrior's helm, behold
The flowing tresses of the woman!
Minerva, Pallas, what you will —
A winsome creature, Greek or Roman.

Minerva? No! 't is some sly minx
In cousin's helmet masquerading;
If not — then Wisdom was a dame
For sonnets and for serenading!

I thought the goddess cold, austere,
Not made for love's despairs and blisses:
Did Pallas wear her hair like that?
Was Wisdom's mouth so shaped for kisses?

The Nightingale should be her bird,
And not the Owl, big-eyed and solemn:
How very fresh she looks, and yet
She 's older far than Trajan's Column!

The magic hand that carved this face,
And set this vine-work round it running,
Perhaps ere mighty Phidias wrought
Had lost its subtle skill and cunning.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad,
Who knew to carve in such a fashion?
Perchance he graved the dainty head
For some brown girl that scorned his passion

Perchance, in some still garden-place,
Where neither fount nor tree to-day is,
He flung the jewel at the feet
Of Phryne, or perhaps 't was Laïs.

But he is dust; we may not know
His happy or unhappy story:
Nameless, and dead these centuries,
His work outlives him — there 's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth
  Beneath a lava-buried city;
The countless summers came and went
  With neither haste, nor hate, nor pity.

Years blotted out the man, but left
  The jewel fresh as any blossom,
Till some Visconti dug it up —
  To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom!

O nameless brother! see how Time
  Your gracious handiwork has guarded:
See how your loving, patient art
  Has come, at last, to be rewarded.

Who would not suffer slights of men,
  And pangs of hopeless passion also,
To have his carven agate-stone
  On such a bosom rise and fall so!

THE MENU

I BEG you come to-night and dine.
A welcome waits you, and sound wine —
The Roederer chilly to a charm,
As Juno's breath the claret warm,
The sherry of an ancient brand.

No Persian pomp, you understand —
A soup, a fish, two meats, and then
A salad fit for aldermen
(When aldermen, alas the days!
Were really worth their *mayonnaise*);
A dish of grapes whose clusters won
Their bronze in Carolinian sun;
Next, cheese — for you the Neufchâtel,
A bit of Cheshire likes me well;
Café au lait or coffee black,
With Kirsch or Kümmel or Cognac
(The German band in Irving Place
By this time purple in the face);
Cigars and pipes. These being through,
Friends shall drop in, a very few —
Shakespeare and Milton, and no more.
When these are guests I bolt the door,
With Not at Home to any one
Excepting Alfred Tennyson.

COMEDY

They parted, with clasps of hand,
And kisses, and burning tears.
They met, in a foreign land,
After some twenty years:

Met as acquaintances meet,
Smilingly, tranquil-eyed —
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart, upon either side!

They chatted of this and that,
The nothings that make up life;
She in a Gainsborough hat,
And he in black for his wife.

IN AN ATELIER

I PRAY you, do not turn your head;
And let your hands lie folded, so.
It was a dress like this, wine-red,
That troubled Dante, long ago.
You don't know Dante? Never mind.
He loved a lady wondrous fair —
His model? Something of the kind.
I wonder if she had your hair!

I wonder if she looked so meek,
And was not meek at all (my dear,
I want that side light on your cheek).
He loved her, it is very clear,
And painted her, as I paint you,
But rather better, on the whole

(Depress your chin; yes, that will do):
He was a painter of the soul!

(And painted portraits, too, I think,
In the INFERNO — devilish good!
I'd make some certain critics blink
Had I his method and his mood.)
Her name was (Fanny, let your glance
Rest there, by that majolica tray) —
Was Beatrice; they met by chance —
They met by chance, the usual way.

(As you and I met, months ago,
Do you remember? How your feet
Went crinkle-crinkle on the snow
Along the bleak gas-lighted street!
An instant in the drug-store's glare
You stood as in a golden frame,
And then I swore it, then and there,
To hand your sweetness down to fame.)

They met, and loved, and never wed
(All this was long before our time),
And though they died, they are not dead —
Such endless youth gives mortal rhyme!
Still walks the earth, with haughty mien,
Pale Dante, in his soul's distress;
And still the lovely Florentine
Goes lovely in her wine-red dress.

You do not understand at all?
He was a poet; on his page
He drew her; and, though kingdoms fall,
This lady lives from age to age.
A poet — that means painter too,
For words are colors, rightly laid;
And they outlast our brightest hue,
For varnish cracks and crimsons fade.

The poets — they are lucky ones!
When *we* are thrust upon the shelves,
Our works turn into skeletons
Almost as quickly as ourselves;
For our poor canvas peels at length,
At length is prized — when all is bare:
"What grace!" the critics cry, "what strength!"
When neither strength nor grace is there.

Ah, Fanny, I am sick at heart,
It is so little one can do;
We talk our jargon — live for Art!
I'd much prefer to live for you.
How dull and lifeless colors are!
You smile, and all my picture lies:
I wish that I could crush a star
To make a pigment for your eyes.

Yes, child, I know, I'm out of tune;
The light is bad; the sky is gray:

I paint no more this afternoon,
So lay your royal gear away.
Besides, you 're moody — chin on hand —
I know not what — not in the vein —
Not like Anne Bullen, sweet and bland:
You sit there smiling in disdain.

Not like the Tudor's radiant Queen,
Unconscious of the coming woe,
But rather as she might have been,
Preparing for the headsman's blow.
So, I have put you in a miff —
Sitting bolt-upright, wrist on wrist.
How *should* you look? Why, dear, as if —
Somehow — as if you 'd just been kissed!

AT A READING

The spare Professor, grave and bald,
Began his paper. It was called,
I think, "A brief Historic Glance
At Russia, Germany, and France."
A glance, but to my best belief
'T was almost anything but brief —
A wide survey, in which the earth
Was seen before mankind had birth;

Strange monsters basked them in the sun,
Behemoth, armored glyptodon,
And in the dawn's unpractised ray
The transient dodo winged its way ;
Then, by degrees, through silt and slough,
We reached Berlin — I don't know how.
The good Professor's monotone
Had turned me into senseless stone
Instanter, but that near me sat
Hypatia in her new spring hat,
Blue-eyed, intent, with lips whose bloom
Lighted the heavy-curtained room.
Hypatia — ah, what lovely things
Are fashioned out of eighteen springs!
At first, in sums of this amount,
The blighting winters do not count.
Just as my eyes were growing dim
With heaviness, I saw that slim,
Erect, elastic figure there,
Like a pond-lily taking air.
She looked so fresh, so wise, so neat,
So altogether crisp and sweet,
I quite forgot what Bismarck said,
And why the Emperor shook his head,
And how it was Von Moltke's frown
Cost France another frontier town.
The only facts I took away
From the Professor's theme that day

Were these: a forehead broad and low,
Such as the antique sculptures show;
A chin to Greek perfection true;
Eyes of Astarte's tender blue;
A high complexion without fleck
Or flaw, and curls about her neck.

AMONTILLADO

(In a rhythm of Mr. Thackeray)

Rafters black with smoke,
White with sand the floor is,
Twenty whiskered Dons
Calling to Dolores —
Tawny flower of Spain,
Wild rose of Granada,
Keeper of the wines
In this old posada.

Hither, light-of-foot,
Dolores — Juno — Circe!
Pretty Spanish girl
Without a grain of mercy!
Here I 'm travel-worn,
Sad, and thirsty very,

And she does not fetch
The Amontillado sherry!

Thank you, breath of June!
Now my heart beats free; ah,
Kisses for your hand,
Mariquita mia.
You shall live in song,
Warm and ripe and cheery,
Mellowing with years
Like Amontillado sherry.

While the earth spins round
And the stars lean over,
May this amber sprite
Never lack a lover.
Blessèd be the man
Who lured her from the berry,
And blest the girl that brings
The Amontillado sherry!

Sorrow, get thee hence!
Care, be gone, blue dragon!
Only shapes of joy
Are sculptured on the flagon.
Kisses — repartees —
Lyrics — all that 's merry
Rise to touch the lip
In Amontillado sherry.

Here be wit and mirth,
  And love, the arch enchanter;
Here the golden blood
  Of saints in this decanter.
When pale Charon comes
  To row me o'er his ferry,
I 'll fee him with a case
  Of Amontillado sherry!

What! the flagon 's dry?
  Hark, old Time's confession —
Both hands crossed at XII,
  Owning his transgression!
Pray, old monk, for all
  Generous souls and merry;
May they have their share
  Of Amontillado sherry!

CARPE DIEM

By studying my lady's eyes
I 've grown so learnèd day by day,
So Machiavelian in this wise,
That when I send her flowers, I say

To each small flower (no matter what,
Geranium, pink, or tuberose,

Syringa, or forget-me-not,
Or violet) before it goes:

"Be not triumphant, little flower,
When on her haughty heart you lie,
But modestly enjoy your hour:
She 'll weary of you by and by."

DANS LA BOHÈME

The leafless branches snap with cold;
The night is still, the winds are laid;
And you are sitting, as of old,
Beside my hearth-stone, heavenly maid!
What would have chanced me all these years,
As boy and man, had you not come
And brought me gifts of smiles and tears
From your Olympian home?

Dear Muse, 't is twenty years or more
Since that enchanted, fairy time
When you came tapping at my door,
Your reticule stuffed full of rhyme.
What strange things have befallen, indeed,
Since then! Who has the time to say
What bards have flowered (and gone to seed) —
Immortal for a day!

We 've seen Pretence with cross and crown,
And Folly caught in self-spun toils;
Merit content to pass unknown,
And Honor scorning public spoils —
Seen Bottom wield the critic's pen
While Ariel sang in sunlit cloud:
Sometimes we wept, and now and then
We could but laugh aloud.

With pilgrim staff and sandal-shoon,
One time we sought the Old-World shrines:
Saw Venice lying in the moon,
The Jungfrau and the Apennines;
Beheld the Tiber rolling dark,
Rent temples, fanes, and gods austere;
In English meadows heard the lark
That charmed her Shakespeare's ear.

What dreams and visions we have had,
What tempests we have weathered through!
Been rich and poor, and gay and sad,
But never hopeless — thanks to you.
A draught of water from the brook,
Or *alt Hochheimer* — it was one;
Whatever fortune fell we took,
Children of shade and sun.

Though lacking gold, we never stooped
To pick it up in all our days;

Though lacking praise we sometimes drooped,
We never asked a soul for praise.
The exquisite reward of song
Was song — the self-same thrill and glow
That to unfolding flowers belong
And woodland thrushes know!

What gilt-winged hopes have taken flight,
And dropped, like Icarus, in mid-sky!
What cloudy days have turned to bright!
What fateful years have glided by!
What lips we loved vain memory seeks!
What hands are cold that once pressed ours!
What lashes rest upon the cheeks
Beneath the snows and flowers!

We would not wish them back again;
The way is rude from here to there:
For us, the short-lived joy and pain,
For them, the endless rest from care,
The crown, the palm, the deathless youth:
We would not wish them back — ah, no!
And as for us, dear Muse, in truth,
We 've but half way to go.

THE LUNCH

A GOTHIC window, where a damask curtain
Made the blank daylight shadowy and uncertain;
A slab of rosewood on four eagle-talons
Held trimly up and neatly taught to balance;
A porcelain dish, o'er which in many a cluster
Black grapes hung down, dead-ripe and without lustre;
A melon cut in thin, delicious slices;
A cake that seemed mosaic-work in spices;
Two China cups with golden tulips sunny,
And rich inside with chocolate like honey;
And she and I the banquet-scene completing
With dreamy words, and fingers shyly meeting.

IMP OF DREAMS

I

IMP of Dreams, when she 's asleep,
To her snowy chamber creep,
And straight whisper in her ear
What, awake, she will not hear —
Imp of Dreams, when she 's asleep.

II

Tell her, so she may repent,
That no rose withholds its scent,
That no bird that has a song
Hoards the music summer-long —
Tell her, so she may repent.

III

Tell her there 's naught else to do,
If to-morrow's skies be blue,
But to come, with civil speech,
And walk with me to Hampton Beach —
Tell her there 's naught else to do!
Tell her, so she may repent —
Imp of Dreams, when she 's asleep!

AN ELECTIVE COURSE

LINES FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF A HARVARD UNDERGRADUATE

THE bloom that lies on Hilda's cheek
Is all my Latin, all my Greek;
The only sciences I know
Are frowns that gloom and smiles that glow;

Siberia and Italy
Lie in her sweet geography;
No scholarship have I but such
As teaches me to love her much.

Why should I strive to read the skies,
Who know the midnight of her eyes?
Why should I go so very far
To learn what heavenly bodies are?
Not Berenice's starry hair
With Hilda's tresses can compare;
Not Venus on a cloudless night,
Enslaving Science with her light,
Ever reveals so much as when
She stares and droops her lids again.

If Nature's secrets are forbidden
To mortals, she may keep them hidden.
Æons and æons we progressed
And did not let that break our rest;
Little we cared if Mars o'erhead
Were or were not inhabited;
Without the aid of Saturn's rings
Fair girls were wived in those far springs;
Warm lips met ours and conquered us
Or ere thou wert, Copernicus!

Graybeards, who seek to bridge the chasm
'Twixt man to-day and protoplasm,

Who theorize and probe and gape,
And finally evolve an ape —
Yours is a harmless sort of cult,
If you are pleased with the result.
Some folks admit, with cynic grace,
That you have rather proved your case.
These dogmatists are so severe!
Enough for me that Hilda 's here,
Enough that, having long survived
Pre-Eveic forms, she *has* arrived —
An illustration the completest
Of the survival of the sweetest.

Linnæus, avaunt! I only care
To know what flower she wants to wear.
I leave it to the addle-pated
To guess how pinks originated,
As if it mattered! The chief thing
Is that we have them in the Spring,
And Hilda likes them. When they come,
I straightway send and purchase some.
The Origin of Plants — go to!
Their proper end *I* have in view.

The loveliest book that ever man
Looked into since the world began
Is Woman! As I turn those pages,
As fresh as in the primal ages,
As day by day I scan, perplexed,

The ever subtly changing text,
I feel that I am slowly growing
To think no other work worth knowing.
And in my copy — there is none
So perfect as the one I own —
I find no thing set down but such
As teaches me to love it much.

PEPITA

Scarcely sixteen years old
  Is Pepita. (You understand,
  A breath of this sunny land
Turns green fruit into gold:

A maiden's conscious blood
  In the cheek of girlhood glows;
  A bud slips into a rose
Before it is quite a bud.)

And I in Seville — sedate,
  An American, with an eye
  For that strip of indigo sky
Half-glimpsed through a Moorish gate —

I see her, sitting up there,
With tortoise-shell comb and fan;
Red-lipped, but a trifle wan,
Because of her coal-black hair;

And the hair a trifle dull,
Because of the eyes beneath,
And the radiance of her teeth
When her smile is at its full!

Against the balcony rail
She leans, and looks on the street;
Her lashes, long and discreet,
Shading her eyes like a veil.

Held by a silver dart,
The mantilla's delicate lace
Falls each side of her face
And crosswise over her heart.

This is Pepita — this
Her hour for taking her ease:
A lover under the trees
In the *calle* were not amiss!

Well, I must needs pass by,
With a furtive glance, be it said,
At the dusk Murillo head
And the Andalusian eye.

In the Plaza I hear the sounds
  Of guitar and castanet;
  Although it is early yet,
The dancers are on their rounds.

Softly the sunlight falls
  On the slim Giralda tower,
  That now peals forth the hour
O'er broken ramparts and walls.

Ah, what glory and gloom
  In this Arab-Spanish town!
  What masonry, golden-brown,
And hung with tendril and bloom!

Place of forgotten kings!—
  With fountains that never play,
  And gardens where day by day
The lonely cicada sings.

Traces are everywhere
  Of the dusky race that came,
  And passed, like a sudden flame,
Leaving their sighs in the air!

Taken with things like these,
  Pepita fades out of my mind:
  Pleasure enough I find
In Moorish column and frieze.

And yet I have my fears,
If this had been long ago,
I might . . . well, I do not know . . .
She with her sixteen years!

L'EAU DORMANTE

Curled up and sitting on her feet,
Within the window's deep embrasure,
Is Lydia; and across the street,
A lad, with eyes of roguish azure,
Watches her buried in her book.
In vain he tries to win a look,
And from the trellis over there
Blows sundry kisses through the air,
Which miss the mark, and fall unseen,
Uncared for. Lydia is thirteen.

My lad, if you, without abuse,
Will take advice from one who 's wiser,
And put his wisdom to more use
Than ever yet did your adviser;
If you will let, as none will do,
Another's heartbreak serve for two,
You 'll have a care, some four years hence,

How you lounge there by yonder fence
And blow those kisses through that screen —
For Lydia will be seventeen.

ECHO SONG

WHO can say where Echo dwells?
  In some mountain-cave, methinks,
  Where the white owl sits and blinks;
Or in deep sequestered dells,
Where the foxglove hangs its bells,
    Echo dwells.
      Echo!
        Echo!

Phantom of the crystal Air,
  Daughter of sweet Mystery!
  Here is one has need of thee;
Lead him to thy secret lair,
Myrtle brings he for thy hair —
    Hear his prayer,
      Echo!
        Echo

Echo, lift thy drowsy head,
  And repeat each charmèd word

Thou must needs have overheard
Yestere'en, ere, rosy-red,
Daphne down the valley fled —
Words unsaid,
Echo!
Echo!

Breathe the vows she since denies!
She hath broken every vow;
What she would she would not now —
Thou didst hear her perjuries.
Whisper, whilst I shut my eyes,
Those sweet lies,
Echo!
Echo!

THALIA

A middle-aged lyrical poet is supposed to be taking final leave of the Muse of Comedy. She has brought him his hat and gloves, and is abstractedly picking a thread of gold hair from his coat sleeve as he begins to speak:

I SAY it under the rose —
oh, thanks! — yes, under the laurel,
We part lovers, not foes;
we are not going to quarrel.

We have too long been friends
on foot and in gilded coaches,
Now that the whole thing ends,
to spoil our kiss with reproaches.

I leave you ; my soul is wrung ;
I pause, look back from the portal —
Ah, I no more am young,
and you, child, you are immortal !

Mine is the glacier's way,
yours is the blossom's weather —
When were December and May
known to be happy together ?

Before my kisses grow tame,
before my moodiness grieve you,
While yet my heart is flame,
and I all lover, I leave you.

So, in the coming time,
when you count the rich years over,
Think of me in my prime,
and not as a white-haired lover,

Fretful, pierced with regret,
the wraith of a dead Desire
Thrumming a cracked spinet
by a slowly dying fire.

When, at last, I am cold —
    years hence, if the gods so will it —
Say, "He was true as gold,"
    and wear a rose in your fillet!

Others, tender as I,
    will come and sue for caresses,
Woo you, win you, and die —
    mind you, a rose in your tresses!

Some Melpomene woo,
    some hold Clio the nearest;
You, sweet Comedy — you
    were ever sweetest and dearest!

Nay, it is time to go.
    When writing your tragic sister
Say to that child of woe
    how sorry I was I missed her.

Really, I cannot stay,
    though "parting is such sweet sorrow" . . .
Perhaps I will, on my way
    down-town, look in to-morrow!

PALINODE

Who is Lydia, pray, and who
Is Hypatia? Softly, dear,
Let me breathe it in your ear —
They are you, and only you.
And those other nameless two
Walking in Arcadian air —
She that was so very fair?
She that had the twilight hair? —
They were you, dear, only you.
If I speak of night or day,
Grace of fern or bloom of grape,
Hanging cloud or fountain spray,
Gem or star or glistening dew,
Or of mythologic shape,
Psyche, Pyrrha, Daphne, say —
I mean you, dear, you, just you.

MERCEDES

CHARACTERS

ACHILLE LOUVOIS	MERCEDES
LABOISSIÈRE	URSULA
PADRE JOSÉF	SERGEANT and SOLDIERS

Scene, SPAIN *Period*, 1810

ACT I

A detachment of French troops bivouacked on the edge of the forest of Covelleda — A sentinel is seen on the cliffs overhanging the camp — The guard is relieved in dumb show as the dialogue progresses — Louvois and Laboissière, wrapped in greatcoats, are seated by a smouldering fire of brushwood in the foreground — Starlight.

SCENE I

LOUVOIS, LABOISSIÈRE

LABOISSIÈRE

Louvois!

LOUVOIS, *starting from a reverie*

Eh? What is it? I must have slept.

LABOISSIÈRE

With eyes staring at nothing, like an Egyptian idol! This is not amusing. You are as gloomy to-night as an undertaker out of employment.

LOUVOIS

Say, rather, an executioner who loathes his trade. No, I was not asleep. I cannot sleep with this business on my conscience.

LABOISSIÈRE

In affairs like this, conscience goes to the rear — with the sick and wounded.

LOUVOIS

One may be forgiven, or can forgive himself, many a cruel thing done in the heat of battle; but to steal upon a defenceless village, and in cold blood sabre old men, women, and children — that revolts me.

LABOISSIÈRE

What must be, must be.

LOUVOIS

Yes — the poor wretches.

LABOISSIÈRE

The orders are ——

LOUVOIS

Every soul!

LABOISSIÈRE

They have brought it upon themselves, if that comforts them. Every defile in these infernal mountains bristles with carabines; every village gives shelter or warning to the guerrillas. The army is being decimated by assassination. It is the same ghastly story throughout Castile and Estremadura. After we have taken a town we lose more men than it cost us to storm it. I would rather look into the throat of a battery at forty paces than attempt to pass through certain streets in Madrid or Burgos after nightfall. You go in at one end, but, *diantre!* you don't come out at the other.

LOUVOIS

What would you have? It is life or death with these people.

LABOISSIÈRE

I would have them fight like Christians. Poisoning wells and water-courses is not fighting, and assassination is not war. Some such blow as we are about to strike is the sort of rude surgery the case demands.

LOUVOIS

Certainly the French army on the Peninsula is in a desperate strait. The men are worn out contend-

ing against shadows, and disheartened by victories that prove more disastrous than defeats in other lands.

LABOISSIÈRE

It is the devil's own country. The very birds here have no song.[1] Even the cigars are damnable. Will you have one?

LOUVOIS

Thanks, no.

LABOISSIÈRE, *after a pause*

This village of Arguano which we are to discipline, as the brave Junot would say, is it much of a village?

LOUVOIS

No; an insignificant hamlet — one wide *calle* with a zigzag line of stucco houses on each side; a *posada*, and a forlorn chapel standing like an overgrown tombstone in the middle of the cemetery. In the market-place, three withered olive-trees. On a hilltop overlooking all, a windmill of the time of Don Quixote. In brief, the regulation Spanish village.

[1] Except in a few provinces, singing-birds are rare in Spain, owing to the absence of woodland.

LABOISSIÈRE

You have been there, then? — with your three withered olive-trees!

LOUVOIS, *slowly*

Yes, I have been there . . .

LABOISSIÈRE, *aside*

He has that same odd look in his eyes which has puzzled me these two days. (*Aloud*) If I have touched a wrong chord, pardon! You have unpleasant associations with the place.

LOUVOIS

I? Oh no; on the contrary I have none but agreeable memories of Arguano. I was quartered there, or rather, in the neighborhood, for several weeks a year or two ago. I was recovering from a wound at the time, and the air of that valley did me better service than a platoon of surgeons. Then the villagers were simple, honest folk — for Spaniards. Indeed, they were kindly folk. I remember the old padre; he was not half a bad fellow, though I have no love for the long-gowns. With his scant black soutane, and his thin white hair brushed behind his ears under a skull-cap, he somehow reminded me of my old mother in Languedoc, and we were good comrades. We used now and then to empty a bottle of Valdepeñas to-

gether in the shady posada garden. The native wine here, when you get it pure, is better than it promises.

LABOISSIÈRE

Why, that was consorting with the enemy! The Church is our deadliest foe now. Since the bull of Pius VII., excommunicating the Emperor, we all are heretical dogs in Spanish eyes. His Holiness has made murder a short cut to heaven.[1] By poniarding or poisoning a Frenchman, these fanatics fancy that they insure their infinitesimal souls.

LOUVOIS *rises*

Yes, they believe that; yet when all is said, I have no great thirst for this poor padre's blood. If the maréchal had only turned over to me some other village! No — I do not mean what I say.

[1] In Andalusia, and in fact throughout Spain at that period, the priests taught the children a catechism of which this is a specimen: "How many Emperors of the French are there?" "One actually, in three deceiving persons." — "What are they called?" "Napoleon, Murat, and Manuel Godoy, Prince of the Peace." — "Which is the most wicked?" "They are all equally so." — "What are the French?" "Apostate Christians turned heretics." — "What punishment does a Spaniard deserve who fails in his duty?" "The death and infamy of a traitor." — "Is it a sin to kill a Frenchman?" "No, my father; heaven is gained by killing one of these heretical dogs."

Since the work was to be done, it was better I should do it. There 's a fatality in sending me to Arguano. Remember that. From the moment the order came from headquarters I have had such a heaviness here. (*Pauses*) Awhile ago, in a half doze, I dreamed of cutting down this harmless old priest who had come to me to beg mercy for the women and children. I cut him across the face, Laboissière! I saw him still smiling, with his lip slashed in two. The irony of it! When I think of that smile I am tempted to break my sword over my knee, and throw myself into the ravine yonder.

LABOISSIÈRE, *aside*

This is the man who got the cross for sabring three gunners in the trench at Saragossa! It is droll he should be so moved by the idea of killing a beggarly old Jesuit more or less. (*Aloud*) Bah! it was only a dream, *voilà tout* — one of those villainous nightmares which run wild over these hills. I have been kicked by them myself many a time. What, the devil! dreams always go by contraries; in which case you will have the satisfaction of being knocked on the head by the venerable padre — and so quits. It may come to that. Who knows? We are surrounded by spies; I would wager a week's rations that Arguano is prepared for us.

LOUVOIS

If I thought that! An assault with resistance would cover all. Yes, yes — the spies. They must be aware of our destination and purpose. A movement such as this could not have been made unobserved. (*Abruptly*) Laboissière!

LABOISSIÈRE

Well?

LOUVOIS

There was a certain girl at Arguano, a niece or god-daughter to the old padre — a brave girl.

LABOISSIÈRE

Ah — so? Come now, confess, my captain, it was the *sobrina*, and not the old priest, you struck down in your dream.

LOUVOIS

Yes, that *was* it. How did you know?

LABOISSIÈRE

By instinct and observation. There is always a woman at the bottom of everything. You have only to go deep enough.

LOUVOIS

This girl troubles me. I was ordered from Ar-

guano without an instant's warning — at midnight — between two breaths, as it were. Then communication with the place was cut off. . . . I have never heard word of her since.

LABOISSIÈRE

So? Did you love her?

LOUVOIS

I have not said that.

LABOISSIÈRE

Speak your thought, and say it. I ever loved a love-story, when it ran as clear as a trout-brook and had the right heart-leaps in it. With this wind sighing in the tree-tops, and these heavy stars drooping over us, it is the very place and hour for a bit of romance. Come, now.

LOUVOIS

It was all of a romance.

LABOISSIÈRE

I knew it! I will begin for you: You loved her.

LOUVOIS

Yes, I loved her. It was the good God that sent her to my bedside. She nursed me day and night. She brought me back to life. . . . I know not how

it happened; the events have no sequence in my memory. I had been wounded; I dropped from the saddle as we entered the village, and was carried for dead into one of the huts. Then the fever took me. . . . Day after day I plunged from one black abyss into another, my wits quite gone. At odd intervals I was conscious of some one bending over me. Now it seemed to be a demon, and now a white-hooded sister of the Sacred Heart at Paris. Oftener it was that madonna above the altar in the old mosque at Cordova. Such strange fancies take men with gunshot wounds. One night I awoke in my senses, and there she sat, with her fathomless eyes fixed upon my face, like a statue of Pity. You know those narrow, melting eyes these women have, with a dash of Arab fire in them . . .

LABOISSIÈRE

Know them? Sacrebleu!

LOUVOIS

The first time I walked out, she led me by the hand, I was so very weak, like a little child learning to walk. It was spring, the skies were blue, the almonds were in blossom, the air was like wine. Great heaven! how beautiful and fresh the world was, as if God had just made it! From time to time I leaned upon her shoulder, not thinking of her. . . . Later I came to know her — a saint

in disguise, a peasant-girl with the instincts of a duchess.

LABOISSIÈRE

They are always like that, saints and duchesses — by brevet! I fell in with her own sister at Barcelona. Look you — braids of purple-black hair and the complexion of a newly-minted napoleon. I forget her name. (*Knitting his brows*) Paquita . . . Mariquita? It was something-quita, but no matter.

LOUVOIS

How it all comes back to me! The wild foot-paths in the haunted forest of Covelleda; the broken Moorish water-tank, in the plaza, against which we leaned to watch the gypsy dances; the worn stone step of the cottage, where we sat of evenings with guitar and cigarette. What simple things make a man forget that his grave lies in front of him! (*Pauses*) There was a lover, a contrabandista, or something — a fellow who might have played the spadassin in one of Lope de Vega's cloak-and-dagger comedies. The gloom of the lad, fingering his stiletto-hilt! Presently she sent him to the right about, him and his scowls — the poor devil. A certain Pedro Mendez.

LABOISSIÈRE

Oh, a very bad case!

LOUVOIS

I would not have any hurt befall that girl, Laboissière!

LABOISSIÈRE

Surely.

LOUVOIS

And there's no human way to warn her of her danger!

LABOISSIÈRE

To warn her would be to warn the village — and defeat our end. However, no French messenger could reach the place alive.

LOUVOIS

And no other is possible. Now you understand my misery. I am ready to go mad.

LABOISSIÈRE

You take the thing too seriously. Nothing ever is so bad as it looks, except a Spanish *ragoût*. After all, it is not likely that a single soul is left in Arguano. The very leaves of this dismal forest are lips that whisper of our movements. The villagers have doubtless made off with that fine store of grain and aguardiente we so sorely stand in need of, and a score or two of the brigands are probably lying in wait for us in some narrow cañon.

LOUVOIS

God will it so!

LABOISSIÈRE

Louvois, if the girl is at Arguano, not a hair of her head shall be harmed, though I am shot for it when we get back to Burgos!

LOUVOIS

You are a brave soul, Laboissière! Your words have lifted a weight from my bosom. Without your aid I should be powerless to save her.

LABOISSIÈRE

Are we not comrades, we who have fought side by side these six months, and lain together night after night with this blue arch for our tent-roof? Dismiss your anxiety. What is that Gascogne proverb? — "We suffer most from the ills that never happen." Let us get some rest; we have had a rude day. . . . See, the stars have doubled their pickets out there to the westward.

LOUVOIS

You are right; we should sleep. We march at daybreak. Good-night.

LABOISSIÈRE

Good-night, and *vive la France!*

LOUVOIS

Vive l'Empéreur!

LABOISSIÈRE *walks away humming*

"*Reposez-vous, bons chevaliers!*"

LOUVOIS, *looking after him*

There goes a light heart. But mine . . . mine is as heavy as lead.

Scene II

LYRICAL INTERLUDE

Soldiers' Song

While this is being sung behind the scenes the guard is relieved on the cliffs. Louvois wraps his cloak around him and falls into a troubled sleep.

The camp is hushed; the fires burn low;
Like ghosts the sentries come and go:
Now seen, now lost, upon the height
A keen drawn sabre glimmers white.
Swiftly the midnight steals away—
Reposez-vous, bons chevaliers!

Perchance into your dream shall come
Visions of love or thoughts of home;

The furtive night wind, hurrying by,
Shall kiss away the half-breathed sigh,
And softly whispering, seem to say,
Reposez-vous, bons chevaliers!

Through star-lit dusk and shimmering dew
It is your lady comes to you!
Delphine, Lisette, Annette — who knows
By what sweet wayward name she goes?
Wrapped in white arms till break of day,
Reposez-vous, bons chevaliers!

In the course of the song the stage is gradually darkened and the scene changed.

ACT II

Morning — The interior of a stone hut in Arguano — Through the door opening upon the calle are seen piles of Indian corn, sheaves of wheat, and loaves of bread partly consumed — Empty wine-skins are scattered here and there among the cinders — In one corner of the chamber, which is low-studded but spacious, an old woman is sitting in an arm-chair and crooning to herself — At the left, a settle stands against the wall — In the centre of the room a child lies asleep in a cradle — Mercedes — Padre Joséf entering abruptly.

Scene I

MERCEDES, PADRE JOSÉF, *then* URSULA

PADRE JOSÉF

Mercedes! daughter! are you mad to linger so?

MERCEDES

Nay, father, it is you who are mad to come back.

PADRE JOSÉF

We were nearly a mile from the village when I missed you and the child. I had stopped at your cottage and found no one. I thought you were with those who had started at sunrise.

MERCEDES

Nay, I brought Chiquita here last night when I heard the French were coming.

PADRE JOSÉF

Quick, Mercedes! there is not an instant to waste.

MERCEDES

Then hasten, Padre Joséf, while there is yet time. [*Pushes him towards the door*

PADRE JOSÉF

And you, child?

MERCEDES

I shall stay.

PADRE JOSÉF

Listen to her, Sainted Virgin! she will stay, and the French bloodhounds at our very heels!

MERCEDES, *glancing at Ursula*

Could I leave old Ursula, and she not able to climb the mountain? Think you — my own flesh and blood!

PADRE JOSÉF

Ah, *cielo!* true. They have forgotten her, the cowards! and now it is too late. God willed it —

santificado sea tu nombre! (*Hesitates*) Mercedes, Ursula is old — very old; the better part of her is already dead. See how she laughs and mumbles to herself, and knows naught of what is passing.

MERCEDES

The poor grandmother! she thinks it is a saint's day. [*Seats herself on the settle*

PADRE JOSÉF

What is life or death to her whose soul is otherwhere? What is a second more or less to the leaf that clings to a shrunken bough? But you, Mercedes, the long summer smiles for such as you. Think of yourself, think of Chiquita. Come with me, child, come!

URSULA

Ay, ay, go with the good padre, dear. There is dancing on the plaza. The gitanos are there, mayhap. I hear the music. I had ever an ear for tambourines and castanets. When I was a slip of a girl, I used to foot it with the best in the cachuca and the bolera. I was a merry jade, Mercedes — a merry jade. Wear your broidered garters, dear.

MERCEDES

She hears music. (*Listens*) No. Her mind wanders strangely to-day, now here, now there. The

gray spirits are with her. (*To Ursula gently*) No, grandmother, I came to stay with you, I and Chiquita. [*Crosses over to Ursula*

PADRE JOSÉF

You are mad, Mercedes. They will murder you all.

MERCEDES

They will not have the heart to harm Chiquita, nor me, perchance, for her sake.

PADRE JOSÉF

They have no hearts, these Frenchmen. Ah, Mercedes, do you not know better than most that a Frenchman has no heart? [*Points to the cradle*

MERCEDES, *hastily*

I know nothing. I shall stay. Is life so sweet to me? Go, Padre Joséf. What could save you if they found you here? Not your priest's gown.

PADRE JOSÉF

You will follow, my daughter?

MERCEDES

No.

PADRE JOSÉF

I beseech you!

MERCEDES

No.

PADRE JOSÉF

Then you are lost!

MERCEDES

Nay, padrino, God is everywhere. Have you not yourself said it? Lay your hands for a moment on my head, as you used to do when I was a little child, and go — go! [*Kneels*

PADRE JOSÉF

Thou wert ever a wilful girl, Mercedes.

MERCEDES

Oh, say not so; but quick — your blessing, quick!

PADRE JOSÉF

À Dios. . . .

He makes the sign of the cross on Mercedes' forehead, and slowly turns away. Mercedes rises, follows him to the door, and looks after him with tears in her eyes. Then she returns to the middle of the room, and sits on a low stool beside the cradle

Scene II

Mercedes, Ursula

URSULA, *after a silence*

Has he gone, the good padre?

MERCEDES

Yes, dear soul.

URSULA, *reflectively*

He was your uncle once.

MERCEDES

Once? Yes, and always. How you speak!

URSULA

He is not gay any more, the good padre. He is getting old . . . getting old.

MERCEDES

To hear her! and she eighty years last San Miguel's day!

URSULA

What day is it?

MERCEDES, *laying one finger on her lips*

Hist! Chiquita is waking.

URSULA, *querulously*

Hist? Nay, I will say my say in spite of all. Hist? God save us! who taught thee to say hist to thy elders? Ay, ay, who taught thee? . . . What day is it?

MERCEDES, *aside*

How sharp she is awhiles! (*Aloud*) Pardon, pardon! Here is little Chiquita, with both eyes wide open, to help me beg thy forgiveness. (*Bends over the cradle*) See, she has a smile for grandmother. . . . Ah, no, little one, I have no milk for thee; the trouble has taken it all. Nay, cry not, dainty, or that will break my heart.

URSULA

Sing to her, *nieta*. What is it you sing that always hushes her? 'T is gone from me.

MERCEDES

I know not.

URSULA

Bethink thee.

MERCEDES

I cannot. Ah — the rhyme of The Three Little White Teeth?

URSULA, *clapping her hands*

Ay, ay, that is it!

MERCEDES *rocks the child, and sings*

Who is it opens her blue bright eye,
Bright as the sea and blue as the sky? —
Chiquita!
Who has the smile that comes and goes
Like sunshine over her mouth's red rose? —
Muchachita!

What is the softest laughter heard,
Gurgle of brook or trill of bird,
Chiquita?
Nay, 't is thy laughter makes the rill
Hush its voice and the bird be still,
Muchachita!

Ah, little flower-hand on my breast,
How it soothes me and gives me rest!
Chiquita!
What is the sweetest sight I know?
Three little white teeth in a row,
Three little white teeth in a row,
Muchachita!

As Mercedes finishes the song, a roll of drums is heard in the calle. At the first tap she starts and listens intently, then assumes a stolid air. The sound approaches the door and suddenly ceases.

Scene III

LABOISSIÈRE, MERCEDES, *then* SOLDIERS

LABOISSIÈRE, *outside*

A sergeant and two men to follow me! (*Mutters*) Curse me if there is so much as a mouse left in the whole village. Not a drop of wine, and the bread burnt to a crisp — the *scélérats!* (*Appears at the threshold*) Hulloa! what is this? An old woman and a young one — an Andalusian by the arch of her instep and the length of her eyelashes! (*In Spanish*) Girl, what are you doing here?

MERCEDES, *in French*

Where should I be, monsieur?

LABOISSIÈRE

You speak French?

MERCEDES

Caramba! since you speak Spanish.

LABOISSIÈRE

It was out of politeness. But talk your own jargon — it is a language that turns to honey on the tongue of a pretty woman. (*Aside*) It was my luck to unearth the only woman in the place! The captain's white blackbird has flown, bag and baggage,

thank Heaven! Poor Louvois, what a grim face he made over the empty nest! (*Aloud*) Your neighbors have gone. Why are you not with them?

MERCEDES, *pointing to Ursula*

It is my grandmother, señor; she is very old.

LABOISSIÈRE

So? You could not carry her off, and you remained?

MERCEDES

Precisely.

LABOISSIÈRE

That was like a brave girl. (*Touching his cap*) I salute valor whenever I meet it. Why have all the villagers fled?

MERCEDES

Did they wish to be massacred?

LABOISSIÈRE, *shrugging his shoulders*

And you?

MERCEDES

It would be too much glory for a hundred and eighty French soldiers to kill one poor peasant girl. And then to come so far!

LABOISSIÈRE, *aside*

She knows our very numbers, the fox! How she shows her teeth!

MERCEDES

Besides, señor, one can die but once.

LABOISSIÈRE

That is often enough. — Why did your people waste the bread and wine?

MERCEDES

That yours might neither eat the one nor drink the other. We do not store food for our enemies.

LABOISSIÈRE

They could not take away the provisions, so they destroyed them?

MERCEDES, *mockingly*

Nothing escapes you!

LABOISSIÈRE

Is that your child?

MERCEDES

Yes, the *hija* is mine.

LABOISSIÈRE

Where is your husband — with the brigands yonder?

MERCEDES

My husband?

LABOISSIÈRE

Your lover, then.

MERCEDES

I have no lover. My husband is dead.

LABOISSIÈRE

I think you are lying now. He 's a guerrilla.

MERCEDES

If he were, I should not deny it. What Spanish woman would rest her cheek upon the bosom that has not a carabine pressed against it this day? It were better to be a soldier's widow than a coward's wife.

LABOISSIÈRE, *aside*

The little demon! But she is ravishing! She would have upset St. Anthony, this one — if he had belonged to the Second Chasseurs! What is to be done? Theoretically, I am to pass my sword through her body; practically, I shall make love

to her in ten minutes more, though her readiness to become a widow is not altogether pleasing. (*Aloud*) Here, sergeant, go report this matter to the captain. He is in the posada at the farther end of the square.

Exit sergeant. Shouts of exultation and laughter are heard outside, and presently three or four soldiers enter, bearing hams and a skin of wine. Mercedes gives a start.

FIRST SOLDIER

Voilà, lieutenant!

LABOISSIÈRE

Where did you get that?

SECOND SOLDIER

In a cellar hard by, hidden under some rushes.

THIRD SOLDIER

There are five more skins of wine like this jolly fellow in his leather jacket. Pray order a division of the booty, my lieutenant, for we are as dry as herrings in a box.

LABOISSIÈRE

A moment, my braves. (*Looks at Mercedes significantly*) Woman, is that wine good?

MERCEDES

The vintage was poor this year, señor.

LABOISSIÈRE

I mean — is that wine good for a Frenchman to drink?

MERCEDES

Why not, señor?

LABOISSIÈRE, *sternly*

Yes or no?

MERCEDES

Yes.

LABOISSIÈRE

Why was it not served like the rest, then?

MERCEDES

They hid a few skins, thinking to come back for it when you were gone. An ill thing does not last forever.

LABOISSIÈRE

Open it, some one, and fetch me a glass. (*To Mercedes*) You will drink this.

MERCEDES, *coldly*

When I am thirsty I drink.

LABOISSIÈRE

Pardieu! this time you shall drink because *I* am thirsty.

MERCEDES

As you will. (*Empties the glass*) To the King.

LABOISSIÈRE

That was an impudent toast. I would have preferred the Emperor or even Godoy; but no matter — each after his kind. To whom will the small-bones drink?

MERCEDES

The child, señor?

LABOISSIÈRE

Yes, the child; she is pale and sickly-looking; a draught will do her no harm. All the same, she will grow up and make some man wretched.

MERCEDES

But, señor ——

LABOISSIÈRE

Do you hear?

MERCEDES

But Chiquita, señor — she is so little, only thirteen months old, and the wine is strong!

LABOISSIÈRE

She shall drink.

MERCEDES

No, no!

LABOISSIÈRE

I have said it, sacré nom ——

MERCEDES

Give it me, then. (*Takes the glass and holds it to the child's lips*)

LABOISSIÈRE, *watching her closely*

Woman! your hand trembles.

MERCEDES

Nay, it is Chiquita swallows so fast. See! she has taken it all. Ah, señor, it is a sad thing to have no milk for the little one. Are you content?

LABOISSIÈRE

Yes; I now see that the men may quench their thirst without fear. One cannot be too cautious in this hospitable country! Fall to, my children; but first, a glass for your lieutenant. [*Drinks*

URSULA

Ay, ay, the young forget the old . . . forget the old.

LABOISSIÈRE, *laughing*

Why, the depraved old sorceress! But she is

right. She should have her share. *Place aux dames!* A cup, somebody, for Madame la Diablesse!

MERCEDES, *aside*

José-Maria!

One of the men carries wine to Ursula. Mercedes sits on the stool beside the cradle, resting her forehead on her palms. Laboissière stretches himself on the settle. Several soldiers come in, and fill their canteens from the wine-skin. They stand in groups, talking in undertones among themselves.

URSULA *rises from her chair*

The drink has warmed me to the heart, Mercedes! Said I not there was dancing on the plaza? 'T is but a step from here. 'T would do these old eyes good to look once more upon the dancers. The music drags me yonder! (*Wanderingly*) Nay, take away your hands, Mercedes — a plague upon ye! [*Goes out*

LABOISSIÈRE *suddenly starts to his feet and dashes his glass on the floor*

The child! look at the child! What is the matter with it? It turns livid — it is dying! Comrades, we are poisoned!

MERCEDES *rises hastily and throws her mantilla over the cradle*

Yes, you are poisoned! *Al fuego — al fuego — todos al fuego!*[1] You to perdition, we to heaven!

[*The soldiers advance towards Mercedes*

[1] To the flames — to the flames — all of you to the flames!

LABOISSIÈRE, *interposing*

Leave her to me! Quick, some of you, go warn the others! (*Unsheathes his sword*) I end where I ought to have begun.

MERCEDES, *tearing aside her neckerchief*

Strike here, señor. . . .

LOUVOIS *enters, and halts between the two with a dazed expression; he glances from Laboissière to the woman, and catches his breath*

Mercedes!

LABOISSIÈRE

Louvois, we are dead men! Beware of her, she is a fiend! Kill her without a word! The drink already throttles me — I — I cannot breathe here.

[*Staggers out, followed wildly by the soldiers*

Scene IV

LOUVOIS, MERCEDES

LOUVOIS

What does he say?

MERCEDES

You heard him.

LOUVOIS

His words have no sense. (*Advancing towards her*) Oh, why are you in this place, Mercedes?

MERCEDES, *recoiling*

I am here, señor ——

LOUVOIS

You call me señor — you shrink from me ——

MERCEDES

Because we Spaniards do not desert those who depend upon us.

LOUVOIS

Is that a reproach? Ah, cruel! Have you forgotten ——

MERCEDES

I have forgotten nothing. I have had cause to remember all. I remember, among the rest, that a certain wounded French officer was cared for in this village as if he had been one of our own people — and now he returns to massacre us.

LOUVOIS

Mercedes!

MERCEDES

I remember the morning, nearly two years ago,

when Padre Joséf brought me your letter. You had stolen away in the night — like a deserter! Ah, that letter — how it pierced my heart, and yet bade me live! Because it was full of those smooth oaths which women love, I carried it in my bosom for a twelvemonth; then for another twelvemonth I carried it because I hoped to give it back to you. (*Takes a paper from her bosom*) See, señor, what slight things words are! (*Tears the paper into small pieces, which she scatters at his feet*)

LOUVOIS

Ah!

MERCEDES

Sometimes it comforted me to think that you were dead. Señor, 't is better to be dead than false — and you were false!

LOUVOIS

Not I, by all your saints and mine! It is you who have broken faith. I should be the last of men if I had deserted you. Why, even a dog has gratitude. How could I now look you in the face?

MERCEDES

'T was an ill day you first did so!

LOUVOIS

Listen to me!

MERCEDES

Too many times I have listened. Nay, speak not; I might believe you!

LOUVOIS

If I do not speak the truth, despise me! Since I left Arguano I have been at Lisbon, Irun, Aranjuez, among the mountains — I know not where; but ever in some spot whence it was impossible to send you tidings. A wall of fire and steel shut me from you. Thrice I have had my letters brought back to me — with the bearers' blood upon them; thrice I have trusted to messengers whose treachery I now discover. For a chance bit of worthless gold they broke the seals, and wrecked our lives! Ah, Mercedes, when my silence troubled you, why did you not read the old letter again! If the words you had of mine lost their value, it was because they were like those jewels in the padre's story, which changed their color when the wearer proved unfaithful.

MERCEDES

Aquilles!

LOUVOIS

Though I could not come to you nor send to you, I never dreamed I was forgotten. I used to say to myself: "A week, a month, a year — what

does it matter?' That brown girl is as true as steel!" I think I bore a charmed life in those days; I grew to believe that neither sword nor bullet could touch me until I held you in my arms again. (*The girl stands with her hands crossed upon her bosom, and looks at him with a growing light in her eyes*) It was the day before yesterday that our brigade returned to Burgos — at last! at last! O love, my eyes were hungry for you! Then that dreadful order came. Arguano had been to me what Mecca is to the Mohammedan — a shrine to be reached through toil and thirst and death. Oh, what a grim freak it was of fate, that I should lead a column against Arguano — my shrine, my Holy Land!

Mercedes moves swiftly across the room, and kneeling on the flag-stones near Louvois's feet begins to pick up the fragments of the letter. He suddenly stoops and takes her by the wrists.

Mercedes!

MERCEDES

Ah, but I was so unhappy! Was I unhappy? I forget. (*Looks up in his face and laughs*) It is so very long ago! An instant of heaven would make one forget a century of hell! When I hear your voice, two years are as yesterday. It was not I, but some poor girl I used to know who was like to die for you. It was not I — I have never been anything but happy. Nay, I needs must weep a little for

her, the days were so heavy to that poor girl. And when you go away again, as go you must ——

LOUVOIS

I shall take you with me, Mercedes. Do you understand? You are to go with me to Burgos. (*Aside*) What a blank look she wears! She does not seem to understand.

MERCEDES, *abstractedly*

With you to Burgos? I was there once, in the great cathedral, and saw the bishops in their golden robes, and all the jewelled windows ablaze in the sunset. But with you? Am I dreaming this? The very room has grown unfamiliar to me. The crucifix yonder, at which I have knelt a hundred times, was it always there? My head is full of unwonted visions. I think I hear music and the sounds of castanets, like poor old Ursula. Those cries in the calle — is it a merry-meeting? Ah! what a pain struck my heart then! O God! I had forgotten! (*Clutches his arm and pushes him from her*) Have you drunk wine this day?

LOUVOIS

Why, Mercedes, how strange you are!

MERCEDES

No, no! have you drunk wine?

LOUVOIS

Well, yes, a cup without. What then? How white you are!

MERCEDES

Quick! let me look you in the face. I wish to tell you something. You loved me once . . . it was in May . . . your wound is quite well now? No, no, not that! All things slip from me. Chiquita — nay, hold me closer, I do not see you. Into the sunlight — into the sunlight!

LOUVOIS

She is fainting!

MERCEDES

I am dying — I am poisoned. The wine was drugged for the French. 'T was Pedro Mendez did it, who hated all Frenchmen because of you. I was desperate. Chiquita — there in the cradle — she is dead — and I —— *[Sinks down at his feet*

LOUVOIS, *stooping over her*

Mercedes! Mercedes!

After an interval a measured tramp is heard outside. A sergeant with a file of soldiers in disorder enters the hut.

Scene V

SERGEANT *and* SOLDIERS

FIRST SOLDIER

Behold! he has killed the murderess.

SECOND SOLDIER

If she had but twenty lives now!

THIRD SOLDIER

That would not bring back the brave Laboissière and the rest.

SECOND SOLDIER

Sapristi, no! but it would give us life for life.

FOURTH SOLDIER

Miséricorde! are twenty ——

SERGEANT

Hold your peace, all of you! (*Advances and salutes Louvois, who is half kneeling beside the body of the woman*) My captain! (*Aside*) He does not answer me. (*Lays his hand hurriedly on Louvois's shoulder and starts*) Silence, there! and stand uncovered. He is dying!

Curtain

FOOTNOTES

A BOOK OF QUATRAINS

TO THE READER

READER, you must take this verse
As you take to wife a maiden
With her faults and virtues laden —
Both for better and for worse.

DAY AND NIGHT

DAY is a snow-white Dove of heaven
That from the East glad message brings ·
Night is a stealthy, evil Raven,
Wrapped to the eyes in his black wings.

MAPLE LEAVES

OCTOBER turned my maple's leaves to gold ;
The most are gone now ; here and there one lingers :
Soon these will slip from out the twigs' weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

A CHILD'S GRAVE

A LITTLE mound with chipped headstone,
The grass, ah me! uncut about the sward,
Summer by summer left alone
With one white lily keeping watch and ward.

PESSIMIST AND OPTIMIST

THIS one sits shivering in Fortune's smile,
Taking his joy with bated, doubtful breath.
This other, gnawed by hunger, all the while
Laughs in the teeth of Death.

GRACE AND STRENGTH

MANOAH'S son, in his blind rage malign
Tumbling the temple down upon his foes,
Did no such feat as yonder delicate vine
That day by day untired holds up a rose.

FROM THE SPANISH

To him that hath, we are told,
Shall be given. Yes, by the Cross!
To the rich man fate sends gold,
To the poor man loss on loss.

MASKS

Black Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise
And shows you laughing lips and roguish eyes;
But when, unmasked, gay Comedy appears,
How wan her cheeks are, and what heavy tears!

COQUETTE

Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a springe to snare them all;
All 's one to her — above her fan
She 'd make sweet eyes at Caliban.

EPITAPHS

Honest Iago. When his breath was fled
Doubtless these words were carven at his head.
Such lying epitaphs are like a rose
That in unlovely earth takes root and grows.

POPULARITY

Such kings of shreds have wooed and won her,
Such crafty knaves her laurel owned,
It has become almost an honor
Not to be crowned.

CIRCUMSTANCE

LINKED to a clod, harassed, and sad
With sordid cares, she knew not life was sweet
Who should have moved in marble halls, and had
Kings and crown-princes at her feet.

SPENDTHRIFT

THE fault's not mine, you understand:
God shaped my palm so I can hold
But little water in my hand
And not much gold.

THE TWO MASKS

I GAVE my heart its freedom to be gay
Or grave at will, when life was in its May;
So I have gone, a pilgrim through the years,
With more of laughter in my scrip than tears.

MYRTILLA

THIS is the difference, neither more nor less,
Between Medusa's and Myrtilla's face:
The former slays us with its awfulness,
The latter with its grace.

ON HER BLUSHING

Now the red wins upon her cheek ;
Now white with crimson closes
In desperate struggle — so to speak,
A War of Roses.

ON A VOLUME OF ANONYMOUS POEMS ENTITLED "A MASQUE OF POETS"

Vain is the mask. Who cannot at desire
Name every Singer in the hidden choir?
That is a thin disguise which veils with care
The face, but lets the changeless heart lie bare.

THE DIFFERENCE

Some weep because they part,
And languish broken-hearted,
And others — O my heart! —
Because they never parted.

ON READING ——

Great thoughts in crude, unshapely verse set forth
Lose half their preciousness, and ever must.
Unless the diamond with its own rich dust
Be cut and polished, it seems little worth.

THE ROSE

Fixed to her necklace, like another gem,
A rose she wore — the flower June made for her;
Fairer it looked than when upon the stem,
And must, indeed, have been much happier.

MOONRISE AT SEA

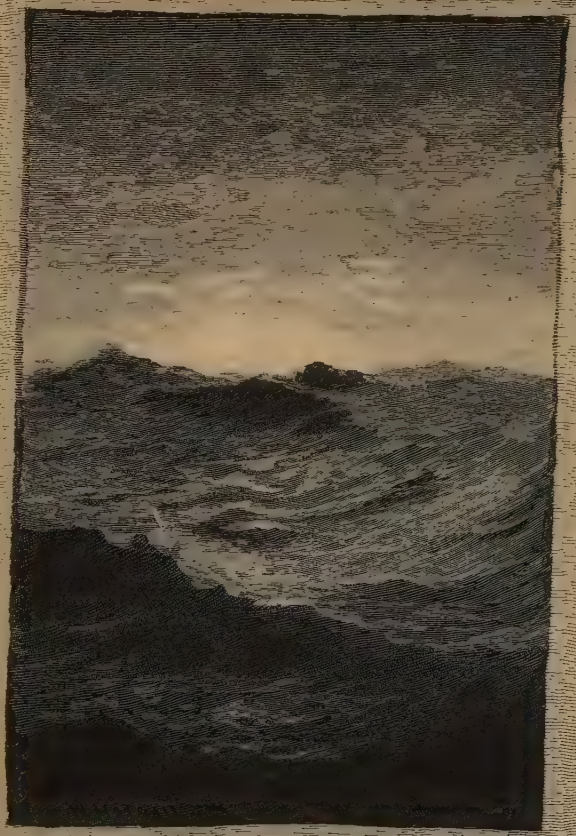
Up from the dark the moon begins to creep;
And now a pallid, haggard face lifts she
Above the water-line: thus from the deep
A drownèd body rises solemnly.

ROMEO AND JULIET

From mask to mask, amid the masquerade,
Young Passion went with challenging, soft breath:
Art Love? he whispered; *art thou Love, sweet maid?*
Then Love, with glittering eyelids, *I am Death.*

HOSPITALITY

When friends are at your hearthside met,
Sweet courtesy has done its most
If you have made each guest forget
That he himself is not the host.



"MOONRISE AT SEA." Page 200.

HUMAN IGNORANCE

What mortal knows
Whence come the tint and odor of the rose?
What probing deep
Has ever solved the mystery of sleep?

FROM EASTERN SOURCES

I

In youth my hair was black as night,
My life as white as driven snow:
As white as snow my hair is now,
And that is black which once was white.

II

No wonder Hafiz wrote such verses, when
He had the bill of nightingale for pen;
Nor that his lyrics were divine
Whose only ink was tears and wine.

III

A poor dwarf's figure, looming through the dense
Mists of a mountain, seemed a shape immense,
On seeing which, a giant, in dismay,
Took to his heels and ran away.

MEMORIES

Two things there are with Memory will abide,
Whatever else befall, while life flows by:
That soft cold hand-touch at the altar side;
The thrill that shook you at your child's first cry.

EVIL EASIER THAN GOOD

Ere half the good I planned to do
Was done, the short-breathed day was through.
Had my intents been dark instead of fair
I had done all, and still had time to spare.

FIREFLIES

See where at intervals the firefly's spark
Glimmers, and melts into the fragrant dark;
Gilds a leaf's edge one happy instant, then
Leaves darkness all a mystery again!

PROBLEM

So closely knit are mind and brain,
Such web and woof are soul and clay,
How is it, being rent in twain,
One part shall live, and one decay?

ORIGINALITY

No bird has ever uttered note
That was not in some first bird's throat;
Since Eden's freshness and man's fall
No rose has been original.

KISMET

A GLANCE, a word — and joy or pain
Befalls; what was no more shall be.
How slight the links are in the chain
That binds us to our destiny!

A HINT FROM HERRICK

No slightest golden rhyme he wrote
That held not something men must quote;
Thus by design or chance did he
Drop anchors to posterity.

PESSIMISTIC POETS

I LITTLE read those poets who have made
A noble art a pessimistic trade,
And trained their Pegasus to draw a hearse
Through endless avenues of drooping verse.

POINTS OF VIEW

Bonnet in hand, obsequious and discreet,
The butcher that served Shakespeare with his meat
Doubtless esteemed him little, as a man
Who knew not how the market prices ran.

THE GRAVE OF EDWIN BOOTH

In narrow space, with Booth, lie housed in death
Iago, Hamlet, Shylock, Lear, Macbeth.
If still they seem to walk the painted scene,
'T is but the ghosts of those that once have been.

QUITS

If my best wines mislike thy taste,
And my best service win thy frown,
Then tarry not, I bid thee haste;
There 's many another Inn in town.

SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND

AN ODE

I

THE long years come and go,
And the Past,
The sorrowful, splendid Past,
With its glory and its woe,
Seems never to have been.
The bugle's taunting blast
Has died away by Southern ford and glen:
The mock-bird sings unfrightened in its dell;
The ensanguined stream flows free of stain;
Where once the hissing death-bolt fell,
And all along the artillery's level lines
Leapt flames of hell,
The planter smiles upon the sprouting grain,
And tends his vines.
Seems never to have been?
O sombre days and grand,
How ye crowd back again,
Seeing our heroes' graves are green

By the Potomac and the Cumberland,
And in the hush of many a lonely glen!

II

Now while the pale arbutus in our woods
Wakes to faint life beneath the dead year's leaves,
And the bleak North lets loose its wailing broods
Of winds upon us, and the gray sea grieves
Along our coast; while yet the Winter's hand
Heavily presses on New England's heart,
And Spring averts the sunshine of her eyes
Lest some vain cowslip should untimely start —
While we are housed in this rude season's gloom,
In this rude land,
Bereft of warmth and bloom,
We know, far off beneath the Southern skies,
Where the flush blossoms mock our drifts of snow
And the lithe vine unfolds its emerald sheen —
On many a sunny hillside there, we know
Our heroes' graves are green.

III

The long years come, but *they*
Come not again!
Through vapors dense and gray

"SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND." Page 206.

Steals back the May,
But they come not again —
Swept by the battle's fiery breath
Down unknown ways of death.
How can our fancies help but go
Out from this realm of mist and rain,
Out from this realm of sleet and snow,
When the first Southern violets blow?

IV

While yet the year is young
Many a garland shall be hung
In our gardens of the dead;
On obelisk and urn
Shall the lilac's purple burn,
And the wild-rose leaves be shed.
And afar in the woodland ways,
Through the rustic church-yard gate
Matrons and maidens shall pass,
Striplings and white-haired men,
And, spreading aside the grass,
Linger at name and date,
Remembering old, old days!
And the lettering on each stone
Where the mould's green breath has blown
Tears shall wash clear again.

V

But far away to the South, in the sultry, stricken land —
On the banks of turbid streams gurgling among their reeds,
By many a drear morass, where the long-necked pelican feeds,
By many a dark bayou, and blinding dune of sand,
By many a cypress swamp where the cayman seeks its prey,
In many a moss-hung wood, the twilight's haunt by day,
And down where the land's parched lip drinks at the salt sea-waves,
And the ghostly sails glide by — there are piteous, nameless graves.

Their names no tongue may tell,
Buried there where they fell,
The bravest of our braves!
Never sweetheart, or friend,
Wan pale mother, or bride,
Over these mounds shall bend,
Tenderly putting aside
The unremembering grass!
Never the votive wreath
For the unknown brows beneath,
Never a tear, alas!

How can our fancies help but go
Out from this realm of mist and rain,
Out from this realm of sleet and snow,
When the first Southern violets blow?
How must our thought bend over them,
Blessing the flowers that cover them —
Piteous, nameless graves!

VI

Ah, but the life they gave
Is not shut in the grave:
The valorous spirits freed
Live in the vital deed!
Marble shall crumble to dust,
Plinth of bronze and of stone,
Carved escutcheon and crest —
Silently, one by one,
The sculptured lilies fall;
Softly the tooth of the rust
Gnaws through the brazen shield;
Broken, and covered with stains,
The crossed stone swords must yield;
Mined by the frost and the drouth,
Smitten by north and south,
Smitten by east and west,
Down comes column and all!
But the great deed remains.

VII

When we remember how they died —
In dark ravine and on the mountain-side,
In leaguered fort and fire-encircled town,
Upon the gunboat's splintered deck,
And where the iron ships went down —
How their dear lives were spent,
In the crushed and reddened wreck,
By lone lagoons and streams,
In the weary hospital-tent,
In the cockpit's crowded hive —
How they languished and died
In the black stockades — it seems
Ignoble to be alive!
Tears will well to our eyes,
And the bitter doubt will rise —
But hush! for the strife is done,
Forgiven are wound and scar;
The fight was fought and won
Long since, on sea and shore,
And every scattered star
Set in the blue once more:
We are one as before,
With the blot from our scutcheon gone!

VIII

So let our heroes rest
Upon your sunny breast:

Keep them, O South, our tender hearts and true,
Keep them, O South, and learn to hold them dear
From year to year!
Never forget,
Dying for us, they died for you.
This hallowed dust should knit us closer yet.

IX

Hark! 't is the bluebird's venturous strain
High on the old fringed elm at the gate,
Sweet-voiced, valiant on the swaying bough,
Alert, elate,
Dodging the fitful spits of snow —
New England's poet laureate
Telling us Spring has come again!

1875

WYNDHAM TOWERS

TO

EDWIN BOOTH

FROM

HIS FRIEND AND COMRADE

THESE MANY YEARS

1890.

BEFORE you reach the slender, high-arched bridge,
Like to a heron with one foot in stream,
The hamlet breaks upon you through green boughs —
A square stone church within a place of graves
Upon the slope; gray houses oddly grouped,
With plastered gables set with crossed oak-beams,
And roofs of yellow tile and purplish slate.
That is The Falcon, with the swinging sign
And rustic bench, an ancient hostelry;
Those leaden lattices were hung on hinge
In good Queen Bess's time, so old it is.
On ridge-piece, gable-end, or dove-cot vane,

A gilded weathercock at intervals
Glimmers — an angel on the wing, most like,
Of local workmanship ; for since the reign
Of pious Edward here have carvers thrived,
In saints'-heads skilful and winged cherubim
Meet for rich abbeys. From yon crumbling tower,
Whose brickwork base the cunning Romans laid —
And now of no use else except to train
The ivy of an idle legend on —
You see, such lens is this thin Devon air,
If it so chance no fog comes rolling in,
The Torridge where its branching crystal spreads
To join the Taw. Hard by from a chalk cliff
A torrent leaps : not lovelier Sappho was
Giving herself all silvery to the sea
From that Leucadian rock. Beneath your feet
Lie sand and surf in curving parallels.
Off shore, a buoy gleams like a dolphin's back
Dripping with brine, and guards a sunken reef
Whose sharp incisors have gnawed many a keel ;
There frets the sea and turns white at the lip,
And in ill-weather lets the ledge show fangs.
A very pleasant nook in Devon, this.

Upon the height of old was Wyndham Towers,
Clinging to rock there, like an eagle's nest,
With moat and drawbridge once, and good for siege ;
Four towers it had to front the diverse winds :

Built God knows when, all record being lost,
Locked in the memories of forgotten men.
In Cæsar's day, a pagan temple ; next
A monastery ; then a feudal hold ;
Later a manor, and at last a ruin.
Such knowledge have we of it, vaguely caught
Through whispers fallen from tradition's lip.
This shattered tower, with crenellated top
And loops for archers, alone marks the spot,
Looming forlornly — a gigantic harp
Whereon the invisible fingers of the wind
Its fitful and mysterious dirges play.

Here dwelt, in the last Tudor's virgin reign,
One Richard Wyndham, Knight and Gentleman
(The son of Rawdon, slain near Calais wall
When Bloody Mary lost her grip on France),
A lonely wight that no kith had nor kin
Save one, a brother — by ill-fortune's spite
A brother, since 't were better to have none —
Of late not often seen at Wyndham Towers,
Where he in truth but lenten welcome got
When to that gate his errant footstep strayed.
Yet he held dear those gray majestic walls,
Time-stained and crusted with the sea's salt breath ;
There first his eyes took color of the sea,
There did his heart stay when fate drove him thence,
And there at last — but that we tell anon.
Darrell they named him, for an ancestor

Whose bones were whitening in Holy Land,
The other Richard ; a crusader name,
Yet it was Darrell had the lion-heart.

No love and little liking served this pair,
In look and word unpaired as white and black —
Of once rich bough the last unlucky fruit.
The one, for straightness like a Norland pine
Set on some precipice's perilous edge,
Intrepid, handsome, little past blown youth,
Of all pure thought and brave deed amorous,
Moulded the court's high atmosphere to breathe,
Yet liking well the camp's more liberal air —
A poet, soldier, courtier, 't was the mode.
The other — as a glow-worm to a star —
Suspicious, morbid, passionate, self-involved,
The soul half eaten out with solitude,
Corroded, like a sword-blade left in sheath
Asleep and lost to action — in a word,
A misanthrope, a miser, a soured man,
One fortune loved not and looked at askance.
Yet he a pleasant outward semblance had.
Say what you will, and paint things as you may,
The devil is not black, with horn and hoof,
As gossips picture him : he is a person
Quite scrupulous of doublet and demeanor,
As was this Master Wyndham of the Towers,
Now latterly in most unhappy case,
Because of matters to be here set forth.

A thing of not much moment, as life goes,
A thing a man with some philosophy
Had idly brushed aside, as 't were a gnat
That winged itself between him and the light,
Had, through the crooked working of his mind,
Brought Wyndham to a very grievous pass.
Yet 't was a grapestone choked Anacreon
And hushed his song. There is no little thing
In nature: in a raindrop's compass lie
A planet's elements. This Wyndham's woe
Was one Griselda, daughter to a man
Of Bideford, a shipman once, but since
Turned soldier; now in white-haired, wrinkled age
Sitting beneath the olive, valiant still,
With sword on nail above the chimney-shelf
In case the Queen should need its edge again.
An officer he was, though lowly born.
The man aforetime, in the Netherlands
And through those ever-famous French campaigns
(Marry, in what wars bore he not a hand?)
In Rawdon Wyndham's troop of horse had served,
And when he fell that day by Calais wall
Had from the Frenchmen's pikes his body snatched,
And so much saved of him, which was not much,
The good knight being dead. For this deed's sake,
That did enlarge itself in sorrow's eye,
The widow deemed all guerdon all too small,
And held her dear lord's servant and his girl,
Born later, when that clash of steel was done,

As her own kin, till she herself was laid
In the earth and sainted elsewhere. The two sons
Let cool the friendship: one in foreign parts
Sought gold and honor; and one stayed at home,
The heir, and now of old friends negligent:
Thus fortune hardens the ignoble heart.

Griselda even as a little maid,
Demure, but with more crotchets in the brain,
I warrant you, than minutes to the hour,
Had this one much misliked; in her child-thought
Confused him somehow with those cruel shapes
Of iron men that up there at The Towers
Quickened her pulse. For he was gaunt, his face,
Mature beyond the logic of his years,
Had in it something sinister and grim,
Like to the visage pregnant fancy saw
Behind the bars of each disusèd casque
In that east chamber where the harness hung
And dinted shields of Wyndhams gone to grace —
At Poitiers this one, this at Agincourt,
That other on the sands of Palestine:
A breed of fierce man-slayers, sire and son.
Of these seemed Richard, with his steel cross-bow
Killing the doves in very wantonness,
The gentle doves that to the ramparts came
For scattered crumbs, undreamful of all ill.
Each well-sent bolt that pierced a snowy breast
Straight to her own white-budding bosom went.

Fled were those summers now, and she had passed
Out of the child-world of vain fantasy
Where many a rainbow castle lay in ruin;
But to her mind, like wine-stain to a flask,
The old distrust still clung, indelible,
Holding her in her maidhood's serious prime
Well pleased from his cold eyes to move apart,
And in her humble fortunes dwell secure.
Indeed, what was she? — a poor soldier's girl,
Merely a tenant's daughter. Times were changed,
And life's bright web had sadder colors in 't:
That most sweet gentle lady — rest her soul! —
Shrunk to an epitaph beside her lord's,
And six lines shorter, which was all a shame;
Gaunt Richard heir; that other at earth's end,
(The younger son that was her sweetheart once,)
Fighting the Spaniards, getting slain perchance;
And all dear old-time uses quite forgot.
Slowly, unnoted, like the creeping rust
That spreads insidious, had estrangement come,
Until at last, one knew not how it fell,
And little cared, if sober truth were said,
She and the father no more climbed the hill
To Twelfth Night festival or May-day dance,
Nor commerce had with any at The Towers.
Yet in a formless, misty sort of way
The girl had place in Wyndham's mind — the girl,
Why, yes, beshrew him! it was even she

Whom his soft mother had made favorite of,
And well-nigh spoiled, some dozen summers gone.

Perhaps because dull custom made her tame,
Or that she was not comely in the bud,
Her sweetness halting like a tardy May
That wraps itself in mist, and seems not fair,
For this or finer reason undivined,
His thought she touched not, and was glad withal
When she did note how others took his eye
And wore rue after. Thus was her white peace
Undarkened till, it so befell, these two
Meeting as they a hundred times had met
On hill-path or at crossing of the weir,
Her beauty broke on him like some rare flower
That was not yesterday. Ev'n so the Spring
Unclasps the girdle of its loveliness
Abruptly, in the North here: long the drifts
Linger in hollows, long on bough and briar
No slight leaf ventures, lest the frost's keen tooth
Nip it, and then all suddenly the earth
Is nought but scent and bloom. So unto him
Griselda's grace unclosed. Where lagged his wit
That guessed not of the bud within the stem,
Nor hint had of the flower within the bud?
If so much beauty had a tiger been,
'T had eaten him! In all the wave-washed length
Of rocky Devon where was found her like
For excellence of wedded red and white?

Here on that smooth and sunny field, her cheek,
The hostile hues of Lancaster and York
Did meet, and, blending, make a heavenly truce.
This were indeed a rose a king might wear
Upon his bosom. By St. Dunstan, now,
Himself would wear it. Then by seeming chance
He crossed her walks, and stayed her with discourse
Devised adroitly; spoke of common things
At first — of days when his good mother lived,
If 't were to live, to pass long dolorous hours
Before his father's effigy in church;
Of one who then used often come to hall,
Ever at Yule-tide, when the great log flamed
Upon the hearth, and laugh and jest went round,
And maidens strayed beneath the mistletoe,
Making believe not see it, so got kissed —
Of one that liked not the wild morrice-dance,
But in her sea-green kirtle stood at gaze,
A timid little creature that was scared
By dead men's armor. Nought there suffered change,
Those empty shells of valor grew not old,
Though something rusty. Would they fright her now
Looked she upon them? Held she in her mind
('T was Spring and loud the mavis piped outside)
The day the Turkish helmet slipped its peg,
And clashing on the floor, congealed her blood
And sent both hands to terror-smitten eyes,

She trembling, ready to yield up the ghost?
Right merry was it! Finally he touched
On matters nearer, things she had foreboded
And this one time must needs lend hearing to,
And end so sorry business ere woe came,
Like a true maid and honest, as she was.
So, tutoring the tremble on her lip
And holding back hot tears, she gave reply
With such discretion as straight tied his tongue,
Albeit he lacked not boldness in discourse:

"Indeed, indeed, sir, you speak but in jest!
Lightly, not meaning it, in courtier-way.
I have heard said that ladies at the Court —
I judge them not! — have most forgiving ears,
And list right willingly to idle words,
Listen and smile and never stain a cheek.
Yet not such words your father's son should use
With me, my father's daughter. You forget
What should most precious be to memory's heart,
Love that dared death; and so, farewell." Farewell
It was in truth; for after that one time,
Though he had fain with passion-breathèd vows
Besieged that marble citadel her breast,
He got no speech of her: she chose her walks;
Let only moon and star look on the face
That could well risk the candor of the sun;
Ran not to lattice at each sound of hoof;
By stream or hedge-row plucked no pansies more,

Fearing the sad fate of Persephone,
Herself up-gathered in Sicilian fields;
At chapel — for one needs to chapel go
A-Sunday — glanced not either right or left,
But with black eyelash wedded to her cheek
Knelt there impassive, like the marble girl
That at the foot-end of his father's tomb,
Inside the chancel where the Wyndhams lay,
Through the long years her icy vigil kept.

As leaves turn into flame at the frost's touch,
So Richard's heart on coldness fed its fire,
And burned with surfeit of indifference.
All flavor and complexion of content
Went out of life; what served once served no more.
His hound and falcon ceased to pleasure him;
He read — some musty folios there were
On shelf — but even in brave Froissart's page,
Where, God knows, there be wounds enough, no herb
Nor potion found he to purge sadness with.
The gray dust gathered on the leaf unturned,
And then the spider drew his thread across.
Certain bright coins that he was used to count
With thrill at fingers' ends uncounted lay,
Suddenly worthless, like the conjurer's gold
That midst the jeers and laughter of the crowd
Turns into ashes in the rustic's hand.
Soft idleness itself bore now a thorn

Two-pronged with meditation and desire.
The cold Griselda that would none of him!
The fair Griselda! Not alone by day,
With this most solid earth beneath his feet,
But in the weird and unsubstantial sphere
Of slumber did her beauty hold him thrall.
Herself of late he saw not; 't was a wraith
He worshipped, a vain shadow. Thus he pined
From dawn to dusk, and then from dusk to dawn,
Of that miraculous infection caught
From any-colored eyes, so they be sweet.
Strange that a man should let a maid's slim foot
Stamp on his happiness and quench it quite!

With what snail-pace the traitor time creeps by
When one is out with fortune and undone!
How tauntingly upon the dial's plate
The shadow's finger points the dismal hour!
Thus Wyndham, with hands clasped behind his back,
Watching the languid and reluctant sun
Fade from the metal disk beside the door.
The hours hung heavy up there on the hill,
Where life was little various at best
And merriment had long since taken flight.
Sometimes he sat and conned the flying clouds
Till on dusk's bosom nestled her one star,
And spoke no word, nor seemed alive at all,
But a mere shape and counterfeit of life;

Or, urged by some swift hunger for green boughs,
Would bid the hound to heel, and disappear
Into the forest, with himself communing
For lack of gossip. So do lonely men
Make themselves tedious to their tedious selves.
Thus he once passed in a white blaze of noon
Under his oaks, and muttered as he went:

"'My father's daughter' and 'your father's son'!
Faith, but it was a shrewd and nimble phrase,
And left me with no fitting word to say.
The wench hath wit and matter of her own,
And beauty, that doth seldom mate with wit.
Nature hath painted her a proper brown —
A russet-colored wench that knows her worth.
And mincing, too — should have her ruff propped up
With supertasses, like a dame at Court,
And go in cloth-of-gold. I 'll get a suit
Of Genoa velvet, and so take her eye.
Has she a heart? The ladies of Whitehall
Are not so skittish, else does Darrell lie
Most villainously. Often hath he said
The art of blushing 's a lost art at Court.
If so, good riddance! This one here lets love
Play beggar to her prudery, and starve,
Feeding him ever on looks turned aside.
To be so young, so fair, and wise withal!
Lets love starve? Nay, I think starves merely me,

And gives to others gracious nourishment.
For when was ever woman logical
Both day and night-time? Not since Adam fell!
I doubt a lover somewhere. What shrewd bee
Hath buzzed betimes about this clover-top?
Belike some scrivener's clerk at Bideford,
With long goose-quill and inkhorn at his thigh —
Methinks I see the parchment face of him;
Or one of those swashbuckler Devon lads
That haunt the inn there, with red Spanish gold,
Rank scurvy knaves, ripe fruit for gallows-tree;
Or else the sexton's son" — here Wyndham laughed,
Though not a man of mirth; indeed, a man
Of niggard humor; but that sexton's son —
Lean as the shadow cast by a church spire,
Eyes deep in the sockets, noseless, high cheek-boned,
Like nothing in the circle of this earth
But a death's head that from a mural slab
Within the chancel leers through sermon-time,
Making a mock of poor mortality.
The fancy touched him, and he laughed a laugh
That from his noonday slumber roused an owl
Snug in his oaken hermitage hard by.
A very rare conceit — the sexton's son!

Not he, forsooth; he smacked of churchyard mould

And musty odors of moth-eaten palls —
A living death, a walking epitaph!
No lover that for tingling flesh and blood
To rest soft cheek on and change kisses with.
Yet lover somewhere; from his sly cocoon
Time would unshell him. In the interim
What was to do but wait, and mark who strolled
Of evenings up the hill-path and made halt
This side the coppice at a certain gate?
For by that chance which ever serves ill ends,
Within the slanted shadow of The Towers
The maid Griselda dwelt. Her gray scarred sire
Had for cloth doublet changed the steel cuirass,
The sword for gardener's fork, and so henceforth
In the mild autumn and sundown of life,
Moving erect among his curves and squares
Of lily, rose, and purple flower-de-luce,
Set none but harmless squadrons in the field —
Save now and then at tavern, where he posed,
Tankard in hand and prattling of old days,
A white-mustached epitome of wars.

How runs the proverb touching him who waits?
Who waits shall have the world. Time's heir is he,
Be he but patient. Thus the thing befell
Wherefrom grew all this history of woe:
Haunting the grounds one night, as his use was
Who loved the dark as bats and owlets do,
Wyndham got sound of voices in the air

That did such strange and goblin changes ring
As left him doubtful whence the murmurs came,
Now here, now there, as they were wingèd things —
Such trick plays Echo upon hapless wights
Chance-caught in lonely places where she dwells.
Anon a laugh rang out, melodious,
Like the merle's note when its ecstatic heart
Is packed with summer-time; then all was still —
So still the soul of silence seemed to grieve
The loss of that sweet laughter. In his tracks
The man stopped short, and listened. As he leaned
And craned his neck, and peered into the gloom,
And would the fabulous hundred eyes were his
That Argus in the Grecian legend had,
He saw two figures moving through a drift
Of moonlight that lay stretched across the lawn:
A man's tall shape, a slim shape close at side,
Her palm in tender fashion pressed to his,
The woven snood about her shoulders fallen,
And from the sombre midnight of her hair
An ardent face out-looking like a star —
As in a vision he saw this, for straight
They vanished. Where those silvery shadows were
Was nothing. Had he dreamed it? Had he gone
Mad with much thinking on her, and so made
Ghosts of his own sick fancies? Like a man
Carved out of alabaster and set up
Within a woodland, he stood rooted there,
Glimmering wanly under pendent boughs.

Spell-bound he stood, in very woful plight,
Bewildered ; and then presently with shock
Of rapid pulses hammering at his heart,
As mad besiegers hammer at a gate,
To life came back, and turned and would have flown
From that accursèd spot and all that was,
When once more the girl's laughter witched the night,
And melted, and the silence grieved anew.
Like lead his feet were, and he needs must halt.
Close upon this, but farther off, a voice
From somewhere — Echo at her trick again ! —
Took up the rhyme of *Sweetheart, sigh no more.*

It was with doubt and trembling
I whispered in her ear.
Go, take her answer, bird-on-bough,
That all the world may hear —
Sweetheart, sigh no more !

Sing it, sing it, tawny throat,
Upon the wayside tree,
How fair she is, how true she is,
How dear she is to me —
Sweetheart, sigh no more !

Sing it, sing it, tawny throat,
And through the summer long

The winds among the clover-tops,
And brooks, for all their silvery stops,
Shall envy you the song —
Sweetheart, sigh no more.

The fierce Malayans have an arrow steeped
In some strange drug whose subtile properties
Are such that if the point but prick the skin
Death stays there. Like to that fell cruel shaft
This slender rhyme was. Through the purple dark
Straight home it sped, and into Wyndham's veins
Its drop of sudden poison did distil.
Now no sound was, save when a dry twig snapped
And rustled softly down from bough to bough,
Or on its pebbly shoals the narrow brook
Made intermittent murmur. "So, 't is he!"
Thus Wyndham breathing thickly, with his eyes
Dilating in the darkness, "Darrell — he!
I set my springe for other game than this;
Of hare or rabbit dreamed I, not of wolf.
His frequent visitations have of late
Perplexed me; now the riddle reads itself.
A proper man, a very proper man!
A fellow that burns Trinidado leaf
And sends smoke through his nostril like a flue!
A fop, a hanger-on of willing skirts —
A murrain on him! Would Elizabeth
In some mad freak had clapped him in the Tower —
Ay, through the Traitor's Gate. Would he were
dead.

Within the year what worthy men have died,
Persons of substance, civic ornaments,
And here 's this gilt court-butterfly on wing!
O thou most potent lightning in the cloud,
Prick me this fellow from the face of earth!
I would the Moors had got him in Algiers
What time he harried them on land and sea,
And done their will with scimitar or cord
Or flame of fagot, and so made an end;
Or that some shot from petronel or bow
Had winged him in the folly of his flight.
Well had it been if the Inquisitors,
With rack and screw, had laid black claw on him!"
In days whose chronicle is writ in blood
The richest ever flowed in English veins
Some foul mischance in this sort might have been;
For at dark Fortune's feet had Darrell flung
In his youth's flower a daring gauntlet down.

A beardless stripling, at that solemn hour
When, breaking its frail filaments of clay,
The mother's spirit soared invisible,
The younger son, unhoused as well he knew,
Had taken horse by night to London town,
With right sore heart and nought else in his scrip
But boyish hope to footing find at Court —
A page's place, belike, with some great lord,
Or some small lord, that other proving shy
Of merit that had not yet chipped its shell.

Day after day, in weather foul or fair,
With lackeys, hucksters, and the commoner sort,
At Whitehall and Westminster he stood guard,
Reading men's faces with inquiring eye.
There the lords swarmed, some waspish and some bland,
But none would pause at plucking of the sleeve
To hearken to him, and the lad had died
On London stones for lack of crust to gnaw
But that he caught the age's malady,
The something magical that was in air,
And made men poets, heroes, demigods —
Made Shakespeare, Raleigh, Grenville, Oxenham,
And set them stars in the fore-front of Time.
In fine, young Darrell drew of that same air
A valiant breath, and shipped with Francis Drake,
Of Tavistock, to sail the Spanish seas
And teach the heathen manners, with God's aid;
And so, among lean Papists and black Moors,
He, with the din of battle in his ears,
Struck fortune. Who would tamely bide at home
At beck and call of some proud swollen lord
Not worth his biscuit, or at Beauty's feet
Sit making sonnets, when was work to do
Out yonder, sinking Philip's caravels
At sea, and then by way of episode
Setting quick torch [1] to pirate-nests ashore?

[1] Sir Francis Drake called this "singeing the King of Spayne's beard."

Brave sport to singe the beard o' the King of
Spain!
Brave sport, but in the end he dreamed of home —
Of where the trout-brook lisped among the reeds,
Of great chalk cliffs and leagues of yellow gorse,
Of peaceful lanes, of London's roaring streets,
The crowds, the shops, the pageants in Cheapside,
And heard the trumpets blaring for the Queen
When 't was the wind that whistled in the shrouds
Off Cadiz. Ah, and softer dreams he had
Of an unnamed and sweetest mystery,
And from the marble of his soul's desire
Hewed out the white ideal of his love —
A new Pygmalion. All things drew him home,
This mainly. Foot on English earth once more,
Dear earth of England! his propitious fame
A thorn in none but crooked Envy's side,
He went cross-gartered, with a silken rose
Fixed to his lovelock, diamond brooch at hat
Looping one side up very gallantly,
And changed his doublet's color twice a day.
Ill fare had given his softer senses edge;
Good fortune, later, bade him come to dine,
Mild Spenser's scholar, Philip Sidney's friend.
So took he now his ease; in Devonshire,
When Town was dull, or he had need at heart
For sight of Wyndham Towers against the sky;
But chiefly did he bask him by the Thames,

For there 't was that Young England froze and thawed
By turns in GLORIANA's frown and smile.

As some wild animal that gets a wound,
And prescience hath of death, will drag itself
Back to its cavern sullenly to die,
And would not have heaven's airs for witnesses,
So Wyndham, shrinking from the very stars
And tell-tale places where the moonlight fell,
Crept through the huddled shadows back to hall,
And in a lonely room where no light was,
Save what the moon made at the casement there,
Sat pondering his hurt, and in the dark
Gave audience to a host of grievances.
For never comes reflection, gay or grave,
But it brings with it comrades of its hue.
So did he fall to thinking how his day
Declined, and how his narrow life had run
Obscurely through an age of great events
Such as men never saw, nor will again
Until the globe be riven by God's fire.
Others had ventured for the Golden Fleece,
Knaves of no parts at all, and got renown
(By force of circumstance and not desert),
While he up there on that rock-bastioned coast
Had rotted like some old hulk's skeleton,
Whose naked and bleached ribs the lazy tide
Laps day by day, and no man thinks of more.

Then was jade Fortune in her lavish mood.
Why had he not for distant Colchis sailed
And been the Jason of these Argonauts?
True, some had come to block on Tower Hill,
Or quittance made in a less noble sort;
Still they had lived, from life's high-mantling cup
Had blown the bead. In such case, if one's head
Be of its momentary laurel stripped
And made a show of, stuck on Temple Bar
Or at the Southwark end of London Bridge,
What mattered it? At worst man dies but once —
So far as known. One may not master death,
But life should be one's lackey. He had been
Time's dupe and bondman; ever since his birth
Had walked this planet with his eye oblique,
Grasped what was worthless, what were most dear
missed;
Missed love and fame, and all the goodly things
Fame gets a man in England — the Queen's smile,
Which means, when she 's in humor, abbey-lands,
Appointments, stars and ribbons for the breast,
And that sleek adulation that takes shape
In the down-drooping of obsequious lids
When one ascends a stair or walks the pave.
Good Lord! but it was excellent to see
How Expectation in the ante-room
Crooks back to Greatness passing to the Queen —
"Kind sir!" "Sweet sir!" "I prithee speed my
suit!"

'T was somewhat to be flattered, though by fools,
For even a fool's coin hath a kind of ring.
Yet after all — thus did the grapes turn sour
To master Fox, in fable — who would care
To moil and toil to gain a little fame,
And have each rascal that prowls under heaven
Stab one for getting it? Had he wished power,
The thing was in the market-place for sale
At stated rates — so much for a man's soul!
His was a haughty spirit that bent not,
And one to rise had need to cringe and creep.
So had his brother into favor crawled,
Like the cold slug into the lily's heart,
And battened in the sun. At thought of him,
Forgotten for a moment, Wyndham winced,
And felt his wound. "Why bides he not in Town
With his blond lovelock and wench-luring ways —
There runs his fox! What foul fiend sends him here
To Wyndham Towers? Is there not space enough
In this our England he needs crowd me so?
Has London sack upon his palate staled,
That he must come to sip my Devon cream?
Are all maids shut in nunneries save this one?
What magic philtre hath he given her
To thaw the ice that melted not for me?
Rich is he now that at his setting forth
Had not two silver pieces to his purse.
It is his brave apparel dazzles her.

Thus puts he bound and barrier to my love.
Another man were he abused as I . . .
I will no more of him! If I but dared —
Nay, I dare not. I have fawn's blood, I think;
I would, and dare not!" Thrice the hooded clock
Solemnly, like some old Carthusian monk
With wrinkled face half seen beneath his cowl,
Intoned the quarter. Memory went not back
When this was not a most familiar sound,
Yet as each stroke on the dead silence fell
Wyndham turned, startled. Now the sanguine moon,
To clouded opal changing momently,
Rose sheer above the pine-trees' ragged edge,
And through the wide-flung casement reaching hand
With cold and spectral finger touched the plates
Of his dead father's armor till it gleamed
One mass of silver. There it stood complete,
That august panoply which once struck dread
To foemen on the sunny plains of France,
Menacing, terrible, this instant stood,
With vizard down and jousting-lance at charge
As if that crumbled knight were quick within.

A footfall on the shingle walk below
Grated, a footfall light as Mercury's
Disdaining earth, and Wyndham in the dark,
Half crouched upon the settle with his nails

Indenting the soft wood-work, held his breath.
Then suddenly a blind rage like a flame
Swept over him and hurled him to his feet —
Such rage as must have seized the soul of Cain
Meeting his brother in the stubble-field.
Anon came one that hummed a blithe sea-song,
As he were fresh from tavern and brave cheer,
And held the stars that blinked there in the blue
Boon comrades. Singing in high-hearted way,
His true-love's kiss a memory on his lip,
Straight on he came to unrenownèd end
Whose dream had been in good plate mail to die
On some well-foughten field, at set of sun,
With glorious peal of trumpets on his ear
Proclaiming victory. So had he dreamed.
And there, within an arch at the stair-top
And screened behind a painted hanging-cloth
Of coiled gold serpents ready to make spring,
Ignoble Death stood, his convulsive hand
Grasping a rapier part-way down the blade
To deal the blow with deadly-jewelled hilt —
Black Death, turned white with horror of himself.
Straight on came he that sang the blithe sea-song;
And now his step was on the stair, and now
He neared the blazoned hanging-cloth, and now . . .

The lights were out, and all life lay in trance
On floor or pallet, muffled to the chin,
Each in his mask of sullen-featured death —

Fond souls that recked not what was in the air,
Else had the dead man's scabbard as it clashed
Against the balustrade, then on the tiles,
Brought awkward witness. One base hind there was
Had stolen a venison-pasty on the shelf,
And now did penance; him the fall half roused
From dreadful nightmare; once he turned and gasped,
Then straightway snored again. No other sound
Within the dream-enchanted house was heard,
Save that the mastiff, lying at the gate
With visionary bone, snarled in his sleep.
Secret as bridal-kiss may murder be.

Done was the deed that could not be undone
Throughout eternity. O silent tongue
That would blab all with silence! What to do?
How hide this speechless witness from men's gaze?
Living, that body vexed us; being dead
'T is like to give us trouble and to spare.
O for a cavern in deep-bowelled earth!
Quick, ere the dusky petals of the night
Unclosing bare the fiery heart of dawn
And thus undo us with its garish light,
Let us this mute and pale accusing clay
In some undreamed-of sepulchre bestow.
But where? Hold back thy fleet-wing'd coursers, Time,

Whilst we bethink us! Ah — such place there is!
Close, too, at hand — a place wherein a man
Might lie till doomsday safer from the touch
Of prying clown than is the spicèd dust
Of an Egyptian in his pyramid.

At a dark alcove's end of that long hall,
The ancient armor-room in the east wing,
A certain door (whereof no mortal knew
Save Wyndham, now that other lay a-cold)
Was to the panels of the wall so set,
And with such devilish shrewdness overlaid
By carvings of wild-flower and curled grape-leaf,
That one not in the favor of the trick,
Albeit he knew such mechanism was,
Ere he put finger on the secret spring
Had need of Job for ancestor, in faith!
You pressed a rose, a least suspected rose,
And two doors turned on hinge, the inner door
Closing a space of say some six feet square,
Unlighted, sheathed with iron. Doubtless here
The mediæval Wyndhams hid their plate
When things looked wicked from the outer wall,
Or, on occasion, a grim ruthless lord
Immured some inconvenient two-faced friend —
To banquet bidden, and kept over night.
Such pranks were played in Merrie England then
Sealed in the narrow compass of that cell,
Shut from God's light and his most precious air,

A man might have of life a half-hour's lease
If he were hale and well-breathed at the start.

Hither did Richard bear his brother's corse
And fling it down. Upon the stone-paved floor
In a thin strip of moonlight flung it down,
And then drew breath. Perhaps he paused to glance
At the white face there, with the strange half-smile
Outliving death, the brightness of the hair
Lying in loops and tangles round the brow —
A seraph's face of silver set in gold,
Such as the deft Italians know to carve;
Perhaps his tiger's blood cooled then, perhaps
Swift pity at his very heart-strings tugged,
And he in that black moment of remorse,
Seeing how there his nobler self lay slain,
Had bartered all this jewel-studded earth
To win life's color back to that wan cheek.
Ah, let us hope it, and some mercy feel,
Since each at compt shall need of mercy have.
Now how it happened, whether 't was the wind,
Or whether 't was some incorporeal hand
That reached down through the dark and did the thing,
Man knoweth not, but suddenly both doors,
Ere one could utter cry or stretch an arm,
Closed with dull clang, and there in his own trap
Incontinent was red-stained Richard caught,

And as by flash of lightning saw his doom.
Call, if thou wilt, but every ear is stuffed
With slumber! Shriek, and run quick frenzied
hands
Along the iron sheathing of thy grave —
For 't is thy grave — no egress shalt thou find,
No lock to break, no subtile-sliding bolt,
No careless rivet, no half loosened plate
For dagger's point to fret at and pry off
And let a stifling mortal get to air!

Angels of Light! what were a thousand years
Of rankling envy and contemnèd love
And all the bitter draughts a man may drink
To that half hour of Richard's with his Dead?

II

THROUGH silence, gloom, and star-strown paths of Night
The breathless hours like phantoms stole away.
Black lay the earth, in primal blackness wrapped
Ere the great miracle once more was wrought.
A chill wind freshened in the pallid East
And brought sea-smell of newly blossomed foam,
And stirred the leaves and branch-hung nests of birds.
Fainter the glow-worm's lantern glimmered now
In the marsh land and on the forest's hem,
And the slow dawn with purple laced the sky
Where sky and sea lay sharply edge to edge.
The purple melted, changed to violet,
And that to every delicate sea-shell tinge,
Blush-pink, deep cinnabar; then no change was,
Save that the air had in it sense of wings,
Till suddenly the heavens were all aflame,
And it was morning. O great miracle!
O radiance and splendor of the Throne,
Daily vouchsafed to us! Yet saith the fool,
"There is no God!" And now a level gleam,

Thrust like a spear-head through the tangled
boughs,
Smote Wyndham turrets, and the spell was broke.

And one by one, on pallet stretched or floor,
The sleepers wakened ; each took up afresh
His load of life ; but two there were woke not,
Nor knew 't was daybreak. From the rusty nail
The gateman snatched his bunch of ancient keys,
And, yawning, vowed the sun an hour too soon ;
The scullion, with face shining like his pans,
Hose down at heel and jerkin half unlaced,
On hearthstone knelt to coax the smouldering log ;
The keeper fetched the yelping hounds their meat ;
The hostler whistled in the stalls ; anon,
With rustling skirt and slumber-freshened cheek,
The kerchief'd housemaid tripped from room to
room
(Sweet Gillian, she that broke the groom his heart),
While, wroth within, behind a high-backed chair
The withered butler for his master waited,
Cursing the cook. That day the brewis spoiled.

That day came neither kinsman to break bread.
When it was seen that both had lain abroad,
The wolf-skins of their couches made that plain
As pike-staff, or the mole on Gillian's cheek,
The servants stared. Some journey called them
hence ;

At dead of night some messenger had come
Of secret import, may be from the Queen,
And they paused not for change of raiment even.
And yet, in faith, that were but little like;
Sir Richard had scant dealings with the Court.
Still — if Northumberland were in arms again.
'T was passing strange. No beast had gone from rack.
How had they gone, then? Who looked on them last?
Up rose the withered butler, he it was:
They supped together, of no journey spoke,
Spoke little, 't was their custom; after meal
The master's brother sallied forth alone,
The master stayed within. "That did he not,"
Quoth one, "I saw Sir Richard in the close
I' the moonrise." "'T was eleven on the stroke,"
Said Gillian softly, "he, or 't was his ghost —
Methought his face was whiter than my smock —
Passed through the courtyard, and so into house.
Yet slept he not there!" And that other one,
The guest unwelcome, kinsman little loved
(How these shrewd varlets turn us inside out
At kitchen-conclaves, over our own wine!)
Him had no eye seen since he issued forth
As curfew sounded. "Call me lying knave" —
He of the venison-pasty had the word —
"And let me nevermore dip beak in ale
Or sit at trencher with good smoking meat,

If I heard not, in middle of the night,
The cock crow thrice, and took it for a sign."
"So, marry, 't was — that thou wert drunk again."
But no one laughed save he that made the jest,
Which often happens. The long hours wore on,
And gloaming fell. Then came another day,
And then another, until seven dawns
In Time's slow crucible ran ruddy gold
And overflowed the gray horizon's edge;
And yet no hosts at table — an ill thing!
And now 't was on the eve of Michaelmas.

What could it bode? From out their lethargy
At last awaking, searchers in hot haste,
Some in the saddle, some afoot with hounds,
Scoured moor and woodland, dragged the neighboring weirs
And salmon-streams, and watched the wily hawk
Slip from his azure ambush overhead,
With ever a keen eye for carrion:
But no man found, nor aught that once was man.
By land they went not; went they water-ways?
Might be, from Bideford or Ilfracombe.
Mayhap they were in London, who could tell?
God help us! do men melt into the air?
Yet one there was whose dumb unlanguaged love
Had all revealed, had they but given heed.
Across the threshold of the armor-room
The savage mastiff stretched himself, and starved.

Now where lags he, upon what alehouse bench
'Twixt here and London, who shall lift this weight?
Were he not slain upon the Queen's highway
Ere he reached Town, or tumbled into ford
With too much sack-and-sugar under belt,
Then was his face set homeward this same hour.
Why lingers he? Ill news, 't is said, flies fast,
And good news creeps; then his must needs be good
That lets the tortoise pass him on the road.
Ride, Dawkins, ride! by flashing tarn and fen
And haunted hollow! Look not where in chains
On Hounslow Heath the malefactor hangs,
A lasting terror! Give thy roan jade spur,
And spare her not! All Devon waits for thee,
Thou, for the moment, most important man!
A sevennight later, when the rider sent
To Town drew rein before The Falcon inn
Under the creaking of the windy sign,
And slipped from saddle with most valorous call
For beer to wash his throat out, then confessed
He brought no scrap of any honest news,
The last hope died, and so the quest was done.
"They fared afoot," quoth one, "but where God knows."

The blackthorn bloomed anew, and the long grass
Was starred with flowers that once Griselda prized,
But plucked not. She, poor wench, from moon to moon

Waxed pale and paler: of no known disease,
The village-leech averred, with lips pursed out
And cane at chin; some inward fire, he thought,
Consumed. A dark inexplicable blight
Had touched her, thinned her, till of that sweet earth
Scarce more was left than would have served to grow
A lily. Later, at a fresh-turned grave,
From out the maiden strewments, as it were,
A whisper rose, of most pathetic breath,
Of how one maid had been by two men loved —
No names, God's mercy! — and that neither man
Would wed her: why? — conjecture faltered there,
For whiter was she than new-drifted snow,
Or bleached lamb's wool, or any purest thing,
Such stuff in sooth as Heaven shapes angels of;
And how from their warm, comfortable beds
These two men wandered out into the night,
Sore stricken and distempered in their mind,
And being by Satan blinded and urged on
Flung themselves headlong from a certain crag
That up Clovelly way o'erhangs the sea —
O'erhangs the sea to tempt unhappy folk.
From door to door the piteous legend passed,
And like a thrifty beggar took from each.
And when the long autumnal season came
To that bleak, bitter coast, and when at night
The deep was shaken, and the pent cloud broke
Crashing among the lurid hills of heaven,

And in brief sudden swoonings of the gale
Contentious voices rose from the sand-dunes,
Then to low sobs and murmurs died away,
The fishwives, with their lean and sallow cheeks
Lit by the flickering driftwood's ruddy glow,
Drew closer to the crane, and under breath
To awestruck maidens told the fearful tale.

The red leaf withered and the green leaf grew.
'T was said that once the Queen reached out her hand —
This was at Richmond in her palace there —
And let it rest on Burleigh's velvet sleeve,
And spoke — right stately was she in her rouge:
"Prithee, good Master Cecil, tell us now
Was 't ever known what ill befell those men,
Those Wyndhams? Were they never, never found?
Look you, 't will be three years come Michaelmas:
'T were well to have at least the bones of them.
'Fore God, sir! this is something should be seen!
When the Armada, which God smote and sunk,
Threatened our Realm, our buckler and our shield
Were such stout hearts as that young Wyndham was.
The elder brother — well, Heaven made us all.
Our subjects are our subjects, mark you that.
Not found, forsooth! Why, then, they should be found!"
Fain had my good Lord Burleigh solved the thing,

And smoothed that ominous wrinkle on the brow
Of her Most Sweet Imperious Majesty.
Full many a problem his statecraft had solved —
How strangle treason, how soothe turbulent peers,
How foil the Pope and Spain, how pay the Fleet —
Mere temporal matters; but this business smelt
Strongly of brimstone. Bring back vanished folk!
That could not Master Cecil if he would.

The red leaf withered and the green leaf grew.
Dark were the days that came to Wyndham Towers
With that grim secret rusting in its heart.
On the sea's side along the fissured wall
The lichen spread in patches of dull gold
Up to the battlements, at times assailed
By sheeted ghosts of mist blown from the sea,
Now by the whistling arrows of the sleet
Pelted, and thrice of lightning scorched and seamed,
But stoutly held from dreary year to year
By legions of most venerable rooks,
Shrill black-robed prelates of the fighting sort.
In the wide moat, run dry with summer drought,
Great scarlet poppies lay in drifts and heaps,
Like bodies fallen there in some vain assault.
Within, decay and dolor had their court —
Dolor, decay, and silence, lords of all.
From room to room the wind went shuddering
On some vague endless quest; now pausing here
To lift an arras, and then hurrying on,

To some fresh clue, belike! The sharp-nosed
mouse
Through joist and floor discreetly gnawed her way,
And for her glossy young a lodging made
In a cracked corselet that once held a heart.
The meditative spider undisturbed
Wove his gray tapestry from sill to sill.
Over the transom the stone eagle drooped,
With one wing gone, in most dejected state
Moulting his feathers. A blue poisonous vine,
Whose lucent berry, hard as Indian jade,
No squirrel tried his tooth on, June by June
On the south hill-slope festered in the sun.
Man's foot came not there. It was haunted ground.

The red leaf withered and the green leaf grew.
An oak stood where an acorn tumbled once,
Ages ago, and all the world was strange.
Now, in that year King Charles the Second left
Forever the soft arms of Mistress Gwynn
And wrapped him in that marble where he lies,
The moulder'd pile with its entombèd Crime
Passed to the keep of a brave new-fledged lord,
Who, liking much the sane and wholesome air
That bent the boughs and fanned the turret's top,
Cried, "Here dwell I!" So fell it on a day
The stroke of mallets and the screech of saws
In those bleak chambers made such din as stopped
The careful spider half-way up his thread,

And panic sent to myriad furtive things
That dwelt in wainscots and loved not the sun.
Vainly in broken phalanx clamorous
Did the scared rooks protest, and all in vain
The moths on indolent white damask wings
At door and casement rallied. Wyndham Towers
Should have a bride, and ghosts had word to quit.

And now, behold what strange thing came to pass.
A certain workman, in the eastern wing
Plying his craft alone as the day waned —
One Gregory Nokes, a very honest soul,
By trade wood-carver — stumbled on a door
Leading to nowhere at an alcove's end,
A double door that of itself swung back
In such strange way as no man ever saw;
And there, within a closet, on the flags
Were two grim shapes which, vaguely seen at first
In the half light, grew presently distinct —
Two gnomes or vampires seemed they, or dire imps
Straight from the Pit, in guise fantastical
Of hose and doublet: one stretched out full length
Supine, and one in terror-stricken sort
Half toppled forward on the bended knee,
Grasping with vise-like grip the other's wrist,
As who should say, *Arouse thee, sleep no more!*
But said it not. If they were quick or dead,
No sign they gave beyond this sad dumb show.

Blurred one face was, yet luminous, like the moon
Caught in the fleecy network of a cloud,
Or seen glassed on the surface of a tarn
When the wind crinkles it and makes all dim;
The other, drawn and wrenched by mortal throes,
And in the aspect such beseeching look
As might befall some poor wretch called to compt
On the sudden, even as he kneels at prayer,
With *Mercy!* turned to frost upon his lip.

Thus much saw Nokes within the closet there
Ere he drew breath; then backing step by step,
The chisel clutched in still uplifted hand,
His eyes still fixed upon the ghosts, he reached
An open window giving on the court
Where the stone-cutters were; to them he called
Softly, in whispers under his curved palm,
Lest peradventure a loud word should rouse
The phantoms; but ere foot could climb the stair,
Or the heart's pulses count the sum of ten,
Through both dread shapes, as at God's finger-
touch,
A shiver ran, the wavering outlines broke,
And suddenly a chill and mist-like breath
Touched Nokes's cheek as he at casement leaned,
And nought was left of that most piteous pair
Save two long rapiers of some foreign make
Lying there crossed, a mass of flaky rust.

O luckless carver of dead images,
Saint's-head or gargoyle, thou hast seen a sight
Shall last thee to the confines of the grave!
Ill were thy stars or ever thou wert born
That thou shouldst look upon a thing forbid!
Now in thine eye shall it forever live,
And the waste solitudes of night inhabit
With direful shadows of the nether world,
Yet leave thee lonely in the throng of men —
Not of them, thou, but creature set apart
Under a ban, and doomed henceforth to know
The wise man's scorn, the dull man's sorry jest.
For who could credence give to that mad tale
Of churchyard folk appearing in broad day,
And drifting out at casement like a mist?
Marry, not they who crowded up the stair
In haste, and peered into that empty cell,
And had half mind to buffet Master Nokes,
Standing with finger laid across his palm
In argumentative, appealing way,
Distraught, of countenance most woe-begone.
"See! — the two swords. As I 'm a Christian soul!"
"Odds, man!" cried one, "thou 'st been a-dreamin', man.
Cleave to thy beer, an' let strong drink alone!"

So runs the legend. So from their long sleep
Those ghosts arose and fled across the night.

But never bride came to that dark abode,
For wild flames swept it ere a month was gone,
And nothing spared but that forlorn old tower
Whereon the invisible fingers of the wind
Its fitful and mysterious dirges play.

THE SISTERS' TRAGEDY

WITH OTHER POEMS

THE SISTERS' TRAGEDY

A. D. 1670

AGLÄE, a widow.
MURIEL, her unmarried sister.

IT happened once, in that brave land that lies
Wrapped half the year in mist and sombre skies,
Two sisters loved one man. He being dead,
Grief loosed the lips of her he had not wed,
And all the passion that through heavy years
Had masked in smiles unmasked itself in tears.
No purer love may mortals know than this,
The hidden love that guards another's bliss.

High in a turret's westward-facing room,
Whose painted window held the sunset's bloom,
The two together grieving, each to each
Unveiled her soul with sobs and broken speech.
Both still were young, in life's rich summer yet;
And one was dark, with tints of violet

In hair and eyes, and one was blond as she
Who rose — a second daybreak — from the sea,
Gold-tressed and azure-eyed. In that lone place,
Like dusk and dawn, they sat there face to face.

She spoke the first whose strangely silvering hair
No wreath had worn, nor widow's weed might wear,
And told her blameless love, and knew no shame —
Her holy love that, like a vestal flame
Beside the sacred body of some queen
Within a guarded crypt, had burned unseen
From weary year to year. And she who heard
Smiled proudly through her tears and said no word,
But, drawing closer, on the troubled brow
Laid one long kiss, and that was words enow!

MURIEL

Be still, my heart! Grown patient with thine ache
Thou shouldst be dumb, yet needs must speak, or break.
The world is empty now that he is gone.

AGLÄE

Ay, sweetheart!

MURIEL

None was like him, no, not one.
From other men he stood apart, alone

In honor spotless as unfallen snow.
Nothing all evil was it his to know ;
His charity still found some germ, some spark
Of light in natures that seemed wholly dark.
He read men's souls ; the lowly and the high
Moved on the self-same level in his eye.
Gracious to all, to none subservient,
Without offence he spake the word he meant —
His word no trick of tact or courtly art,
But the white flowering of the noble heart.
Careless he was of much the world counts gain,
Careless of self, too simple to be vain,
Yet strung so finely that for conscience' sake
He would have gone like Cranmer to the stake.
I saw — how could I help but love ? And you —

AGLÄE

At this perfection did I worship too . . .
'T was this that stabbed me. Heed not what I say !
I meant it not, my wits are gone astray,
With all that is and has been. No, I lie —
Had he been less perfection, happier I !

MURIEL

Strange words and wild ! 'T is the distracted mind
Breathes them, not you, and I no meaning find.

AGLÄE

Yet 't were as plain as writing on a scroll
Had you but eyes to read within my soul —

How a grief hidden feeds on its own mood,
Poisons the healthful currents of the blood
With bitterness, and turns the heart to stone!
I think, in truth, 't were better to make moan,
And so be done with it. This many a year,
Sweetheart, have I laughed lightly and made cheer,
Pierced through with sorrow!

Then the widowed one
With sorrowfullest eyes beneath the sun,
Faltered, irresolute, and bending low
Her head, half whispered,

"Dear, how could you know?
What masks are faces! — yours, unread by me
These seven long summers; mine, so placidly
Shielding my woe! No tremble of the lip,
No cheek's quick pallor let our secret slip!
Mere players we, and she that played the queen,
Now in her homespun, looks how poor and mean!
How shall I say it, how find words to tell
What thing it was for me made earth a hell
That else had been my heaven! 'T would blanch your cheek
Were I to speak it. Nay, but I will speak,
Since like two souls at compt we seem to stand,
Where nothing may be hidden. Hold my hand,
But look not at me! Noble 't was, and meet,
To hide your heart, nor fling it at his feet

To lie despised there. Thus saved you our pride
And that white honor for which earls have died.
You were not all unhappy, loving so!
I with a difference wore my weight of woe.
My lord was he. It was my cruel lot,
My hell, to love him — for he loved me not!"

Then came a silence. Suddenly like death
The truth flashed on them, and each held her breath —
A flash of light whereby they both were slain,
She that was loved and she that loved in vain!

ELMWOOD

IN MEMORY OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

HERE, in the twilight, at the well-known gate
I linger, with no heart to enter more.
Among the elm-tops the autumnal air
Murmurs, and spectral in the fading light
A solitary heron wings its way
Southward — save this no sound or touch of life
Dark is that window where the scholar's lamp
Was used to catch a pallor from the dawn.

Yet I must needs a little linger here.
Each shrub and tree is eloquent of him,

For tongueless things and silence have their speech.
This is the path familiar to his foot
From infancy to manhood and old age;
For in a chamber of that ancient house
His eyes first opened on the mystery
Of life, and all the splendor of the world.
Here, as a child, in loving, curious way,
He watched the bluebird's coming; learned the date
Of hyacinth and goldenrod, and made
Friends of those little redmen of the elms,
And slyly added to their winter store
Of hazel-nuts: no harmless thing that breathed,
Footed or winged, but knew him for a friend.
The gilded butterfly was not afraid
To trust its gold to that so gentle hand,
The bluebird fled not from the pendent spray.
Ah, happy childhood, ringed with fortunate stars!
What dreams were his in this enchanted sphere,
What intuitions of high destiny!
The honey-bees of Hybla touched his lips
In that old New-World garden, unawares.

So in her arms did Mother Nature fold
Her poet, breathing what of strange and sweet
Into his ear — the state-affairs of birds,
The lore of dawn and sunset, what the wind
Said in the treetops — fine, unfathomed things
Henceforth to turn to music in his brain:

A various music, now like notes of flutes,
And now like blasts of trumpets blown in wars.
Later he paced this leafy academe
A student, drinking from Greek chalices
The ripened vintage of the antique world.
And here to him came love, and love's dear loss;
Here honors came, the deep applause of men
Touched to the heart by some swift-wingèd word
That from his own full heart took eager flight —
Some strain of piercing sweetness or rebuke,
For underneath his gentle nature flamed
A noble scorn for all ignoble deed,
Himself a bondman till all men were free.

Thus passed his manhood; then to other lands
He strayed, a stainless figure among courts
Beside the Manzanares and the Thames.
Whence, after too long exile, he returned
With fresher laurel, but sedater step
And eye more serious, fain to breathe the air
Where through the Cambridge marshes the blue Charles
Uncoils its length and stretches to the sea:
Stream dear to him, at every curve a shrine
For pilgrim Memory. Again he watched
His loved syringa whitening by the door,
And knew the catbird's welcome; in his walks
Smiled on his tawny kinsmen of the elms
Stealing his nuts; and in the ruined year

Sat at his widowed hearthside with bent brows
Leonine, frosty with the breath of time,
And listened to the crooning of the wind
In the wide Elmwood chimneys, as of old.
And then — and then . . .

The afterglow has faded from the elms,
And in the denser darkness of the boughs
From time to time the firefly's tiny lamp
Sparkles. How often in still summer dusks
He paused to note that transient phantom spark
Flash on the air — a light that outlasts him!

The night grows chill, as if it felt a breath
Blown from that frozen city where he lies.
All things turn strange. The leaf that rustles here
Has more than autumn's mournfulness. The place
Is heavy with his absence. Like fixed eyes
Whence the dear light of sense and thought has fled
The vacant windows stare across the lawn.
The wise sweet spirit that informed it all
Is otherwhere. The house itself is dead.

O autumn wind among the sombre pines,
Breathe you his dirge, but be it sweet and low,
With deep refrains and murmurs of the sea,
Like to his verse — the art is yours alone.

His once — you taught him. Now no voice but
yours.
Tender and low, O wind among the pines!

WHITE EDITH

Above an ancient book, with a knight's crest
In tarnished gold on either cover stamped,
She leaned, and read — a chronicle it was
In which the sound of hautboys stirred the pulse,
And masques and gilded pageants fed the eye.
Though here and there the vellum page was stained
Sanguine with battle, chiefly it was love
The stylus held — some wan-cheeked scribe, per-
chance,
That in a mouldy tower by candle-light
Forgot his hunger in his madrigals.
Outside was winter: in its winding-sheet
The frozen Year lay. Silent was the room,
Save when the wind against the casement pressed
Or a page rustled, turned impatiently,
Or when along the still damp apple-wood
A little flame ran that chirped like a bird —
Some wren's ghost haunting the familiar bough.

With parted lips, in which less color lived
Than paints the pale wild-rose, she leaned and
read.

From time to time her fingers unawares
Closed on the palm; and oft upon her cheek
The pallor died, and left such transient glow
As might from some rich chapel window fall
On a girl's cheek at prayer. So moved her soul,
From this dull age unshackled and divorced,
In far moon-haunted gardens of romance.
But once the wind that swept the palsied oaks,
As if new-pierced with sorrow, came and moaned
Close by the casement; then she raised her eyes,
The light of dreams still fringing them, and spoke:
"Tell me, good cousin, does this book say true?
Is it so fine a thing to be a queen?"

As if a spell of incantation dwelt
In those soft syllables, before me stood,
Colored like life, the phantasm of a maid
Who, in the savage childhood of this world,
Was crowned by error, or through dark intent
Made queen, and for the durance of one day
The royal diadem and ermine wore.
In strange sort wore — for this queen fed the starved,
The naked clothed, threw open dungeon doors;
Could to no story list of suffering
But the full tear was lovely on her lash;
Taught Grief to smile, and wan Despair to hope;
Upon her stainless bosom pillowed Sin
Repentant at her feet — like Him of old;

Made even the kerns and wild-men of the fells,
That sniffing pillage clamored at the gate,
Gentler than doves by some unknown white art,
And saying to herself, "So, I am Queen!"
With lip all tremulous, held out her hand
To the crowd's kiss. What joy to ease the hurt
Of bruisèd hearts! As in a trance she walked
That live-long day. Then night came, and the stars,
And blissful sleep. But ere the birds were called
By bluebell chimes (unheard of mortal ear)
To matins in their branch-hung priories —
Ere yet the dawn its gleaming edge lay bare
Like to the burnished axe's subtle edge,
She, from her sleep's caresses roughly torn,
The meek eyes blinking in the torches' glare,
Upon a scaffold for her glory paid
Her cheeks' two roses. For it so befell
That from the Northland there was come a prince,
With a great clash of shields and trailing spears
Through the black portals of the breathless night,
To claim the sceptre. He no less would take
Than those same roses for his usury.
What less, in faith! The throne was rightly his
Of that sea-girdled isle; so to the block
Needs go the ringlets and the white swan-throat.
A touch of steel, a sudden darkness, then
Blue Heaven and all the hymning angel-choir!
No tears for her — keep tears for those who live

To mate with sin and shame, and have remorse
At last to light them to unhallowed earth.
Hers no such low-hung fortunes. Thus to stand
Supreme one instant at that dizzy height,
With no hoarse raven croaking in her ear
The certain doom, and then to have life's rose
Struck swiftly from the cheek, and so escape
Love's death, black treason, friend's ingratitude,
The pang of separation, chill of age,
The grief that in an empty cradle lies,
And all the unspoke sorrow women know —
That was, in truth, to have a happy reign!
Has thine been happier, Sovereign of the Sea,
In that long-mateless pilgrimage to death?
Or thine, whose beauty like a star illumed
Awhile the dark and angry sky of France,
Thy kingdom shrunken to two exiled graves?
Sweet old-world maid, a gentler fate was yours!
Would he had wed your story to his verse
Who from the misty land of legend brought
Helen of Troy to gladden English eyes.
There 's many a queen that lived her grandeur out,
Gray-haired and broken, might have envied you,
Your Majesty, that reigned a single day!

All this, between two heart-throbs, as it were,
Flashed through my mind, so lightning-like is thought.

With lifted eyes expectant, there she sat
Whose words had sent my fancy over-sea,
Her lip still trembling with its own soft speech,
As for a moment trembles the curved spray
Whence some winged melody has taken flight.
How every circumstance of time and place
Upon the glass of memory lives again! —
The bleak New England road; the level boughs
Like bars of iron across the setting sun;
The gray ribbed clouds piled up against the West;
The window splashed with frost; the firelit room,
And in the antique chair that slight girl-shape,
The auburn braid about the saintly brows
Making a nimbus, and she white as snow!

"Dear Heart," I said, "the humblest place is best
For gentle souls — the throne's foot, not the throne.
The storms that smite the dizzy solitudes
Where monarchs sit — most lonely folk are they! —
Oft leave the vale unscathed; there dwells content,
If so content have habitation here.
Never have I in annals read or rhyme
Of queen save one that found not at the end
The cup too bitter; never queen save one,
And she — her empire lasted but a day!
Yet that brief breath of time did she so fill
With mercy, love, and holy charity

As more rich made it than long-drawn-out years
Of such weed-life as drinks the lavish sun
And rots unflower'd." "Straight tell me of that queen!"
Cried Edith; "Brunhild, in my legend here,
Is lovely — was that other still more fair?
And had she not a Siegfried at the court
To steal her talisman? — that Siegfried did
At Günther's bidding. Was your queen not loved?
Tell me it all!" With chin upon her palm
Resting, she listened, and within her eyes
The sapphire deepened as I told the tale
Of the girl-empress in the dawn of Time —
A flower that on the vermeil brink of May
Died, with its folded whiteness for a shroud;
A strain of music that, ere it was mixed
With baser voices, floated up to heaven.

Without was silence, for the wind was spent
That all the day had pleaded at the door.
Against the crimson sunset elm and oak
Stood black and motionless; among the boughs
The sad wind slumbered. Silence filled the room,
Save when from out the crumbled apple branch
Came the wren's twitter, faint, and fainter now,
Like a bird's note far heard in twilight woods.
No other sound was. Presently a hand
Stole into mine, and rested there, inert,
Like some new-gathered snowy hyacinth,

So white and cold and delicate it was.
I know not what dark shadow crossed my heart,
What vague presentiment, but as I stooped
To lift the slender fingers to my lip,
I saw it through a mist of strangest tears —
The thin white hand invisible Death had touched!

SEA LONGINGS

THE first world-sound that fell upon my ear
Was that of the great winds along the coast
Crushing the deep-sea beryl on the rocks —
The distant breakers' sullen cannonade.
Against the spires and gables of the town
The white fog drifted, catching here and there
At over-leaning cornice or peaked roof,
And hung — weird gonfalons. The garden walks
Were choked with leaves, and on their ragged biers
Lay dead the sweets of summer — damask rose,
Clove pink, old-fashioned, loved New England
flowers.
Only keen salt sea-odors filled the air.
Sea-sounds, sea-odors — these were all my world.

Hence is it that life languishes with me
Inland; the valleys stifle me with gloom
And pent-up prospect; in their narrow bound

Imagination flutters futile wings.
Vainly I seek the sloping pearl-white sand
And the mirage's phantom citadels
Miraculous, a moment seen, then gone.
Among the mountains I am ill at ease,
Missing the stretched horizon's level line
And the illimitable restless blue.
The crag-torn sky is not the sky I love,
But one unbroken sapphire spanning all;
And nobler than the branches of a pine
Aslant upon a mountain-torrent's brink
Are the strained spars of some great battle-ship
Ploughing across the sunset. No bird's lilt
So takes me as the whistling of the gale
Among the shrouds. My cradle-song was this,
Strange inarticulate sorrows of the sea,
Blithe rhythms upgathered from the Sirens' caves.
Perchance of earthly voices the last voice
That shall an instant my freed spirit stay
On this world's verge, will be some message blown
Over the dim salt lands that fringe the coast
At dusk, or when the trancèd midnight droops
With weight of stars, or haply just as dawn,
Illumining the sullen purple wave,
Turns the gray pools and willow-stems to gold.

THE BELLS AT MIDNIGHT[1]

In their dark House of Cloud
The three weird sisters toil till time be sped;
One unwinds life, one ever weaves the shroud,
One waits to part the thread.

I

CLOTHO

How long, O sister, how long
Ere the weary task is done?
How long, O sister, how long
Shall the fragile thread be spun?

LACHESIS

'T is mercy that stays her hand,
Else she had cut the thread;
She is a woman too,
Like her who kneels by his bed!

ATROPOS

Patience! the end is come;
He shall no more endure:
See! with a single touch! —
My hand is swift and sure!

[1] The death of President Garfield was announced at midnight by the tolling of church bells throughout the land.

II

Two Angels pausing in their flight

FIRST ANGEL

Listen! what was it fell
An instant ago on my ear —
A sound like the throb of a bell
From yonder darkling sphere.

SECOND ANGEL

The planet where mortals dwell!
I hear it not . . . yes, I hear;
How it deepens — a sound of dole!

FIRST ANGEL

Listen! It is the knell
Of a passing soul —
The midnight lamentation
Of some stricken nation
For a chieftain's soul!
It is just begun,
The many-throated moan . . .
Now the clangor swells
As if a million bells
Had blent their tones in one!
Accents of despair
Are these to mortal ear;
But all this wild funereal music blown

And sifted through celestial air
Turns to triumphal pæans here!
Wave upon wave the silvery anthems flow;
Wave upon wave the deep vibrations roll
From that dim sphere below.
Come, let us go —
Surely, some chieftain's soul!

UNGUARDED GATES

'VIDE open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, North, South, East, and
West;
Portals that lead to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's pine —
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the year
The red rose blossoms somewhere — a rich land,
A later Eden planted in the wilds,
With not an inch of earth within its bound
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free.
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,
And Honor honor, and the humblest man

Stand level with the highest in the law.
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,
And with the vision brightening in their eyes
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild motley throng —
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites.
Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
In street and alley what strange tongues are loud,
Accents of menace alien to our air,
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!

O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temples of the Cæsars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

"The Southern Transept, hardly known by any other name but Poets' Corner." — DEAN STANLEY.

TREAD softly here; the sacredest of tombs
Are those that hold your Poets. Kings and queens
Are facile accidents of Time and Chance.
Chance sets them on the heights, they climb not there!
But he who from the darkling mass of men
Is on the wing of heavenly thought upborne
To finer ether, and becomes a voice
For all the voiceless, God anointed him:
His name shall be a star, his grave a shrine.

Tread softly here, in silent reverence tread.
Beneath those marble cenotaphs and urns
Lies richer dust than ever nature hid
Packed in the mountain's adamantine heart,
Or slyly wrapped in unsuspected sand —
The dross men toil for, and oft stain the soul.
How vain and all ignoble seems that greed
To him who stands in this dim claustral air
With these most sacred ashes at his feet!
This dust was Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden this —
The spark that once illumed it lingers still.
O ever hallowed spot of English earth!
If the unleashed and happy spirit of man

Have option to revisit our dull globe,
What august Shades at midnight here convene
In the miraculous sessions of the moon,
When the great pulse of London faintly throbs,
And one by one the constellations pale!

A SHADOW OF THE NIGHT

Close on the edge of a midsummer dawn
In troubled dreams I went from land to land,
Each seven-colored like the rainbow's arc,
Regions where never fancy's foot had trod
Till then; yet all the strangeness seemed not strange,
At which I wondered, reasoning in my dream
With two-fold sense, well knowing that I slept.
At last I came to this our cloud-hung earth,
And somewhere by the seashore was a grave,
A woman's grave, new-made, and heaped with flowers;
And near it stood an ancient holy man
That fain would comfort me, who sorrowed not
For this unknown dead woman at my feet.
But I, because his sacred office held
My reverence, listened; and 't was thus he spake:
"When next thou comest thou shalt find her still
In all the rare perfection that she was.

Thou shalt have gentle greeting of thy love!
Her eyelids will have turned to violets,
Her bosom to white lilies, and her breath
To roses. What is lovely never dies,
But passes into other loveliness,
Star-dust, or sea-foam, flower, or wingèd air.
If this befalls our poor unworthy flesh,
Think thee what destiny awaits the soul!
What glorious vesture it shall wear at last!"
While yet he spoke, seashore and grave and priest,
Vanished, and faintly from a neighboring spire
Fell five slow solemn strokes upon my ear.
Then I awoke with a keen pain at heart,
A sense of swift unutterable loss,
And through the darkness reached my hand to touch
Her cheek, soft pillowed on one restful palm —
To be quite sure!

THE LAST CÆSAR

1851–1870

I

Now there was one who came in later days
To play at Emperor: in the dead of night
Stole crown and sceptre, and stood forth to light
In sudden purple. The dawn's straggling rays

Showed Paris fettered, murmuring in amaze,
With red hands at her throat — a piteous sight.
Then the new Cæsar, stricken with affright
At his own daring, shrank from public gaze

In the Elysée, and had lost the day
But that around him flocked his birds of prey,
Sharp-beaked, voracious, hungry for the deed.
'Twixt hope and fear behold great Cæsar hang;
Meanwhile, methinks, a ghostly laughter rang
Through the rotunda of the Invalides.

II

What if the boulevards, at the set of sun,
Reddened, but not with sunset's kindly glow?
What if from quai and square the murmured woe
Swept heavenward, pleadingly? The prize was won,
A kingling made and Liberty undone.
No Emperor, this, like him a while ago,
But his Name's shadow; that one struck the blow
Himself, and sighted the street-sweeping gun!

This was a man of tortuous heart and brain,
So warped he knew not his own point of view —
The master of a dark, mysterious smile.
And there he plotted, by the storied Seine
And in the fairy gardens of St. Cloud,
The Sphinx that puzzled Europe, for a while.

III

I see him as men saw him once — a face
Of true Napoleon pallor; round the eyes
The wrinkled care; moustache spread pinion-wise,
Pointing his smile with odd sardonic grace
As wearily he turns him in his place,
And bends before the hoarse Parisian cries —
Then vanishes, with glitter of gold-lace
And trumpets blaring to the patient skies.

Not thus he vanished later! On his path
The Furies waited for the hour and man,
Foreknowing that they waited not in vain.
Then fell the day, O day of dreadful wrath!
Bow down in shame, O crimson-girt Sedan!
Weep, fair Alsace! weep, loveliest Lorraine!

So mused I, sitting underneath the trees
In that old garden of the Tuileries,
Watching the dust of twilight sifting down
Through chestnut boughs just touched with autumn's brown —
Not twilight yet, but that illusive bloom
Which holds before the deep-etched shadows come;
For still the garden stood in golden mist,
Still, like a river of molten amethyst,
The Seine slipped through its spans of fretted stone,

And near the grille that once fenced in a throne,
The fountains still unbraided to the day
The unsubstantial silver of their spray.
A spot to dream in, love in, waste one's hours!
Temples and palaces, and gilded towers,
And fairy terraces! — and yet, and yet
Here in her woe came Marie Antoinette,
Came sweet Corday, Du Barry with shrill cry,
Not learning from her betters how to die!
Here, while the Nations watched with bated breath,
Was held the saturnalia of Red Death!
For where that slim Egyptian shaft uplifts
Its point to catch the dawn's and sunset's drifts
Of various gold, the busy Headsman stood. . . .
Place de la Concorde — no, the Place of Blood!

And all so peaceful now! One cannot bring
Imagination to accept the thing.
Lies, all of it! some dreamer's wild romance —
High-hearted, witty, laughter-loving France!
In whose brain was it that the legend grew
Of Mænads shrieking in this avenue,
Of watch-fires burning, Famine standing guard,
Of long-speared Uhlans in that palace-yard!
What ruder sound this soft air ever smote
Than a bird's twitter or a bugle's note?
What darker crimson ever splashed these walks
Than that of rose-leaves dropping from the stalks?

And yet — what means that charred and broken
wall,
That sculptured marble, splintered, like to fall,
Looming among the trees there? . . . And you
say
This happened, as it were, but yesterday?
And here the Commune stretched a barricade,
And there the final desperate stand was made?
Such things have been? How all things change
and fade!
How little lasts in this brave world below!
Love dies; hate cools; the Cæsars come and go;
Gaunt Hunger fattens, and the weak grow strong.
Even Republics are not here for long!

Ah, who can tell what hour may bring the doom,
The lighted torch, the tocsin's heavy boom!

TENNYSON

I

SHAKESPEARE and Milton — what third blazoned
name
Shall lips of after-ages link to these?
His who, beside the wild encircling seas,
Was England's voice, her voice with one acclaim,

For threescore years; whose word of praise was fame,
Whose scorn gave pause to man's iniquities.

II

What strain was his in that Crimean war?
A bugle-call in battle; a low breath,
Plaintive and sweet, above the fields of death!
So year by year the music rolled afar,
From Euxine wastes to flowery Kandahar,
Bearing the laurel or the cypress wreath.

III

Others shall have their little space of time,
Their proper niche and bust, then fade away
Into the darkness, poëts of a day;
But thou, O builder of enduring rhyme,
Thou shalt not pass! Thy fame in every clime
On earth shall live where Saxon speech has sway.

IV

Waft me this verse across the winter sea,
Through light and dark, through mist and blinding sleet,
O winter winds, and lay it at his feet;

Though the poor gift betray my poverty,
At his feet lay it: it may chance that he
Will find no gift, where reverence is, unmeet.

ALEC YEATON'S SON

GLOUCESTER, AUGUST, 1720

THE wind it wailed, the wind it moaned,
And the white caps flecked the sea;
"An' I would to God," the skipper groaned,
"I had not my boy with me!"

Snug in the stern-sheets, little John
Laughed as the scud swept by;
But the skipper's sunburnt cheek grew wan
As he watched the wicked sky.

"Would he were at his mother's side!"
And the skipper's eyes were dim.
"Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide,
What would become of him!

"For me — my muscles are as steel,
For me let hap what may:
I might make shift upon the keel
Until the break o' day.

"But he, he is so weak and small,
So young, scarce learned to stand —
O pitying Father of us all,
I trust him in Thy hand!

"For Thou, who markest from on high
A sparrow's fall — each one! —
Surely, O Lord, thou 'lt have an eye
On Alec Yeaton's son!"

Then, steady, helm! Right straight he sailed
Towards the headland light:
The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed,
And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail
Though housed from winds and waves —
They who could tell about that gale
Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden it came, as sudden went;
Ere half the night was sped,
The winds were hushed, the waves were spent,
And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin,
The folk on Gloucester shore
Saw a little figure floating in
Secure, on a broken oar!

Up rose the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!
Pull, mates, and waste no breath!" —
They knew it, though 't was but a speck
Upon the edge of death!

Long did they marvel in the town
At God His strange decree,
That let the stalwart skipper drown
And the little child go free!

BATUSCHKA [1]

From yonder gilded minaret
Beside the steel-blue Neva set,
I faintly catch, from time to time,
The sweet, aerial midnight chime —
"God save the Tsar!"

Above the ravelins and the moats
Of the white citadel it floats;
And men in dungeons far beneath
Listen, and pray, and gnash their teeth —
"God save the Tsar!"

[1] "Little Father," or "Dear Little Father," a term of endearment applied to the Tsar in Russian folk-song.

The soft reiterations sweep
Across the horror of their sleep,
As if some demon in his glee
Were mocking at their misery —
"God save the Tsar!"

In his Red Palace over there,
Wakeful, he needs must hear the prayer.
How can it drown the broken cries
Wrung from his children's agonies? —
"God save the Tsar!"

Father they called him from of old —
Batuschka! . . . How his heart is cold!
Wait till a million scourgèd men
Rise in their awful might, and then —
God save the Tsar!

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

I

One by one they go
Into the unknown dark —
Starlit brows of the brave,
Voices that drew men's souls.

Rich is the land, O Death!
Can give you dead like our dead! —
Such as he from whose hand
The magic web of romance
Slipped, and the art was lost!
Such as he who erewhile —
The last of the Titan brood —
With his thunder the Senate shook;
Or he who, beside the Charles,
Untouched of envy or hate,
Tranced the world with his song;
Or that other, that gray-eyed seer
Who in pastoral Concord ways
With Plato and Hâfiz walked.

II

Not of these was the man
Whose wraith, through the mists of night,
Through the shuddering wintry stars,
Has passed to eternal morn.
Fit were the moan of the sea
And the clashing of cloud on cloud
For the passing of that soul!
Ever he faced the storm!
No weaver of rare romance,
No patient framer of laws,
No maker of wondrous rhyme,
No bookman wrapped in his dream.

His was the voice that rang
In the fight like a bugle-call,
And yet could be tender and low
As when, on a night in June,
The hushed wind sobs in the pines.
His was the eye that flashed
With a sabre's azure gleam,
Pointing to heights unwon!

III

Not for him were these days
Of clerkly and sluggish calm —
To the petrel the swooping gale!
Austere he seemed, but the hearts
Of all men beat in his breast;
No fetter but galled his wrist,
No wrong that was not his own.
What if those eloquent lips
Curled with the old-time scorn?
What if in needless hours
His quick hand closed on the hilt?
'T was the smoke from the well-won fields
That clouded the veteran's eyes.
A fighter this to the end.

Ah, if in coming times
Some giant evil arise,

And Honor falter and pale,
His were a name to conjure with!
God send his like again!

TWO MOODS

I

Between the budding and the falling leaf
Stretch happy skies;
With colors and sweet cries
Of mating birds in uplands and in glades
The world is rife.
Then on a sudden all the music dies,
The color fades.
How fugitive and brief
Is mortal life
Between the budding and the falling leaf!

O short-breathed music, dying on the tongue
Ere half the mystic canticle be sung!
O harp of life, so speedily unstrung!
Who, if 't were his to choose, would know again
The bitter sweetness of the lost refrain,
Its rapture, and its pain?

II

Though I be shut in darkness, and become
Insentient dust blown idly here and there,
I count oblivion a scant price to pay
For having once had held against my lip
Life's brimming cup of hydromel and rue —
For having once known woman's holy love
And a child's kiss, and for a little space
Been boon companion to the Day and Night,
Fed on the odors of the summer dawn,
And folded in the beauty of the stars.
Dear Lord, though I be changed to senseless clay,
And serve the potter as he turns his wheel,
I thank Thee for the gracious gift of tears!

THE SHIPMAN'S TALE

Listen, my masters! I speak naught but truth.
From dawn to dawn they drifted on and on,
Not knowing whither nor to what dark end.
Now the North froze them, now the hot South scorched.
Some called to God, and found great comfort so;
Some gnashed their teeth with curses, and some laughed
An empty laughter, seeing they yet lived,

So sweet was breath between their foolish lips.
Day after day the same relentless sun,
Night after night the same unpitying stars.
At intervals fierce lightnings tore the clouds,
Showing vast hollow spaces, and the sleet
Hissed, and the torrents of the sky were loosed.
From time to time a hand relaxed its grip,
And some pale wretch slid down into the dark
With stifled moan, and transient horror seized
The rest who waited, knowing what must be.
At every turn strange shapes reached up and clutched
The whirling wreck, held on awhile, and then
Slipped back into that blackness whence they came.
Ah, hapless folk, to be so tossed and torn,
So racked by hunger, fever, fire, and wave,
And swept at last into the nameless void —
Frail girls, strong men, and mothers with their babes!

And was none saved?

My masters, not a soul!

O shipman, woful, woful is thy tale!
Our hearts are heavy and our eyes are dimmed.
What ship is this that suffered such ill fate?

What ship, my masters? Know ye not? — The World!

BROKEN MUSIC

A note
All out of tune in this world's instrument.
AMY LEVY.

I KNOW not in what fashion she was made,
Nor what her voice was, when she used to speak,
Nor if the silken lashes threw a shade
On wan or rosy cheek.

I picture her with sorrowful vague eyes
Illumed with such strange gleams of inner light
As linger in the drift of London skies
Ere twilight turns to night.

I know not; I conjecture. 'T was a girl
That with her own most gentle desperate hand
From out God's mystic setting plucked life's pearl —
'T is hard to understand.

So precious life is! Even to the old
The hours are as a miser's coins, and she —
Within her hands lay youth's unminted gold
And all felicity.

The winged impetuous spirit, the white flame
That was her soul once, whither has it flown?
Above her brow gray lichens blot her name
Upon the carven stone.

This is her Book of Verses — wren-like notes,
Shy franknesses, blind gropings, haunting fears;
At times across the chords abruptly floats
A mist of passionate tears.

A fragile lyre too tensely keyed and strung,
A broken music, weirdly incomplete:
Here a proud mind, self-baffled and self-stung,
Lies coiled in dark defeat.

THE SAILING OF THE AUTOCRAT

ON BOARD THE S. S. CEPHALONIA
April 26, 1886

I

O Wind and Wave, be kind to him!
So, Wave and Wind, we give thee thanks!
O Fog, that from Newfoundland Banks
Makest the blue bright ocean dim,
Delay him not! And ye who snare
The wayworn shipman with your song,
Go pipe your ditties otherwhere
While this brave vessel ploughs along!
If still to lure him hold your thought,
O phantoms of the watery zone,
Be wary, lest yourselves get caught
With music sweeter than your own!

II

Yet, soft sea spirits, be not mute;
Murmur about the prow, and make
Melodious the west wind's lute.
For him may radiant mornings break
From out the bosom of the deep,
And golden noons above him bend,
And kindly constellations keep
Bright vigils to his journey's end!

III

Take him, green Erin, to thy breast!
Keep him, dark London — for a while!
In him we send thee of our best,
Our wisest word, our blithest smile —
Our epigram, alert and pat,
That kills with joy the folly hit —
Our Yankee Tsar, our Autocrat
Of all the happy realms of wit!
Take him and keep him — but forbear
To keep him more than half a year. . . .
His presence will be sunshine there,
His absence will be shadow here!

October 7, 1894

"His absence will be shadow here"—
A deeper shadow than I meant

Has fallen on the waning year
And with my lightsome verses blent.
Another voyage was to be! —
The ship that bears him now from shore,
To plough an unknown, chartless sea,
Shall bring him back to us no more!

AT THE FUNERAL OF A MINOR POET

One of the Bearers soliloquises:

. . . Room in your heart for him, O Mother Earth,
Who loved each flower and leaf that made you fair,
And sang your praise in verses manifold
And delicate, with here and there a line
From end to end in blossom like a bough
The May breathes on, so rich it was. Some thought
The workmanship more costly than the thing
Moulded or carved, as in those ornaments
Found at Mycenæ. And yet Nature's self
Works in this wise; upon a blade of grass,
Or what small note she lends the woodland thrush,
Lavishing endless patience. He was born
Artist, not artisan, which some few saw
And many dreamed not. As he wrote no odes
When Crœsus wedded or Mæcenas died,
And gave no breath to civic feasts and shows,

He missed the glare that gilds more facile men —
A twilight poet, groping quite alone,
Belated, in a sphere where every nest
Is emptied of its music and its wings.
Not great his gift; yet we can poorly spare
Even his slight perfection in an age
Of limping triolets and tame rondeaux.
He had at least ideals, though unreached,
And heard, far off, immortal harmonies,
Such as fall coldly on our ear to-day.
The mighty Zolaistic Movement now
Engrosses us — a miasmatic breath
Blown from the slums. We paint life as it is,
The hideous side of it, with careful pains,
Making a god of the dull Commonplace.
For have we not the old gods overthrown
And set up strangest idols? We would clip
Imagination's wing and kill delight,
Our sole art being to leave nothing out
That renders art offensive. Not for us
Madonnas leaning from their starry thrones
Ineffable, nor any heaven-wrought dream
Of sculptor or of poet; we prefer
Such nightmare visions as in morbid brains
Take form and substance, thoughts that taint the air
And make all life unlovely. Will it last?
Beauty alone endures from age to age,

From age to age endures, handmaid of God.
Poets who walk with her on earth go hence
Bearing a talisman. You bury one,
With his hushed music, in some Potter's Field;
The snows and rains blot out his very name,
As he from life seems blotted: through Time's glass
Slip the invisible and silent sands
That mark the century, then falls a day
The world is suddenly conscious of a flower,
Imperishable, ever to be prized,
Sprung from the mould of a forgotten grave.
'T is said the seeds wrapped up among the balms
And hieroglyphics of Egyptian kings
Hold strange vitality, and, planted, grow
After the lapse of thrice a thousand years.
Some day, perchance, some unregarded note
Of this dead Singer — some sweet minor chord
That failed to lure our more accustomed ear —
Shall wake to life, like those long buried seeds,
And witch the fancy of an unborn age.
Meanwhile he sleeps, with scantiest laurel won
And little of our Nineteenth Century gold.
So, take him, Earth, and this his mortal part,
With that shrewd alchemy thou hast, transmute
To flower and leaf in thine unending Springs!

SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF EDWIN BOOTH AT "THE PLAYERS"

1891

THAT face which no man ever saw
And from his memory banished quite,
With eyes in which are Hamlet's awe
And Cardinal Richelieu's subtle light
Looks from this frame. A master's hand
Has set the master-player here,
In the fair temple [1] that he planned
Not for himself. To us most dear
This image of him! "It was thus
He looked; such pallor touched his cheek;
With that same grace he greeted us —
Nay, 't is the man, could it but speak!"
Sad words that shall be said some day —
Far fall the day! O cruel Time,
Whose breath sweeps mortal things away,
Spare long this image of his prime,
That others standing in the place
Where, save as ghosts, we come no more,
May know what sweet majestic face
The gentle Prince of Players wore!

[1] The club-house in Gramercy Park, New York, was the gift of Mr. Booth to the association founded by him and named "The Players."

"WHEN FROM THE TENSE CHORDS OF THAT MIGHTY LYRE"

JANUARY, 1892

I

WHEN from the tense chords of that mighty lyre
The Master's hand, relaxing, falls away,
And those rich strings are silent for all time,
Then shall Love pine, and Passion lack her fire,
And Faith seem voiceless. Man to man shall say,
"Dead is the last of England's lords of rhyme."

II

Yet — stay! there 's one, a later laurelled brow,
With purple blood of poets in his veins;
Him has the Muse claimed; him might Marlowe own;
Greek Sappho's son! — men's praises seek him now.
Happy the realm where one such voice remains!
His the dropped wreath and the unenvied throne.

III

The wreath the world gives, not the mimic wreath
That chance might make the gift of king or queen.
O finder of undreamed-of harmonies!
Since Shelley's lips were hushed by cruel death,
What lyric voice so sweet as this has been
Blown to us on the winds from over seas?

PAULINE PAVLOVNA

SCENE: St. Petersburg. Period: the present time. A ballroom in the winter palace of the Prince ——. The ladies in character costumes and masks. The gentlemen in official dress and unmasked, with the exception of six tall figures in scarlet kaftans, who are treated with marked distinction as they move here and there among the promenaders. Quadrille music throughout the dialogue.

COUNT SERGIUS PAVLOVICH PANSHINE, who has just arrived, is standing anxiously in the doorway of an antechamber with his eyes fixed upon a lady in the costume of a maid of honor in the time of Catharine II. The lady presently disengages herself from the crowd, and passes near COUNT PANSHINE, who impulsively takes her by the hand and leads her across the threshold of the inner apartment, which is unoccupied.

HE

Pauline!

SHE

You knew me?

HE

How could I have failed?
A mask may hide your features, not your soul.

There is an air about you like the air
That folds a star. A blind man knows the night,
And feels the constellations. No coarse sense
Of eye or ear had made you plain to me.
Through these I had not found you; for your eyes,
As blue as violets of our Novgorod,
Look black behind your mask there, and your voice —
I had not known that either. My heart said,
"Pauline Pavlovna."

SHE

Ah! Your heart said that?
You trust your heart, then! 'T is a serious risk! —
How is it you and others wear no mask?

HE

The Emperor's orders.

SHE

Is the Emperor here?
I have not seen him.

HE

He is one of the six
In scarlet kaftans and all masked alike.
Watch — you will note how every one bows down
Before those figures, thinking each by chance
May be the Tsar; yet none knows which is he.

Even his counterparts are left in doubt.
Unhappy Russia! No serf ever wore
Such chains as gall our Emperor these sad days.
He dare trust no man.

SHE

All men are so false.

HE

Save one, Pauline Pavlovna.

SHE

No; all, all!
I think there is no truth left in the world,
In man or woman. Once were noble souls. —
Count Sergius, is Nastasia here to-night?

HE

Ah! then you know! I thought to tell you first.
Not here, beneath these hundred curious eyes,
In all this glare of light; but in some place
Where I could throw me at your feet and weep.
In what shape came the story to your ear?
Decked in the teller's colors, I 'll be sworn;
The truth, but in the livery of a lie,
And so must wrong me. Only this is true:
The Tsar, because I risked my wretched life
To shield a life as wretched as my own,
Bestows upon me, as supreme reward —

O irony! — the hand of this poor girl.
He stayed me at the bottom of a stair,
And said, *We have the pearl of pearls for you,*
Such as from out the sea was never plucked
By Indian diver, for a Sultan's crown.
Your joy's decreed, and stabbed me with a smile.

SHE

And she — she loves you?

HE

I much question that.
Likes me, perhaps. What matters it? — her love!
The guardian, Sidor Yurievich, consents,
And she consents. Love weighs not in such scales —
A mere caprice, a young girl's springtide dream.
Sick of her ear-rings, weary of her mare,
She 'll have a lover, something ready-made,
Or improvised between two cups of tea —
A lover by imperial ukase!
Fate said her word — I chanced to be the man!
If that grenade the crazy student threw
Had not spared me, as well as spared the Tsar,
All this would not have happened. I 'd have been
A hero, but quite safe from her romance.
She takes me for a hero — think of that!
Now by our holy Lady of Kazan,
When I have finished pitying myself,
I'll pity her.

SHE

Oh no; begin with her;
She needs it most.

HE

At her door lies the blame,
Whatever falls. She, with a single word,
With half a tear, had stopped it at the first,
This cruel juggling with poor human hearts.

SHE

The Tsar commanded it — you said the Tsar.

HE

The Tsar does what she wishes — God knows why.
Were she his mistress, now! but there 's no snow
Whiter within the bosom of a cloud,
Nor colder either. She is very haughty,
For all her fragile air of gentleness;
With something vital in her, like those flowers
That on our desolate steppes outlast the year.
Resembles you in some things. It was that
First made us friends. I do her justice, mark.
For we were friends in that smooth surface way
We Russians have imported out of France —
Forgetting Alma and Sevastopol.
Alas! from what a blue and tranquil heaven
This bolt fell on me! After these two years,
My suit with Alexandrovitch at end,

The old wrong righted, the estates restored,
And my promotion, with the ink not dry!
Those fairies which neglected me at birth
Seemed now to lavish all good gifts on me —
Gold roubles, office, sudden dearest friends.
The whole world smiled; then, as I stooped to taste
The sweetest cup, freak dashed it from my lip.
This very night — just think, this very night —
I planned to come and beg of you the alms
I dared not ask for in my poverty.
I thought me poor then. How stripped am I now!
There 's not a ragged mendicant one meets
Along the Nevski Prospekt but has leave
To tell his love, and I have not that right!
Pauline Pavlovna, why do you stand there
Stark as a statue, with no word to say?

SHE

Because this thing has frozen up my heart.
I think that there is something killed in me,
A dream that would have mocked all other bliss.
What shall I say? What would you have me say?

HE

If it be possible, the word of words!

SHE, *very slowly*

Well, then — I love you. I may tell you so
This once, . . . and then for ever hold my peace.

We cannot longer stay here unobserved.
No — do not touch me! but stand farther off,
And seem to laugh, as if we talked in jest,
Should we be watched. Now turn your face away.
I love you.

HE

With such music in my ears
I would death found me. It were sweet to die
Listening! You love me — prove it.

SHE

Prove it — how?
I prove it saying it. How else?

HE

Pauline,
I have three things to choose from; you shall choose:
This marriage, or Siberia, or France.
The first means hell; the second, purgatory;
The third — with you — were nothing less than heaven!

SHE, *starting*

How dared you even dream it!

HE

I was mad.

This business has touched me in the brain.
Have patience! the calamity is new. [*Pauses*
There is a fourth way; but that gate is shut
To brave men who hold life a thing of God.

SHE

Yourself spoke there; the rest was not of you.

HE

Oh, lift me to your level! Where you move
The air is temperate, and no pulses beat.
What 's to be done?

SHE

I lack invention — stay,
Perhaps the Emperor —

HE

Not a shred of hope!
His mind is set on this with that insistence
Which seems to seize on all match-making folk.
The fancy bites them, and they straight go mad.

SHE

Your father's friend, the Metropolitan —
A word from him . . .

HE

Alas, he too is bitten!

Gray-haired, gray-hearted, worldly wise, he sees
This marriage makes me the Tsar's protégé,
And opens every door to preference.

SHE

Then let him be. There surely is some way
Out of the labyrinth, could we but find it.
Nastasia!

HE

What! beg life of her? Not I.

SHE

Beg love. She is a woman, young, perhaps
Untouched as yet of this too poisonous air.
Were she told all, would she not pity us?
For if she love you, as I think she must,
Would not some generous impulse stir in her,
Some latent, unsuspected spark illume?
How love thrills even commonest girl-clay,
Ennobling it an instant, if no more!
You said that she is proud; then touch her pride,
And turn her into marble with the touch.
But yet the gentler passion is the stronger.
Go to her, tell her, in some tenderest phrase
That will not hurt too much — ah, but it will hurt! —
Just how your happiness lies in her hand
To make or mar for all time; hint, not say,
Your heart is gone from you, and you may find —

HE

A casemate in St. Peter and St. Paul
For, say, a month; then some Siberian town.
Not this way lies escape. At my first word
That sluggish Tartar blood would turn to fire
In every vein.

SHE

How blindly you read her,
Or any woman! Yes, I know. I grant
How small we often seem in our small world
Of trivial cares and narrow precedents —
Lacking that wide horizon stretched for men —
Capricious, spiteful, frightened at a mouse;
But when it comes to suffering mortal pangs,
The weakest of us measures pulse with you.

HE

Yes, you, not she. If she were at your height!
But there 's no martyr wrapped in *her* rose flesh.
There should have been; for Nature gave you both
The self-same purple for your eyes and hair,
The self-same Southern music to your lips,
Fashioned you both, as 't were, in the same mould,
Yet failed to put the soul in one of you!
I know her wilful — her light head quite turned
In this court atmosphere of flatteries;
A Moscow beauty, petted and spoiled there,
And since spoiled here; as soft as swan's-down now,

With words like honey melting from the comb,
But being crossed, vindictive, crüel, cold.
I fancy her, between two languid smiles,
Saying, "Poor fellow, in the Nertchinsk mines!"
I know her pitiless.

SHE

You know her not.
Count Sergius Pavlovich, you said no mask
Could hide the soul, yet how you have mistaken
The soul these two months — and the face to-night!

[*Removes her mask*

HE

You! — it was *you!*

SHE

Count Sergius Pavlovich,
Go find Pauline Pavlovna — she is here —
And tell her that the Tsar has set you free.

[*She goes out hurriedly, replacing her mask*

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES

BOOK I

JUDITH IN THE TOWER

Unheralded, like some tornado loosed
Out of the brooding hills, it came to pass
That Holofernes, the Assyrian,
With horse and foot a mighty multitude,
Crossed the Euphrates, ravaging the land
To Esdraëlon, and then hawk-like swooped
On Bethulîa: there his trenches drew,
There his grim engines of destruction set
And stormed the place; and gave them little rest
Within, till sad their plight was; for at last
The wells ran low, the stores of barley failed,
And famine crept on them. A wheaten loaf
Was put in this scale and the gold in that,
So scarce was bread. Now were the city streets
Grown loud with lamentation, women's moans
And cries of children; and one night there came
The plague, with breath as hot as the simoom
That blows the desert sand to flakes of fire.

Yet Holofernes could not batter down
The gates of bronze, nor decent entrance make
With beam or catapult in those tough walls,
Nor with his lighted arrows fire the roofs.
Gnawing his lip, among the tents he strode —
Woe to the slave that stumbled in his path! —
And cursed the doting gods, who gave no aid,
But slumbered somewhere in their house of cloud.
Still wan-cheeked Famine and red-spotted Pest
Did their fell work; these twain were his allies.
So he withdrew his men a little way
Into the hill-land, where good water was,
And shade of trees that spread their forkèd boughs
Like a stag's antlers. There he pitched his tents
On the steep slope, and counted the slow hours,
Teaching his heart such patience as he knew.

At midnight, in that second month of siege,
Judith had climbed into a mouldered tower
That looked out on the vile Assyrian camp
Stretched on the slopes beyond an open plain.
Here did she come, of late, to think and pray.
Below her, where the spiral vapors rose,
The army like a witch's caldron seethed.
At times she heard the camels' gurgling moan,
The murmur of men's tongues, and clank of arms
Muffled by distance. Through the tree-stems shone
The scattered watchfires, lurid fiends of night

"JUDITH." Page 316.

That with red hands reached up and clutched the
dark;
And now and then as some mailed warrior strode
Into the light, she saw his armor gleam.
The city, with its pestilential breath,
A hive of woes, lay close beneath her feet;
Above her leaned the sleepless Pleiades.

That night she held long vigil in the tower,
Merari's daughter, dead Manasseh's wife,
Who, since the barley harvest when he died,
Had dwelt three years a widow in her house,
And looked on no man: where Manasseh slept
In his strait sepulchre, there slept her heart.
Yet dear to her, and for his memory dear,
Was Israel, the chosen people, now
How shorn of glory! Hither had she come
To pray in the still starlight, far from those
Who watched or wept in the sad world below,
And in the midnight, in the tower alone,
She knelt and prayed as one that doubted not:

"Oh, are we not Thy children who of old
Trod the Chaldean idols in the dust,
And built our altars only unto Thee?

"Didst Thou not lead us into Canaan
For love of us, because we spurned the gods?
Didst Thou not shield us that we worshipped Thee?

"And when a famine covered all the land,
And drove us into Egypt, where the King
Did persecute Thy chosen to the death —

"Didst Thou not smite the swart Egyptians then,
And guide us through the bowels of the deep
That swallowed up their horsemen and their King?

"For saw we not, as in a wondrous dream,
The up-tossed javelins, the plunging steeds,
The chariots sinking in the wild Red Sea?

"O Lord, Thou hast been with us in our woe,
And from Thy bosom Thou hast cast us forth,
And to Thy bosom taken us again:

"For we have built our temples in the hills
By Sinai, and on Jordan's sacred banks,
And in Jerusalem we worship Thee.

"O Lord, look down and help us. Stretch Thy hand
And free Thy people. Make our faith as steel,
And draw us nearer, nearer unto Thee."

Then Judith loosed the hair about her brows,
About her brows the long black tresses loosed,
And bent her head, and wept for Israel.
And while she wept, bowed like a lotus flower

That leans to its own shadow in the Nile,
A strangest silence fell upon the land;
Like to a sea-mist spreading east and west
It spread, and close on this there came a sound
Of snow-soft plumage rustling in the dark,
And voices that such magic whisperings made
As the sea makes at twilight on a strip
Of sand and pebble. Slowly from her knees
Judith arose, but dared not lift her eyes,
Awed with the sense that now beside her stood
A God's white Angel, though she saw him not,
While round the tower a wingèd retinue
In the wind's eddies drifted; then the world
Crumbled and vanished, and nought else she knew.
The Angel stooped, and from his luminous brow
And from the branch of amaranth he bore
A gleam fell on her, touching eyes and lips
With light ineffable, and she became
Fairer than morning in Arabia.
On cheek and brow and bosom lay such tint
As in the golden process of mid-June
Creeps up the slender stem to dye the rose.
Then silently the Presence spread his vans.
Like one that from a lethargy awakes
The Hebrew woman started: in the tower
No wingèd thing was, save on a crossbeam
A twittering sparrow; from the underworld
Came sounds of pawing hoof, and clink of steel;
And where the black horizon blackest lay

A moment gone, a thread of purple ran
That changed to rose, and then to sudden gold.

And Judith stood bewildered, with flushed cheek
Pressed to the stone-work. When she knelt to pray
It was dead night, and now 't was break of dawn;
Yet had not sleep upon her eyelids set
Its purple seal. In this strange interval
Of void or trance, or slumber-mocking death,
What had befallen? As a skein of flax,
Dropped by a weaver seated at his loom,
Lies in a tangle, and but knots the more,
And slips the fingers seeking for the clue:
So all her thought lay tangled in her brain,
And what had chanced eluded memory.

Now was day risen; on the green foothills
Men were in motion, and such life as was
In the sad city dragged itself to light.
Then Judith turned, and slowly down the stair
Descended to the court. Outside the gate,
In the broad sun, lounged Achior, lately fled
From Holofernes; as she passed she spoke:
"The Lord be with thee, Achior, all thy days."
And Achior — captain of the Ammonites,
In exile, but befriended of the Jews —
Paused, and looked after her with pensive eyes.
Unknown of any one, these many months

His corselet held a hopeless tender heart
For dead Manasseh's wife — too fair she was,
And rich — this day how wonderfully fair!
But she, unheedful, crossed the tile-paved court,
And passing through an archway reached the place
Where underneath an ancient aloe-tree
Sat Chabris with Ozias and his friend
Charmis, patriarchs of the leaguered town.

There Judith halted, and obeisance made
With hands crossed on her breast, as was most meet,
They being aged men and governors.
And as she bent before them where they sate,
They marvelled much that in that stricken town
Was one face left not hunger-pinched, or wan,
With grief's acquaintance: such was Judith's face.
And white-haired Charmis looked on her, and said:
"This woman walketh in the light of God."

"Would it were so!" said Judith. "I know not;
But this I know, that where faith is, is light.
Let us not doubt Him! If we doubt we die.
Oh, is it true, Ozias, thou hast mind
To yield the city to our enemies
After five days, unless the Lord shall stoop
From heaven to save us?"

And Ozias said:
"Our young men perish on the battlements;
Our wives and children by the empty wells
Lie down and perish."

"If we doubt we die.
But whoso trusts in God, as Isaac did,
Though suffering greatly even to the end,
Dwells in a citadel upon a rock;
Wave shall not reach it, nor fire topple down."

"Our young men perish on the battlements,"
Answered Ozias; "by the dusty tanks,
Our wives and children."

"They shall go and dwell
With Seers and Prophets in eternal life.
Is there no God?"

"One only," Chabris spoke,
"But now His face is turned aside from us.
He sees not Israel."

"Is His mercy less
Than Holofernes'? Shall we place our trust
In this fierce bull of Asshur?"

"Five days more,"
Said old Ozias, "we shall trust in God."

"Ah! His time is not man's time," Judith cried,
"And why should we, the dust beneath His feet,
Decide the hour of our deliverance,
Saying to Him: *Thus shalt Thou do, and so?*
Ozias, thou to whom the heart of man
Is as a scroll illegible, dost thou
Pretend to read the mystery of God?"

Then gray Ozias bowed his head, abashed,
And spoke not; but the white-haired Charmis spoke:
"The woman sayeth wisely. We are wrong
That in our anguish mock the Lord our God,
Staff that we rest on, stream whereat we drink!"
And then to Judith: "Child, what wouldst thou have?"

"I cannot answer thee, nor make it plain
In my own thought. This night I had a dream
Not born of sleep, for both my eyes were wide,
My sense alive — a vision, if thou wilt,
Of which the scattered fragments in my mind
Are as the fragments of a crystal vase
That, slipping from the slave-girl's careless hand,
Falls on the marble. No most cunning skill
Shall join the pieces and make whole the vase.
So with my vision. I seem still to hear
Strange voices round me, inarticulate —
Words shaped and uttered by invisible lips;

At whiles there seems a palm close pressed to mine
That fain would lead me somewhere. I know not
What all portends. Some great event is near.
Last night celestial spirits were on wing
Over the city. As I sat alone
Within the tower, upon the stroke of twelve —
Look, look, Ozias! Charmis, Chabris, look!
See ye not, yonder, a white mailèd hand
That with its levelled finger points through air!"

The three old men, with lifted, startled eyes,
Turned, and beheld on the transparent void
A phantom hand in silver gauntlet clad
With stretched forefinger; and they spake no word,
But in the loose folds of their saffron robes
Their wan and meagre faces muffled up,
And sat there, like those statues which the wind
Near some old city on a desert's edge
Wraps to the brow in cerements of red dust.

After a silence Judith softly said:
"'T is gone! Fear not; it was a sign to me,
To me alone. Ozias, didst thou mark
The way it pointed? — to the Eastern Gate!
Send the guard orders not to stay me there.
O question not! I but obey the sign.
I must go hence. Before the shadows fall
Upon the courtyard thrice, I shall return,
Else shall men's eyes not look upon me more.
What darkness lies between this hour and that

Tongue may not say. The thing I can I will,
Leaning on God, remembering what befell
Jacob in Syria when he fed the flocks
Of Laban, and how Isaac in his day,
And Abraham, were chastened by the Lord.
Wait thou in patience; till I come, keep thou
The sanctuaries." And the three gave oath
To hold the town; and if they held it not,
Then should she find them in the synagogue
Dead near the sacred ark; the spearmen dead
At the four gates; upon the battlements
The archers bleaching. "Be it so," she said,
"Yet be it not so! Shield me with thy prayers!"

Then Judith made obeisance as before,
Passed on, and left them pondering her words
And that weird spectre hand in silver mail,
Which, vanishing, had left a moth-like glow
Against the empty, unsubstantial air.
Still were their eyes fixed on it in mute awe.

When Judith gained her room in the dull court,
Where all the houses in the shadow lay
Of the great synagogue, she threw aside
The livery of grief, and in her hair
Braided a thread of opals, on her breasts
Poured precious ointment, and put on the robe
That in a chest of camphor-wood had lain
Unworn since she was wed — the rustling robe,
Heavy with vine-work, delicate flower and star,

And looped at the brown shoulder with a pearl
To ransom princes. Had he seen her then,
The sad young captain of the Ammonites,
Had he by chance but seen her as she stood
Clasping her girdle, it had been despair!

Then Judith veiled her face, and took her scarf,
And wrapped the scarf about her, and went forth
Into the street with Marah, the handmaid.
It was the hour when all the wretched folk
Haunted the market-stalls to get such scraps
As famine left; the rich bazaars were closed,
Those of the cloth-merchants and jewellers;
But to the booths where aught to eat was had,
The starving crowds converged, vociferous.
Thus at that hour the narrow streets were thronged
And as in summer when the bearded wheat,
With single impulse leaning all one way,
Follows the convolutions of the wind,
And parts to left or right, as the wind veers:
So went men's eyes with Judith, so the crowd
Parted to give her passage. On she pressed
Through noisome lanes where poverty made lair,
By stately marble porticos pressed on
To the East Gate, a grille of triple bronze,
That lifted at her word, and then shut down
With horrid clangor. The crude daylight there
Dazed her an instant; then she set her face
Towards Holofernes' camp in the hill-land.

BOOK II

THE CAMP OF ASSHUR

O SADDENED Muse, sing not of that rough way
Her light feet trod among the flints and thorns,
Where some chance arrow might have stained her
breast,
And death lay coiled in the slim viper's haunt;
Nor how the hot sun tracked them till they reached,
She and her maid, a place of drooping boughs
Cooled by a spring set in a cup of moss,
And bathed their cheeks, and gathered mulberries,
And at the sudden crackling of a twig
Were wellnigh dead with fear: sing, rather, now
Of Holofernes, stretched before his tent
Upon the spotted hide of that wild beast
He slew beside the Ganges, he alone
With just his dagger; from the jungle there
The creature leapt on him, and tore his throat,
In the dim starlight: that same leopard skin
Went with him to all wars. This day he held
A council of the chiefs. Close at his feet
His iron helmet trailed on the sere grass
Its horsehair plume — a Hindu maiden's hair,

Men whispered under breath; and from his lance,
The spear set firmly in the sun-scorched earth
Where he had thrust it, hung his massive shield.
Upon the shield a dragon was, with eyes
Of sea-green emeralds, which caught the light
And flashed it back, and seemed a thing that lived.

There lay the Prince of Asshur, with his chin
Propped on one hand, and the gaunt captains ranged
In groups about him; men from Kurdistan,
Men from the Indus, and the salt-sea dunes,
And those bleak snow-lands that to northward lie —
A motley conclave, now in hot debate
Whether to press the siege or wait the end.
And one said: "Lo! the fruit is ripe to fall,
Let us go pluck it; better to lie dead,
Each on his shield, than stay here with no grain
To feed the mares, and no bread left." "The moat
Is wide," said one, "and many are the spears,
And stout the gates. Have we not tried our men
Against the well-set edges of those spears?
Note how the ravens wheel in hungry files
Above the trenches, and straight disappear.
See where they rise, red-beaked and surfeited!
Has it availed? The city stands. Within
There 's that shall gnaw its heart out, if we wait,
And bide the sovran will of the wise gods."
Some of the younger captains made assent,
But others scowled, and mocked them, and one
cried:

"Ye should have tarried by the river's bank
At home, and decked your hair with butterflies
Like the king's harlots. Little use are ye."
"Nay," cried another, "they did well to come;
They have their uses. When our meat is gone
We 'll even feed upon the tender flesh
Of these tame girls, who, though they dress in steel,
Like more the tremor of a cithern string
Than the shrill whistle of an arrowhead."

Death lay in lighter spoken words than these,
And quick hands sought the hilt, and spears were poised,
And they had one another slain outright,
These fiery lords, when suddenly each blade
Slipped back to sheath, and the pale captains stood
Transfixed, beholding in their very midst
A woman whose exceeding radiance
Of brow and bosom made her garments seem
Threadbare and lustreless, yet whose attire
Outshone the purples of a Persian queen
That decks her for some feast, or makes her rich
To welcome back from war her lord the king.

For Judith, who knew all the hillside paths
As one may know the delicate azure veins
That branch and cross on his belovèd's wrist,
Had passed the Tartar guards in the thick wood,
And gained the camp's edge, and there stayed her steps,

Appalled at sight of all those angry lords,
But taking heart, had noiselessly approached,
And stood among them, unperceived till then.
Now on the air arose such murmurous sound
As when a swarm of honey-bees in June
Rises, and hangs mist-like above the hives,
And fills the air with its sweet monotone.
The Prince of Asshur knew not what it meant,
And springing to his feet, thrust back the chiefs
That hampered him, and cried in a loud voice:
"Who breaks upon our councils?" Then his eyes
Discovered Judith. As in a wild stretch
Of silt and barren rock, a gracious flower,
Born of the seed some bird of passage dropped,
Leans from the stem and with its beauty lights
The lonely waste, so Judith, standing there,
Seemed to illumine all the dismal camp,
And Holofernes' voice took softer tone:
"Whence comest thou — thy station, and thy name?"

"Merari's daughter, dead Manasseh's wife,
Judith. I come from yonder hapless town."

"Methought the phantom of some murdered queen
From the dead years had risen at my feet!
If these Samarian women are thus shaped,
O my brave Captains, let not one be slain! —

What seekest thou within the hostile lines
Of Asshur?"

"Holofernes."

"This is he."

"O good my Lord," cried Judith, "if indeed
Thou art that Holofernes whom I seek,
And dread, in truth, to find, low at thy feet
Behold thy handmaid who in fear has flown
From a doomed people."

"If this thing be so,
Thou shalt have shelter of our tents, and food,
And meet observance, though our enemy.
Touching thy people, they with tears of blood,
And ashes on their heads, shall rue the hour
They brought not tribute to the lord of all,
The king at Nineveh. But thou shalt live."

"O good my lord," said Judith, "as thou wilt
So would thy servant. And I pray thee now
Let them that listen stand awhile aside,
For I have that for thine especial ear
Of import to thee."

Then the chiefs fell back
Under the trees, and leaned on their huge shields,

Eyeing the Hebrew woman whose sweet looks
Brought them home-thoughts and visions of their wives
In that far land they might not see again.
And Judith spoke, and they strained ear to catch
Her words; but only the soft voice was theirs:

"My lord, if yet thou holdest in thy thought
The words which Achior the Ammonite
Once spake to thee concerning Israel,
O treasure them; no guile was in those words.
True is it, master, that our people kneel
To an unseen but not an unknown God:
By day and night He watches over us,
And while we worship Him we cannot fall,
Our tabernacles shall be unprofaned,
Our spears invincible; but if we sin,
If we transgress the law by which we live,
Our sanctuaries shall be desecrate,
Our tribes thrust forth into the wilderness,
Scourged and accursèd. Therefore, O my lord,
Seeing this nation wander from the faith
Taught of the Prophets, I have fled dismayed.
Heed, Holofernes, what I speak this day,
And if the thing I tell thee prove not true,
Let not thy falchion tarry in its sheath,
But seek my heart. Why should thy handmaid live,
Having deceived thee, thou the crown of men?"

She spoke, and paused ; and sweeter on his ear
Was Judith's voice than ever to him seemed
The silver laughter of the Assyrian girls
In the bazaars, or when in the cool night,
After the sultry heat of the long day,
They came down to the river with their lutes.
The ceaseless hum that rose from the near tents,
The neighing of the awful battle-steeds,
The winds that sifted through the fronded palms
He heard not ; only Judith's voice he heard.

"O listen, Holofernes, my sweet lord,
And thou shalt rule not only Bethulia,
Rich with its hundred altars' crusted gold,
But Cades-Barne and Jerusalem,
And all the vast hill-land to the blue sea.
For I am come to give into thy hand
The key of Israel — Israel now no more,
Since she disowns the Prophets and her God."

"Speak, for I needs must listen to these things."

"Know then, O prince, it is our yearly use
To lay aside the first fruits of the grain,
And so much oil, so many skins of wine,
Which, being sanctified, are held intact
For the High Priests who serve before our Lord
In the great temple at Jerusalem.
This holy food — which even to touch is death —

The rulers, sliding from their ancient faith,
Fain would lay hands on, being wellnigh starved;
And they have sent a runner to the Priests
(The Jew Abijah, who, at dead of night,
Shot like a javelin between thy guards),
Bearing a parchment begging that the Church
Yield them permit to eat the sacred corn.
But 't is not lawful they should do this thing,
Yet will they do it. Then shalt thou behold
The archers tumbling headlong from the walls,
Their strength gone from them; thou shalt see the spears
Splitting like reeds within the spearmen's hands,
And the strong captains tottering like old men
Stricken with palsy. Then, O mighty prince,
Then with thy trumpets blaring doleful dooms,
And thy proud banners waving in the wind,
With squares of men and eager clouds of horse
Thou shalt sweep down on them, and strike them dead!
But now, my lord, before this come to pass,
Three days must wane, for they touch not the food
Until the Jew Abijah shall return
With the Priests' message. Here among thy hosts,
O Holofernes, would I dwell the while,
Asking but this, that I and my handmaid
Each night, at the sixth hour, may egress have
Unto the valley, there to weep and pray
That God forsake this nation in its sin.

And as my prophecy prove true or false,
So be it with me."

Judith ceased, and stood
With hands crossed on her breast, and face upraised.
And Holofernes answered not at first,
But bent his eyes on the uplifted face,
And mused, and then made answer: "Be it so.
Thou shalt be free to go and come, and none
Shall stay thee, nor molest thee, these three days.
And if, O pearl of women, the event
Prove not a dwarf beside the prophecy,
Then hath the sun not looked upon thy like;
Thy name shall be as honey on men's lips,
And in their memory fragrant as a spice.
Music shall wait on thee; crowns shalt thou have,
And jewel chests of costly sandal-wood,
And robes in texture like the ring-dove's throat,
And milk-white mares, and slaves, and chariots;
And thou shalt dwell with me in Nineveh,
In Nineveh, the City of the Gods."

Then on her cheek the ripe blood of her race
Faltered an instant. "Even as thou wilt
So would thy servant." Thereupon the slaves
Brought meat and wine, and placed them in a tent,
A green pavilion standing separate

Hard by the brook, for Judith and her maid.
But Judith ate not, saying: "Master, no.
It is not lawful that we taste of these;
My maid has brought a pouch of parchèd corn,
And bread and figs and wine of our own land,
Which shall not fail us." Holofernes said,
"So let it be," and pushing back the screen
Passed out, and left them sitting in the tent.

And when they were alone within the tent,
"O Marah," cried the mistress, "do I dream?
Is this the dread Assyrian rumor paints,
He who upon the plains of Ragau smote
The hosts of King Arphaxad, and despoiled
Sidon and Tyrus, and left none unslain?
Gentle is he we thought so terrible,
Whose name we stilled unruly children with
At bedtime — *See! the Bull of Asshur comes!*
And all the little ones would straight to bed.
Is he not statured as should be a king?
Beside our tallest captain this grave prince
Towers like the palm above the olive-tree.
A gentle prince, with gracious words and ways."
And Marah said: "A gentle prince he is —
To look on; I misdoubt his ways and words."
"And I, O Marah, I would trust him not!"
And Judith laid her cheek upon her arm
With a quick laugh, and like to diamonds
Her white teeth shone between the parted lips.

Now Holofernes held himself aloof
That day, spoke little with his chiefs, nor cared
To watch the athletes at their games of strength
Under the cedars, as his custom was,
But in a grove of clustered tamarisk trees
On the camp's outer limit walked alone,
Save for one face that haunted the blue air,
Save for one voice that murmured at his ear.
There, till the twilight flooded the low lands
And the stars came, these kept him company.

The word of Judith's beauty had spread wide
Through the gray city that stretched up the slope;
And as the slow dusk gathered many came
From far encampments, on some vain pretext,
To pass the green pavilion — long-haired men
That dwelt by the Hydaspes, and the sons
Of the Elymeans, and slim Tartar youths,
And folk that stained their teeth with betel-nut
And wore rough goatskin, herdsmen of the hills;
But saw not Judith, who from common air
Was shut, and none might gaze upon her face.

But when the night fell, and the camps were still,
And nothing moved beneath the icy stars
In their blue bourns, save some tall Kurdish guard
That stalked among the cedars, Judith called
And wakened Marah, and the sentinel

Drew back, and let them pass beyond the lines
Into the plain ; and Judith's heart was full
Seeing the watchfires burning on the towers
Of her own city. As a hundred years
The hours seemed since she stood within its walls
Her heart so yearned to it. Here on the sand
The two knelt down in prayer, and Marah thought:
"How is it we should come so far to pray?"
Not knowing Judith's cunning that had gained
By this device free passage to and fro
Between the guards. When they had prayed, they rose
And went through the black shadows back to camp.

One cresset twinkled dimly in the tent
Of Holofernes, and Bagoas, his slave,
Lay on a strip of matting at the door,
Drunk with the wine of sleep. Not so his lord
On the soft leopard skin ; a fitful sleep
Was his this night, tormented by a dream
That ever waked him. Through the curtained air
A tall and regal figure came and went ;
At times a queen's bright diadem pressed down
The bands of perfumed hair, and gold-wrought stuffs
Rustled ; at times the apparition stood
Draped only in a woven mist of veils,
Like the king's dancing-girls at Nineveh.

And once it stole to his couch side, and stooped
And touched his brow with tantalizing lip,
Undoing all the marvel of the dream;
For Holofernes turned then on the couch,
Sleep fled his eyelids, and would come no more.

BOOK III

THE FLIGHT

On the horizon, as the prow of Dawn
Ploughed through the huddled clouds, a wave of gold
Went surging up the dark, and breaking there
Dashed its red spray against the cliffs and spurs,
But left the valley in deep shadow still.
And still the mist above the Asshur camp
Hung in white folds, and on the pendent boughs
The white dew hung. While yet no bird had moved
A wing in its dim nest, the wakeful prince
Rose from the couch, and wrapped in his long cloak
Stepped over the curved body of the slave,
And thridding moodily the street of tents
Came to the grove of clustered tamarisk trees
Where he had walked and mused the bygone day.
Here on a broken ledge he sat him down,
Soothed by the morning scent of flower and herb

And the cool vintage of the unbreathed air;
And presently the sleep that night denied
The gray dawn brought him; and he slept and
dreamed.

Before him rose the pinnacles and domes
Of Nineveh; he walked the streets, and heard
The chatter of the merchants in the booths
Pricing their wares, the water-seller's cry,
The flower-girl's laugh — a festival it seemed,
In honor of some conqueror or god,
For cloths of gold and purple tissues hung
From frieze and peristyle, and cymbals clashed,
And the long trumpets sounded: now he breathed
The airs of a great river sweeping down
Past ruined temples and the tombs of kings,
And heard the wash of waves on a vague coast.
Then, in the swift transition of a dream,
He found himself in a damp catacomb
Searching by torchlight for his own carved name
On a sarcophagus; and as he searched
A group of wailing shapes drew slowly near —
The hates and cruel passions of his youth
Become incorporate and immortal things,
With tongue to blazon his eternal guilt;
And on him fell strange terror, who had known
Neither remorse nor terror, and he sprang
Upon his feet, and broke from out the spell,
Clutching his sword-hilt; and before him stood

Bagoas, the eunuch, bearing on his head
An urn just filled at the clear brook hard by.

Then Holofernes could have struck the slave
Dead in his path — what man had ever seen
The Prince of Asshur tremble? But he turned
Back to the camp, and the slave followed on
At heel, grown sullen also, like a hound
That takes each color of his master's mood.
And when the two had reached the tent, the prince
Halted, and went not in at once, but said:
"Go, fetch me wine, and let my soul make cheer,
For I am sick with visions of the night."

Within the tent alone, he sat and mused:
"What thing is this hath so unstrung my heart
A foolish dream appalls me? what dark spell?
Is it an omen that the end draws nigh?
Such things foretell the doom of fateful men —
Stars, comets, apparitions hint their doom.
The night before my grandsire got his wound
In front of Memphis, and therewith was dead,
He dreamt a lying Ethiop he had slain
Was strangling him; and, later, my own sire
Saw death in a red writing on a leaf.
And I, too" — Here Bagoas brought the wine
And set it by him; but he pushed it back.
"Nay, I 'll not drink it, take away the cup;
And this day let none vex me with affairs,

For I am ill and troubled in my thought.
Go — no, come hither! these are my commands:
Search thou the camp for choicest flesh and fruit,
And spread to-night a feast in this same tent,
And hang the place with fragrant-smelling boughs
Or such wild flowers as hide in the ravine;
Then bid the Hebrew woman that she come
To banquet with us. As thou lovest life,
Bring her! What matters, when the strong gods call,
Whether they find a man at feast or prayer?"

Bagoas bowed him to his master's foot
With hidden cynic smile, and went his way
To spoil the camp of such poor food as was,
And gather fragrant boughs to dress the tent,
Sprigs of the clove and sprays of lavender;
And meeting Marah with her water jar
At the brookside, delivered his lord's word.
Then Judith sent him answer in this wise:
"O what am I that should gainsay my lord?"
And Holofernes found the answer well.
"Were this not so," he mused, "would not my name
Be as a jest and gibe 'mong womankind?
Maidens would laugh behind their unloosed hair."

"O Marah, see! my lord keeps not his word.
He is as those false jewellers who change
Some rich stone for a poorer, when none looks.

Three days he promised, and not two are gone!"
Thus Judith said, and smiled, but in her heart:
"O save me, Lord, from this dark cruel prince,
And from mine own self save me; for this man,
A worshipper of fire and senseless stone,
Slayer of babes upon the mother's breast,
He, even he, hath by some conjurer's trick,
Or by his heathen beauty, in me stirred
Such pity as stays anger's lifted hand.
O let not my hand falter, in Thy name!"
And thrice that day, by hazard left alone,
Judith bowed down, upon the broidered mats
Bowed down in shame and wretchedness, and prayed:
"Since Thou hast sent the burden, send the strength!
O Thou who lovest Israel, give me strength
And cunning such as never woman had,
That my deceit may be his stripe and scar,
My kiss his swift destruction. This for thee,
My city, Bethulia, this for thee!"

Now the one star that ruled the night-time then,
Against the deep blue-blackness of the sky
Took shape, and shone; and Judith at the door
Of the pavilion waited for Bagoas;
She stood there lovelier than the night's one star.
But Marah, looking on her, could have wept,
For Marah's soul was troubled, knowing all

That had been hidden from her till this hour.
The deadly embassy that brought them there,
And the dark moment's peril, now she knew.
But Judith smiled, and whispered, "It is well;"
And later, paling, whispered, "Fail me not!"

Then came Bagoas, and led her to the tent
Of Holofernes, and she entered in
And knelt before him in the cressets' light
Demurely like a slave-girl at the feet
Of her new master, whom she fain would please,
He having paid a helmetful of gold
That day for her upon the market-place,
And would have paid a hundred pieces more.
So Judith knelt; and the dark prince inclined
Above her graciously, and bade her rise
And sit with him on the spread leopard skin.
Yet she would not, but rose, and let her scarf
Drift to her feet, and stood withdrawn a space,
Bright in her jewels; and so stood, and seemed
Like some rich idol that a conqueror,
Sacking a town, finds in a marble niche
And sets among the pillage in his tent.

"Nay, as thou wilt, O fair Samarian!"
Thus Holofernes, "thou art empress here."

"Not queen, not empress would I be, O prince,"
Judith gave answer, "only thy handmaid,

And one not well content to share her charge."
Then Judith came to his couch side, and said:
"This night, O prince, no other slave than I
Shall wait on thee with meat and fruit and wine,
And bring the scented water for thy hands,
And spread the silvered napkin on thy knee.
So subtle am I, I shall know thy thought
Before thou thinkest, and thy spoken word
Ere thou canst speak it. Let Bagoas go
This night among his people, save he fear
To lose his place and wage, through some one else
More trained and skilful showing his defect!"

Prince Holofernes smiled upon her mirth,
Finding it pleasant. "O Bagoas," he cried,
"Another hath usurped thee. Get thee gone,
Son of the midnight! But stray not from camp,
Lest the lean tiger-whelps should break their fast,
And thou forget I must be waked at dawn."

So when Bagoas had gone into the night,
Judith set forth the viands for the prince;
Upon a stand at the low couch's side
Laid grapes and apricots, and poured the wine,
And while he ate she held the jewelled cup,
Nor failed to fill it to the silver's edge
Each time he drank; and the red vintage seemed
More rich to him because of her light hands

And the gold bangle that slipped down her wrist.
Now, in the compass of his thirty years
In no one day had he so drank of wine.

The opiate breath of the half-wilted flowers
And the gray smoke that from the cressets curled
Made the air dim and heavy in the tent;
And the prince drowsed, and through the curtained mist,
As in his last night's vision, came and went
The tall and regal figure: now he saw,
Outlined against the light, a naked arm
Bound near the shoulder by a hoop of gold,
And now a sandal flashed, with jewels set.
Through half-shut lids he watched her come and go,
This Jewish queen that was somehow his slave;
And once he leaned to her, and felt her breath
Upon his cheek like a perfumèd air
Blown from a far-off grove of cinnamon;
Then at the touch shrank back, but knew not why.
Moved by some instinct deeper than his sense.
At last all things lost sequence in his mind;
And in a dream he saw her take the lute
And hold it to her bosom while she sang;
And in a dream he listened to the song —
A folklore legend of an ancient king,
The first on earth that ever tasted wine,
Who drank, and from him cast the grief called life

As 't were a faded mantle. Like a mist
The music drifted from the silvery strings:

"The small green grapes in heavy clusters grew
Feeding on mystic moonlight and white dew
And amber sunshine, the long summer through;

"Till, with faint tremor in her veins, the Vine
Felt the delicious pulses of the wine;
And the grapes ripened in the year's decline.

"And day by day the Virgins watched their charge;
And when, at last, beyond the horizon's marge,
The harvest-moon drooped beautiful and large,

"The subtle spirit in the grape was caught,
And to the slowly dying monarch brought
In a great cup fantastically wrought.

"Of this he drank; then forthwith from his brain
Went the weird malady, and once again
He walked the palace, free of scar or pain —

"But strangely changed, for somehow he had lost
Body and voice: the courtiers, as he crossed
The royal chambers, whispered — *The King's ghost!*"

The ceasing of the music broke the drowse,
Half broke the drowse, of the dazed prince, who cried:
"Give me the drink! and thou, take thou the cup!
Fair Judith, 't is a medicine that cures;
Grief will it cure and every ill, save love,"
And as he spoke, he stooped to kiss the hand
That held the chalice; but the cressets swam
In front of him, and all within the tent
Grew strange and blurred, and from the place he sat
He sank, and fell upon the camel-skins,
Supine, inert, bound fast in bands of wine.

And Judith looked on him, and pity crept
Into her bosom. The ignoble sleep
Robbed not his pallid brow of majesty
Nor from the curved lip took away the scorn;
These rested still. Like some Chaldean god
Thrown from its fane, he lay there at her feet.
O broken sword of proof! O prince betrayed!
Her he had trusted, he who trusted none.
The sharp thought pierced her, and her breast was torn,
And half she longed to bid her purpose die,
To stay, to weep, to kneel down at his side
And let her long hair trail upon his face.

Then Judith dared not look upon him more,
Lest she should lose her reason through her eyes;

And with her palms she covered up her eyes
To shut him out; but from that subtler sight
Within, she could not shut him, and so stood.
Then suddenly there fell upon her ear
The moan of children gathered in the streets,
And throngs of famished women swept her by,
Wringing their wasted hands, and all the woes
Of the doomed city pleaded at her heart.
As if she were within the very walls
These things she heard and saw. With hurried breath
Judith blew out the lights, all lights save one,
And from its nail the heavy falchion took,
And with both hands tight clasped upon the hilt
Thrice smote the Prince of Asshur as he lay,
Thrice on his neck she smote him as he lay,
And from the brawny shoulders rolled the head
Blinking and ghastly in the cresset's light.

Outside stood Marah, waiting, as was planned,
And Judith whispered: "It is done. Do thou!"
Then Marah turned, and went into the tent,
And pulled the hangings down about the corse,
And in her mantle wrapped the brazen head,
And brought it with her. Somewhere a huge gong
With sullen throbs proclaimed the midnight hour
As the two women passed the silent guard;
With measured footstep passed, as if to prayer.
But on the camp's lone edge fear gave them wing,

And glancing not behind, they fled like wraiths
Through the hushed night into the solemn woods,
Where, from gnarled roots and palsied trees, black shapes
Rose up, and seemed to follow them; and once
Some creature startled in the underbrush
Made cry, and froze the blood about their hearts.
Across the plain, with backward-streaming hair
And death-white face, they fled, until at last
They reached the rocky steep upon whose crest
The gray walls loomed through vapor. This they clomb,
Wild with the pregnant horrors of the night,
And flung themselves against the city gates.

Hushed as the grave lay all the Asshur camp,
Bound in that sleep which seals the eyes at dawn
With double seals, when from the outer waste
An Arab scout rushed on the morning watch
With a strange story of a head that hung,
Newly impaled there, on the city wall.
He had crept close upon it through the fog,
And seen it plainly, set on a long lance
Over the gate — a face with snake-like curls,
That seemed a countenance that he had known
Somewhere, sometime, and now he knew it not,
To give it name; but him it straightway knew,
And turned, and stared with dumb recognizance
Till it was not in mortal man to stay

Confronting those dead orbs that mimicked life.
On this he fled, and he could swear the thing,
Disjoined by magic from the lance's point,
Came rolling through the stubble at his heel.
Thus ran the Arab's tale; and some that heard
Laughed at the man, and muttered: "O thou fool!"
Others were troubled, and withdrew apart
Upon a knoll that overlooked the town,
Which now loomed dimly out of the thick haze.

Bagoas passing, caught the Arab's words,
Halted a moment, and then hurried on,
Alert to bear these tidings to his lord,
Whom he was bid to waken at that hour;
Last night his lord so bade him. At the tent,
Which stood alone in a small plot of ground,
Bagoas paused, and called: "My lord, awake!
I come to wake thee as thou badest me."
But only silence answered; and again
He called: "My lord, sleep not! the dawn is here,
And stranger matter!" Still no answer came.
Then black Bagoas, smiling in his beard
To think in what soft chains his master lay,
Love's captive, drew the leather screen aside
And marvelled, finding no one in the tent
Save Holofernes buried at full length
In the torn canopy. Bagoas stooped,

And softly lifting up the damask cloth
Beheld the Prince of Asshur lying dead.

As in some breathless wilderness at night
A leopard, pinioned by a falling tree
That takes him unaware curled up in sleep,
Shrieks, and the ghostly echo in her cave
Mimics the cry in every awful key
And sends it flying through her solitudes:
So shrieked Bagoas, so his cry was caught
And voiced from camp to camp, from peak to peak.
Then a great silence fell upon the camps,
And all the people stood like blocks of stone
In a deserted quarry; then a voice
Blown through a trumpet clamored: *He is dead!*
The Prince is dead! The Hebrew witch hath slain
Prince Holofernes! Fly, Assyrians, fly!

Upon the sounding of that baleful voice
A panic seized the silent multitude.
In white dismay from their strong mountain-hold
They broke, and fled. As when the high snows
melt,
And down the steep hill-flanks in torrents flow,
Not in one flood, but in a hundred streams:
So to the four winds spread the Asshur hosts,
Leaving their camels tethered at the stake,
Their brave tents standing, and their scattered
arms.

As the pent whirlwind, breaking from its leash,
Seizes upon the yellow desert sand
And hurls it in dark masses, cloud on cloud,
So from the gates of the embattled town
Leapt armèd men upon the flying foe,
And hemmed them in, now on a river's marge,
Now on the brink of some sheer precipice,
Now in the fens, and pierced them with their spears.
Six days, six nights, at point of those red spears
The cohorts fled; then such as knew not death
Found safety in Damascus, or beyond
Sought refuge, harried only by their fears.

Thus through God's grace, that nerved a gentle hand
Not shaped to wield the deadly blade of war,
The tombs and temples of Judea were saved.
And love and honor waited from that hour
Upon the steps of Judith. And the years
Came to her lightly, dwelling in her house
In her own city; lightly came the years,
Touching the raven tresses with their snow.
Many desired her, but she put them by
With sweet denial: where Manasseh slept
In his strait sepulchre, there slept her heart.
And there beside him, in the barley-field
Nigh unto Dothaim, they buried her.

INTERLUDES

PRESCIENCE

The new moon hung in the sky,
  The sun was low in the west,
And my betrothed and I
  In the churchyard paused to rest —
    Happy maiden and lover,
    Dreaming the old dream over:
The light winds wandered by,
  And robins chirped from the nest.

And lo! in the meadow-sweet
  Was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet,
  And the ivy running wild —
    Tangled ivy and clover
    Folding it over and over:
Close to my sweetheart's feet
  Was the little mound up-piled.

Stricken with nameless fears,
  She shrank and clung to me,

And her eyes were filled with tears
For a sorrow I did not see:
Lightly the winds were blowing,
Softly her tears were flowing —
Tears for the unknown years
And a sorrow that was to be!

MEMORY

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour —
'T was noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May —
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

A MOOD

A BLIGHT, a gloom, I know not what, has crept
upon my gladness —
Some vague, remote ancestral touch of sorrow or
of madness;

A fear that is not fear, a pain that has not pain's
insistence;
A sense of longing, or of loss, in some foregone
existence;
A subtle hurt that never pen has writ nor tongue
has spoken —
Such hurt perchance as Nature feels when a blos-
somed bough is broken.

ACT V

[Midnight]

First, two white arms that held him very close,
And ever closer as he drew him back
Reluctantly, the unbound golden hair
A thousand delicate fibres reaching out
Still to detain him; then some twenty steps
Of iron staircase winding round and down,
And ending in a narrow gallery hung
With Gobelin tapestries — Andromeda
Rescued by Perseus, and the sleek Diana
With her nymphs bathing; at the farther end
A door that gave upon a starlit grove
Of citron and dwarf cypress; then a path
As bleached as moonlight, with the shadow of leaves

Stamped black upon it; next a vine-clad length
Of solid masonry; and last of all
A Gothic archway packed with night, and then —
A sudden gleaming dagger through his heart.

GUILIELMUS REX

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge, his frequent way —
They little knew what man he was.

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen —
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 't was the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are mouldered, half-remembered things —
'T is he alone that lives and reigns!

A DEDICATION

TAKE these rhymes into thy grace,
Since they are of thy begetting,
Lady, that dost make each place
Where thou art a jewel's setting.

Some such glamour lend this Book:
Let it be thy poet's wages
That henceforth thy gracious look
Lies reflected on its pages.

"PILLARED ARCH AND SCULPTURED TOWER"

PILLARED arch and sculptured tower
Of Ilium have had their hour;
The dust of many a king is blown
On the winds from zone to zone;
Many a warrior sleeps unknown.
Time and Death hold each in thrall,
Yet is Love the lord of all;
Still does Helen's beauty stir
Because a poet sang of her!

THRENODY

H. H. B.

I

Upon your hearse this flower I lay.
Brief be your sleep! You shall be known
When lesser men have had their day;
Fame blossoms where true seed is sown,
Or soon or late, let Time wrong what it may.

II

Unvexed by any dream of fame,
You smiled, and bade the world pass by;
But I — I turned, and saw a name
Shaping itself against the sky —
White star that rose amid the battle's flame!

III

Brief be your sleep, for I would see
Your laurels — ah, how trivial now
To him must earthly laurel be
Who wears the amaranth on his brow!
How vain the voices of mortality!

SESTET

(Sent to a friend with a volume of Tennyson)

Wouldst know the clash of knightly steel on steel?
Or list the throstle singing loud and clear?
Or walk at twilight by some haunted mere
In Surrey; or in throbbing London feel
Life's pulse at highest — hark, the minster's peal! . . .
Turn but the page, that various world is here!

NECROMANCY

Through a chance fissure of the churchyard wall
A creeping vine puts forth a single spray,
At whose slim end a starry blossom droops
Full to the soft vermilion of a rose
That reaches up on tiptoe for the kiss.
Not them the wren disturbs, nor the loud bee
That buzzes homeward with his load of sweets;
And thus they linger, flowery lip to lip,
Heedless of all, in rapturous mute embrace.
Some necromancy here! These two, I think,
Were once unhappy lovers upon earth.

FOREVER AND A DAY

SONG

I

I LITTLE know or care
If the blackbird on the bough
Is filling all the air
With his soft crescendo now;
For she is gone away,
And when she went she took
The springtime in her look,
The peachblow on her cheek,
The laughter from the brook,
The blue from out the May —
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day!

II

It 's little that I mind
How the blossoms, pink or white,
At every touch of wind
Fall a-trembling with delight;
For in the leafy lane,
Beneath the garden-boughs,
And through the silent house
One thing alone I seek.

Until she come again
The May is not the May,
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day!

A TOUCH OF NATURE

When first the crocus thrusts its point of gold
Up through the still snow-drifted garden mould,
And folded green things in dim woods unclose
Their crinkled spears, a sudden tremor goes
Into my veins and makes me kith and kin
To every wild-born thing that thrills and blows.
Sitting beside this crumbling sea-coal fire,
Here in the city's ceaseless roar and din,
Far from the brambly paths I used to know,
Far from the rustling brooks that slip and shine
Where the Neponset alders take their glow,
I share the tremulous sense of bud and brier
And inarticulate ardors of the vine.

"I'LL NOT CONFER WITH SORROW"

I 'll not confer with Sorrow
  Till to-morrow;
But Joy shall have her way
  This very day.

Ho, eglantine and cresses
For her tresses! —
Let Care, the beggar, wait
Outside the gate.

Tears if you will — but after
Mirth and laughter;
Then, folded hands on breast
And endless rest.

IN THE BELFRY OF THE NIEUWE KERK

(AMSTERDAM)

Not a breath in the stifled, dingy street!
On the Stadhuis tiles the sun's deep glow
Lies like a kind of golden snow;
In the square one almost sees the heat.
The mottled tulips over there
By the open casement pant for air.
Grave, portly burghers, with their *vrouws*,
Go hat in hand to cool their brows.

But high in the fretted steeple, where
The sudden chimes burst forth and scare
The lazy rooks from the belfry rail,
Up here, behold! there blows a gale —

Such a wind as bends the forest tree,
And rocks the great ships out at sea!

Plain simple folk, who come and go
On humble levels of life below,
Little dream of the gales that smite
Mortals dwelling upon the height.

NO SONGS IN WINTER

The sky is gray as gray may be,
There is no bird upon the bough,
There is no leaf on vine or tree.

In the Neponset marshes now
Willow-stems, rosy in the wind,
Shiver with hidden sense of snow.

So too 't is winter in my mind,
No light-winged fancy comes and stays:
A season churlish and unkind.

Slow creep the hours, slow creep the days,
The black ink crusts upon the pen —
Wait till the bluebirds and the jays
And golden orioles come again!

A PARABLE

One went East, and one went West
Across the wild sea-foam,
And both were on the self-same quest.
Now one there was who cared for naught,
So stayed at home:
Yet of the three 't was only he
Who reached the goal — by him unsought.

INSOMNIA

Slumber, hasten down this way,
And, ere midnight dies,
Silence lay upon my lips,
Darkness on my eyes.

Send me a fantastic dream;
Fashion me afresh;
Into some celestial thing
Change this mortal flesh.

Well I know one may not choose;
One is helpless still
In the purple realm of Sleep:
Use me as you will.

Let me be a frozen pine
In dead glacier lands;
Let me pant, a leopard stretched
On the Libyan sands.

Silver fin or scarlet wing
Grant me, either one;
Sink me deep in emerald glooms,
Lift me to the sun.

Or of me a gargoyle make,
Face of ape or gnome,
Such as frights the tavern-boor
Reeling drunken home.

Work on me your own caprice,
Give me any shape;
Only, Slumber, from myself
Let myself escape!

SEEMING DEFEAT

The woodland silence, one time stirred
By the soft pathos of some passing bird,
Is not the same it was before.
The spot where once, unseen, a flower

Has held its fragile chalice to the shower,
Is different for evermore.
Unheard, unseen
A spell has been!

O thou that breathest year by year
Music that falls unheeded on the ear,
Take heart, fate has not baffled thee!
Thou that with tints of earth and skies
Fillest thy canvas for unseeing eyes,
Thou hast not labored futilely.
Unheard, unseen
A spell has been!

"LIKE CRUSOE, WALKING BY THE LONELY STRAND"

Like Crusoe, walking by the lonely strand
And seeing a human footprint on the sand,
Have I this day been startled, finding here,
Set in brown mould and delicately clear,
Spring's footprint — the first crocus of the year!
O sweet invasion! Farewell solitude!
Soon shall wild creatures of the field and wood
Flock from all sides with much ado and stir,
And make of me most willing prisoner!

KNOWLEDGE

KNOWLEDGE — who hath it? Nay, not thou,
Pale student, pondering thy futile lore!
After a space it shall be thine, as now
'T is his whose funeral passes at thy door.
Couldst thou but see with those deep-sealèd eyes,
What lore were thine! The Dead alone are wise.

THE LETTER

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL, DIED FEBRUARY 27, 1887

I HELD his letter in my hand,
And even while I read
The lightning flashed across the land
The word that he was dead.

How strange it seemed! His living voice
Was speaking from the page
Those courteous phrases, tersely choice,
Light-hearted, witty, sage.

I wondered what it was that died!
The man himself was here,

His modesty, his scholar's pride,
His soul serene and clear.

These neither death nor time shall dim,
Still this sad thing must be —
Henceforth I may not speak to him,
Though he can speak to me!

"IN YOUTH, BESIDE THE LONELY SEA"

In youth, beside the lonely sea,
Voices and visions came to me.

Titania and her furtive broods
Were my familiars in the woods.

From every flower that broke in flame
Some half-articulate whisper came.

In every wind I felt the stir
Of some celestial messenger.

Later, amid the city's din
And toil and wealth and want and sin,

They followed me from street to street,
The dreams that made my boyhood sweet.

As in the silence-haunted glen,
So, mid the crowded ways of men,

Strange lights my errant fancy led,
Strange watchers watched beside my bed.

Ill fortune had no shafts for me
In this aerial company.

Now one by one the visions fly,
And one by one the voices die;

More distantly the accents ring,
More frequent the receding wing.

Full dark shall be the days in store,
When voice and vision come no more!

"GREAT CAPTAIN, GLORIOUS IN OUR WARS"

Great Captain, glorious in our wars —
No meed of praise we hold from him;
About his brow we wreathe the stars
The coming ages shall not dim.

The cloud-sent man! Was it not he
That from the hand of adverse fate
Snatched the white flower of victory?
He spoke no word, but saved the State.

Yet History, as she brooding bends
Above the tablet on her knee,
The impartial stylus half suspends,
And fain would blot the cold decree:

"The iron hand and sleepless care
That stayed disaster scarce availed
To serve him when he came to wear
The civic laurel: there he failed."

Who runs may read; but nothing mars
That nobler record unforgot.
Great Captain, glorious in our wars —
All else the heart remembers not.

THE WINTER ROBIN

Sursum corda

Now is that sad time of year
When no flower or leaf is here;
When in misty Southern ways

Oriole and jay have flown,
And of all sweet birds, alone
The robin stays.

So give thanks at Christmas-tide;
Hopes of springtime yet abide!
See, in spite of darksome days,
Wind and rain and bitter chill,
Snow, and sleet-hung branches, still
The robin stays!

A REFRAIN

High in a tower she sings,
I, passing by beneath,
Pause and listen, and catch
These words of passionate breath —
"*Asphodel, flower of Life; amaranth, flower of Death!*"

Sweet voice, sweet unto tears!
What is this that she saith?
Poignant, mystical — hark!
Again with passionate breath —
"*Asphodel, flower of Life; amaranth, flower of Death!*"

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

In the hush of the autumn night
I hear the voice of the sea,
In the hush of the autumn night
It seems to say to me —
Mine are the winds above,
Mine are the caves below,
Mine are the dead of yesterday
And the dead of long ago!

And I think of the fleet that sailed
From the lovely Gloucester shore,
I think of the fleet that sailed
And came back nevermore;
My eyes are filled with tears,
And my heart is numb with woe —
It seems as if 't were yesterday,
And it all was long ago!

ART

"Let art be all in all," one time I said,
And straightway stirred the hypercritic gall.
I said not, "Let technique be all in all,"
But art — a wider meaning. Worthless, dead —

The shell without its pearl, the corpse of things —
Mere words are, till the spirit lend them wings.
The poet who wakes no soul within his lute
Falls short of art: 't were better he were mute.

The workmanship wherewith the gold is wrought
Adds yet a richness to the richest gold;
Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,
Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.
The statue's slumber were unbroken still
In the dull marble, had the hand no skill.
Disparage not the magic touch that gives
The formless thought the grace whereby it lives!

IMOGEN

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *speaks:*

Sorrow, make a verse for me
  That shall breathe all human grieving;
Let it be love's exequy,
  And the knell of all believing!
  Let it such sweet pathos have
  As a violet on a grave,
    Or a dove's moan when his mate
    Leaves the new nest desolate.
  Sorrow, Sorrow, by this token,
Braid a wreath for Beauty's head. . . .

Valley-lilies, one or two,
Should be woven with the rue.
Sorrow, Sorrow, all is spoken —
She is dead!

A BRIDAL MEASURE

FOR S. F.

GIFTS they sent her manifold,
Diamonds and pearls and gold.
One there was among the throng
Had not Midas' touch at need:
He against a sylvan reed
Set his lips and breathed a song.

Bid bright Flora, as she comes,
Snatch a spray of orange blooms
For a maiden's hair.

Let the Hours their aprons fill
With mignonette and daffodil,
And all that 's fair.

For her bosom fetch the rose
That is rarest —
Not that either these or those
Could by any fortune be

Ornaments to such as she;
They 'll but show, when she is dressed,
She is fairer than the fairest
And out-betters what is best!

CRADLE SONG

I

Ere the moon begins to rise
Or a star to shine,
All the bluebells close their eyes —
So close thine,
Thine, dear, thine!

II

Birds are sleeping in the nest
On the swaying bough,
Thus, against the mother-breast —
So sleep thou,
Sleep, sleep, thou!

SANTO DOMINGO

After long days of angry sea and sky,
The magic isle rose up from out the blue

Like a mirage, vague, dimly seen at first,
At first seen dimly through the mist, and then —
Groves of acacia ; slender leaning stems
Of palm-trees weighted with their starry fronds ;
Airs that, at dawn, had from their slumber risen
In bowers of spices ; between shelving banks,
A river through whose limpid crystal gleamed,
Four fathoms down, the silvery, rippled sand ;
Upon the bluff a square red tower, and roofs
Of cocoa-fibre lost among the boughs ;
Hard by, a fort with crumbled parapet.
These took the fancy captive ere we reached
The longed-for shores ; then swiftly in our thought
We left behind us the New World, and trod
The Old, and in a sudden vision saw
Columbus wandering from court to court,
A mendicant, with kingdoms in his hands.

AT A GRAVE

Valor, love, undoubting trust,
Patience, and fidelity
Lie beneath this carven stone.
If the end of these be dust,
And their doom oblivion,
Then is life a mockery.

RESURGAM

All silently, and soft as sleep
The snow fell, flake on flake.

Slumber, spent Earth! and dream of flowers
Till springtime bid you wake.

Again the deadened bough shall bend
With blooms of sweetest breath.

O miracle of miracles,
This Life that follows Death!

A PETITION

To spring belongs the violet, and the blown
Spice of the roses let the summer own.
Grant me this favor, Muse — all else withhold —
That I may not write verse when I am old.

And yet I pray you, Muse, delay the time!
Be not too ready to deny me rhyme;
And when the hour strikes, as it must, dear Muse,
I beg you very gently break the news.

XXVIII SONNETS

I

INVITA MINERVA

Not of desire alone is music born,
Not till the Muse wills is our passion crowned ;
Unsought she comes ; if sought, but seldom found,
Repaying thus our longing with her scorn.
Hence is it poets often are forlorn,
In super-subtle chains of silence bound,
And mid the crowds that compass them around
Still dwell in isolation night and morn,
With knitted brow and cheek all passion-pale
Showing the baffled purpose of the mind.
Hence is it I, that find no prayers avail
To move my Lyric Mistress to be kind,
Have stolen away into this leafy dale
Drawn by the flutings of the silvery wind.

II

FREDERICKSBURG

The increasing moonlight drifts across my bed,
And on the churchyard by the road, I know
It falls as white and noiselessly as snow. . . .
'T was such a night two weary summers fled;
The stars, as now, were waning overhead.
Listen! Again the shrill-lipped bugles blow
Where the swift currents of the river flow
Past Fredericksburg; far off the heavens are red
With sudden conflagration; on yon height,
Linstock in hand, the gunners hold their breath;
A signal rocket pierces the dense night,
Flings its spent stars upon the town beneath:
Hark! — the artillery massing on the right,
Hark! — the black squadrons wheeling down to Death!

III

BY THE POTOMAC

The soft new grass is creeping o'er the graves
By the Potomac; and the crisp ground-flower
Tilts its blue cup to catch the passing shower;
The pine-cone ripens, and the long moss waves
Its tangled gonfalons above our braves.
Hark, what a burst of music from yon bower! —
The Southern nightingale that hour by hour
In its melodious summer madness raves.
Ah, with what delicate touches of her hand,
With what sweet voice of bird and rivulet
And drowsy murmur of the rustling leaf
Would Nature soothe us, bidding us forget
The awful crime of this distracted land
And all our heavy heritage of grief.

IV

PURSUIT AND POSSESSION

When I behold what pleasure is pursuit,
What life, what glorious eagerness it is ;
Then mark how full possession falls from this,
How fairer seems the blossom than the fruit —
I am perplexed, and often stricken mute
Wondering which attained the higher bliss,
The wingèd insect, or the chrysalis
It thrust aside with unreluctant foot.
Spirit of verse, that still elud'st my art,
Thou uncaught rapture, thou swift-fleeting fire,
O let me follow thee with hungry heart
If beauty's full possession kill desire !
Still flit away in moonlight, rain, and dew,
Will-of-the-wisp, that I may still pursue !

V

MIRACLES

Sick of myself and all that keeps the light
Of the wide heavens away from me and mine,
I climb this ledge, and by this wind-swept pine
Lingering, watch the coming of the night:
'T is ever a new wonder to my sight.
Men look to God for some mysterious sign,
For other stars than such as nightly shine,
For some unwonted symbol of His might.
Wouldst see a miracle not less than those
The Master wrought of old in Galilee?
Come watch with me the azure turn to rose
In yonder West, the changing pageantry,
The fading alps and archipelagoes,
And spectral cities of the sunset-sea.

VI

"ENAMORED ARCHITECT OF AIRY RHYME"

ENAMORED architect of airy rhyme,
Build as thou wilt, heed not what each man says:
Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;
Others, beholding how thy turrets climb
'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all thy days;
But most beware of those who come to praise.
O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;
Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given;
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
Dissolve, and vanish — take thyself no shame.
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

VII

EIDOLONS

Those forms we fancy shadows, those strange lights
That flash on lone morasses, the quick wind
That smites us by the roadside are the Night's
Innumerable children. Unconfined
By shroud or coffin, disembodied souls,
Still on probation, steal into the air
From ancient battlefields and churchyard knolls
At the day's ending. Pestilence and despair
Fly with the startled bats at set of sun;
And wheresoever murders have been done,
In crowded palaces or lonely woods,
Where'er a soul has sold itself and lost
Its high inheritance, there, hovering, broods
Some mute, invisible, accursèd ghost.

VIII

AT BAY RIDGE, LONG ISLAND

PLEASANT it is to lie amid the grass
Under these shady locusts, half the day,
Watching the ships reflected on the Bay,
Topmast and shroud, as in a wizard's glass;
To note the swift and meagre swallow pass.
Brushing the dewdrops from the lilac spray.
Or else to sit and while the noon away
With some old love-tale; or to muse, alas!
On Dante in his exile, sorrow-worn;
On Milton, blind, with inward-seeing eyes
That made their own deep midnight and rich morn;
To think that now, beneath the Italian skies,
In such clear air as this, by Tiber's wave,
Daisies are trembling over Keats's grave.

IX

"EVEN THIS WILL PASS AWAY"

Touched with the delicate green of early May,
Or later, when the rose uplifts her face,
The world hangs glittering in starry space,
Fresh as a jewel found but yesterday.
And yet 't is very old; what tongue may say
How old it is? Race follows upon race,
Forgetting and forgotten; in their place
Sink tower and temple; nothing long may stay.
We build on tombs, and live our day, and die;
From out our dust new towers and temples start;
Our very name becomes a mystery.
What cities no man ever heard of lie
Under the glacier, in the mountain's heart,
In violet glooms beneath the moaning sea!

X

EGYPT

Fantastic sleep is busy with my eyes:
I seem in some waste solitude to stand
Once ruled of Cheops; upon either hand
A dark illimitable desert lies,
Sultry and still — a zone of mysteries.
A wide-browed Sphinx, half buried in the sand,
With orbless sockets stares across the land,
The wofulest thing beneath these brooding skies
Save that loose heap of bleachèd bones, that lie
Where haply some poor Bedouin crawled to die.
Lo! while I gaze, beyond the vast sand-sea
The nebulous clouds are downward slowly drawn,
And one bleared star, faint glimmering like a bee,
Is shut in the rosy outstretched hand of Dawn.

"THE RIVER AVON." Page 391.

XI

AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

Thus spake his dust (so seemed it as I read
The words): *Good frend, for Jesvs' sake forbeare*
(Poor ghost!) *To digg the dvst encloasèd heare* —
Then came the malediction on the head
Of whoso dare disturb the sacred dead.
Outside the mavis whistled strong and clear,
And, touched with the sweet glamour of the year,
The winding Avon murmured in its bed.
But in the solemn Stratford church the air
Was chill and dank, and on the foot-worn tomb
The evening shadows deepened momently.
Then a great awe fell on me, standing there,
As if some speechless presence in the gloom
Was hovering, and fain would speak with me.

XII

WITH THREE FLOWERS

HEREWITH I send you three pressed withered
flowers:
This one was white, with golden star; this, blue
As Capri's cave; that, purple and shot through
With sunset-orange. Where the Duomo towers
In diamond air, and under pendent bowers
The Arno glides, this faded violet grew
On Landor's grave; from Landor's heart it drew
Its clouded azure in the long spring hours.
Within the shadow of the Pyramid
Of Caius Cestius was the daisy found,
White as the soul of Keats in Paradise.
The pansy — there were hundreds of them hid
In the thick grass that folded Shelley's mound,
Guarding his ashes with most lovely eyes.

XIII

THE LORELEI

YONDER we see it from the steamer's deck,
The haunted Mountain of the Lorelei —
The hanging crags sharp-cut against a sky
Clear as a sapphire without flaw or fleck.
'T was here the Siren lay in wait to wreck
The fisher-lad. At dusk, as he rowed by,
Perchance he heard her tender amorous cry,
And, seeing the wondrous whiteness of her neck,
Perchance would halt, and lean towards the shore;
Then she by that soft magic which she had
Would lure him, and in gossamers of her hair,
Gold upon gold, would wrap him o'er and o'er,
Wrap him, and sing to him, and drive him mad,
Then drag him down to no man knoweth where.

XIV

SLEEP

When to soft sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak — little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye can mark
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the gray.
Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

XV

THORWALDSEN

Not in the fabled influence of some star,
Benign or evil, do our fortunes lie;
We are the arbiters of destiny,
Lords of the life we either make or mar.
We are our own impediment and bar
To noble endings. With distracted eye
We let the golden moment pass us by,
Time's foolish spendthrifts, searching wide and far
For what lies close at hand. To serve our turn
We ask fair wind and favorable tide.
From the dead Danish sculptor let us learn
To make Occasion, not to be denied:
Against the sheer precipitous mountain-side
Thorwaldsen carved his Lion at Lucerne.

XVI

AN ALPINE PICTURE

STAND here and look, and softly draw your breath
Lest the dread avalanche come crashing down!
How many leagues away is yonder town
Set flower-wise in the valley? Far beneath
Our feet lies summer; here a realm of death,
Where never flower has blossomed nor bird flown.
The ancient water-courses are all strown
With drifts of snow, fantastic wreath on wreath;
And peak on peak against the stainless blue
The Alps like towering campanili stand,
Wondrous, with pinnacles of frozen rain,
Silvery, crystal, like the prism in hue.
O tell me, love, if this be Switzerland —
Or is it but the frost-work on the pane?

XVII

TO L. T. IN FLORENCE

You by the Arno shape your marble dream,
Under the cypress and the olive trees,
While I, this side the wild wind-beaten seas,
Unrestful by the Charles's placid stream,
Long once again to catch the golden gleam
Of Brunelleschi's dome, and lounge at ease
In those pleached gardens and fair galleries.
And yet perchance you envy me, and deem
My star the happier, since it holds me here.
Even so one time, beneath the cypresses,
My heart turned longingly across the sea
To these familiar fields and woodlands dear,
And I had given all Titian's goddesses
For one poor cowslip or anemone.

XVIII

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL

They never crowned him, never dreamed his worth,
And let him go unlaurelled to the grave :
Hereafter there are guerdons for the brave,
Roses for martyrs who wear thorns on earth,
Balms for bruised hearts that languish in the dearth
Of human love. So let the grasses wave
Above him nameless. Little did he crave
Men's praises ; modestly, with kindly mirth,
Not sad nor bitter, he accepted fate —
Drank deep of life, knew books, and hearts of men,
Cities and camps, and war's immortal woe,
Yet bore through all (such virtue in him sate
His spirit is not whiter now than then)
A simple, loyal nature, pure as snow.

XIX

THE RARITY OF GENIUS

WHILE yet my lip was breathing youth's first breath,
I all too young to know their deepest spell,
I saw Medea and Phædra in Rachel;
Later I saw the great Elizabeth.
Rachel, Ristori — we shall speak with death
Ere we meet souls like these. In one age dwell
Not many such: a century shall tell
Its hundred beads before it braid a wreath
For two so queenly foreheads. If it take
Æons to form a diamond, grain on grain,
Æons to crystallize its fire and dew,
By what slow processes must Nature make
Her Shakespeares and her Raffaels? Great the gain
If she spoil millions making one or two.

XX

BOOKS AND SEASONS

Because the sky is blue; because blithe May
Masks in the wren's note and the lilac's hue;
Because — in fine, because the sky is blue
I will read none but piteous tales to-day.
Keep happy laughter till the skies be gray,
And the sad season cypress wears, and rue;
Then, when the wind is moaning in the flue,
And ways are dark, bid Chaucer make us gay.
But now a little sadness! All too sweet
This springtide riot, this most poignant air,
This sensuous world of color and perfume.
So listen, love, while I the woes repeat
Of Hamlet and Ophelia, and that pair
Whose bridal bed was builded in a tomb.

XXI

OUTWARD BOUND

I LEAVE behind me the elm-shadowed square
And carven portals of the silent street,
And wander on with listless, vagrant feet
Through seaward-leading alleys, till the air
Smells of the sea, and straightway then the care
Slips from my heart, and life once more is sweet.
At the lane's ending lie the white-winged fleet.
O restless Fancy, whither wouldst thou fare?
Here are brave pinions that shall take thee far —
Gaunt hulks of Norway; ships of red Ceylon;
Slim-masted lovers of the blue Azores!
'T is but an instant hence to Zanzibar,
Or to the regions of the Midnight Sun;
Ionian isles are thine, and all the fairy shores!

XXII

ELLEN TERRY IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

As there she lives and moves upon the scene,
So lived and moved this radiant womanhood
In Shakespeare's vision ; in such wise she stood
Smiling upon Bassanio ; such her mien
When pity dimmed her eyelids' golden sheen,
Hearing Antonio's story, and the blood
Paled on her cheek, and all her lightsome mood
Was gone. This shape in Shakespeare's thought has been !
Thus dreamt he of her in gray London town ;
Such were her eyes ; on such gold-colored hair
The grave young judge's velvet cap was set ;
So stood she lovely in her crimson gown.
Mine were a happy cast, could I but snare
Her beauty in a sonnet's fragile net.

XXIII

THE POETS

When this young Land has reached its wrinkled prime,
And we are gone and all our songs are done,
And naught is left unchanged beneath the sun,
What other singers shall the womb of Time
Bring forth to reap the sunny slopes of rhyme?
For surely till the thread of life be spun
The world shall not lack poets, though but one
Make lonely music like a vesper chime
Above the heedless turmoil of the street.
What new strange voices shall be given to these,
What richer accents of melodious breath?
Yet shall they, baffled, lie at Nature's feet
Searching the volume of her mysteries,
And vainly question the fixed eyes of Death.

XXIV

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

Forever am I conscious, moving here,
That should I step a little space aside
I pass the boundary of some glorified
Invisible domain — it lies so near!
Yet nothing know we of that dim frontier
Which each must cross, whatever fate betide,
To reach the heavenly cities where abide
(Thus Sorrow whispers) those that were most dear,
Now all transfigured in celestial light!
Shall we indeed behold them, thine and mine,
Whose going hence made black the noonday sun? —
Strange is it that across the narrow night
They fling us not some token, or make sign
That all beyond is not Oblivion.

XXV

ANDROMEDA

THE smooth-worn coin and threadbare classic phrase
Of Grecian myths that did beguile my youth,
Beguile me not as in the olden days:
I think more grief and beauty dwell with truth.
Andromeda, in fetters by the sea,
Star-pale with anguish till young Perseus came,
Less moves me with her suffering than she,
The slim girl figure fettered to dark shame,
That nightly haunts the park, there, like a shade,
Trailing her wretchedness from street to street.
See where she passes — neither wife nor maid;
How all mere fiction crumbles at her feet!
Here is woe's self, and not the mask of woe:
A legend's shadow shall not move you so!

XXVI

REMINISCENCE

Though I am native to this frozen zone
That half the twelvemonth torpid lies, or dĕad;
Though the cold azure arching overhead
And the Atlantic's never-ending moan
Are mine by heritage, I must have known
Life otherwhere in epochs long since fled;
For in my veins some Orient blood is red,
And through my thought are lotus blossoms blown.
I do remember . . . it was just at dusk,
Near a walled garden at the river's turn
(A thousand summers seem but yesterday!),
A Nubian girl, more sweet than Khoorja musk,
Came to the water-tank to fill her urn,
And, with the urn, she bore my heart away!

XXVII

ON READING WILLIAM WATSON'S SONNETS ENTITLED "THE PURPLE EAST"

1896

Restless the Northern Bear amid his snows
Crouched by the Neva; menacing is France,
That sees the shadow of the Uhlan's lance
On her clipped borders; struggling in the throes
Of wanton war lies Spain, and deathward goes.
And thou, O England, how the time's mischance
Hath fettered thee, that with averted glance
Thou standest, marble to Armenia's woes!
If 't was thy haughty Daughter of the West
That stayed thy hand, a word had driven away
Her sudden ire, and brought her to thy breast!
Thy blood makes quick her pulses, and some day,
Not now, yet some day, at thy soft behest
She by thy side shall hold the world at bay.

XXVIII

"I VEX ME NOT WITH BROODING ON THE YEARS"

I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath: why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres —
Dead planets — I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now amid a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Ofttimes indeed strange sense have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

AN ODE

ON THE UNVEILING OF THE SHAW MEMORIAL ON BOSTON COMMON

May Thirty-First, 1897

I

Not with slow, funereal sound
Come we to this sacred ground;
Not with wailing fife and solemn muffled drum,
Bringing a cypress wreath
To lay, with bended knee,
On the cold brows of Death —
Not so, dear God, we come,
But with the trumpets' blare
And shot-torn battle-banners flung to air,
As for a victory!

Hark to the measured tread of martial feet,
The music and the murmurs of the street!
No bugle breathes this day
Disaster and retreat! —

Hark, how the iron lips
Of the great battle-ships
Salute the City from her azure Bay!

II

Time was — time was, ah, unforgotten years! —
We paid our hero tribute of our tears.
But now let go
All sounds and signs and formulas of woe:
'T is Life, not Death, we celebrate;
To Life, not Death, we dedicate
This storied bronze, whereon is wrought
The lithe immortal figure of our thought,
To show forever to men's eyes,
Our children's children's children's eyes,
How once he stood
In that heroic mood,
He and his dusky braves
So fain of glorious graves! —
One instant stood, and then
Drave through that cloud of purple steel and flame,
Which wrapt him, held him, gave him not again,
But in its trampled ashes left to Fame
An everlasting name!

III

That was indeed to live —
At one bold swoop to wrest
From darkling death the best
That death to life can give.
He fell as Roland fell
That day at Roncevaux,
With foot upon the ramparts of the foe!
A pæan, not a knell,
For heroes dying so!
No need for sorrow here,
No room for sigh or tear,
Save such rich tears as happy eyelids know.
See where he rides, our Knight!
Within his eyes the light
Of battle, and youth's gold about his brow,
Our Paladin, our Soldier of the Cross,
Not weighing gain with loss —
World-loser, that won all
Obeying duty's call!
Not his, at peril's frown,
A pulse of quicker beat;
Not his to hesitate
And parley hold with Fate,
But proudly to fling down
His gauntlet at her feet.

O soul of loyal valor and white truth,
Here, by this iron gate,
Thy serried ranks about thee as of yore,
Stand thou for evermore
In thy undying youth!

The tender heart, the eagle eye!
Oh, unto him belong
The homages of Song;
Our praises and the praise
Of coming days
To him belong —
To him, to him, the dead that shall not die!

JUDITH OF BETHULÎA

A TRAGEDY

CHARACTERS

HOLOFERNES, *Chief-captain of the Assyrians*

ACHIOR, *The Ammonite, lately fled from Holofernes and in love with Judith*

BAGOAS, *Captive and slave to Holofernes*

OZIAS, CHARMIS, CHABRIS } *Patriarchs of the beleaguered town*

JOACHIM, NATHAN } *Two Scholars*

ABNER, HADAD } *Captains of the Watch*

ELIKA, LAMECH } *Spearmen*

FIRST CAPTAIN, SECOND CAPTAIN, THIRD CAPTAIN, FOURTH CAPTAIN, FIFTH CAPTAIN, AN ARCHER } *Of Holofernes' Army*

JUDITH, *A rich widow of Bethulîa*

MARAH, *Handmaid and companion to Judith*

NAOMI, *A woman of the people*

Dancing-girls, musicians, Assyrian lords, and soldiers of both armies.

ACT I

SCENE I. A street in Bethulîa. Time: close upon daybreak. It is still very dark. Enter Ozias, Charmis, and Chabris with Abner and Hadad, captains of the guard, preceded by several night-watchmen carrying lighted lanterns slung on long staffs. The light-bearers, on halting, form in a half circle behind the speakers.

OZIAS

Here let us pause a moment and take breath.
(*To Abner*)
What is the hour?

ABNER

'T is close upon the dawn.

CHARMIS

At dawn it was we were to hear their prayer.

OZIAS

Their orders, rather. We no longer rule.

CHABRIS

Hunger and thirst and fever rule us now.
The people threaten to break down the gates
Unless within the limit of five days
We somehow get them bread and meat and drink,
Or come to terms with the Assyrians.

CHARMIS

That means surrender.

CHABRIS

And surrender means
Slaughter, since Holofernes seldom spares
Woman or child.

OZIAS

Scant mercy will he show
To us who for a month have blocked his march
Through the hill-passes.

CHARMIS

Can the town be held
Much longer?

OZIAS

No. Starvation faces us,
Draws each day nearer. We have still some grain,
And just outside the Eastern Gate a spring
The foe have not discovered.

(*Looking off*)

Who goes there?

ELIKA, *entering*

'T is I, Elika.

OZIAS

By the lantern's light
I read ill tidings in thy bloodless face.
What is it? Speak!

ELIKA

This night the enemy
Crept up unnoted to the very walls
And cut the water-course.

OZIAS, *aghast*

Where were our guards,
To let that happen?

ELIKA

Thrice their number came
And fell on them and slew them in the dark.
The bodies of our comrades choke the stream.

CHABRIS

Each moment brings some new calamity!

CHARMIS

Aye; it is whispered that the pest is here.
At set of sun two women and a child
Were taken with strange sickness on the street.

CHABRIS

Perchance they drank of some infected well.

CHARMIS

Enoch the leech, most wise in that disease,
Named it the plague.

OZIAS

Alas, that this should be!

(*To Hadad*)

What other stroke has fortune dealt to us
By stealth?

HADAD

Nought else. The foe have made no move
Save that now told to thee.

OZIAS

Unwatchful eyes,
Methinks, are those we trust to guard our sleep!

ABNER

Few are the eyes that have not watched this night.
Even the widow Judith hath stood guard,
Since dusk, upon the Tower.

CHARMIS

What brings her there?

ABNER

I know not. Achior the Ammonite,
Who has not quit the courtyard since she came,
Told me, in passing, that late yestere'en
He saw her hasten through the court and climb
The mouldy stairway, at whose foot he waits
To shield her from mischance when she descends.
Rude folk, and wanton, wander in the dark.

CHABRIS

Strange she should spend the night upon the
Tower!

OZIAS

Doubtless she sought the quiet of the place
There in the starlight to commune with God.
A holy woman, dead Manasseh's wife.
Her feet are swift to mercy. Through the siege
Her touch has soothed the dying, and her voice
In the dull ear of sorrow whispered hope.
An angel of sweet mercy has she been!

CHARMIS

Yet till we fell upon this evil time
She held herself aloof in her own house,
Leading a life of penances and prayers.
If she went forth, 't was with a widow's veil
That muffled up her beauty from the gaze.
Comely and fair is she to look upon!

OZIAS

Her beauty goes unhidden. She is seen
In every dingy by-way of the town
Where grief or pain has builded its abode.
No hovel is so loathsome but the earth
Before the door-sill bears her sandal-print.

ABNER

A saint among the poor! The common folk
Look on her as a kind of prophetess,
Like Deborah.

CHABRIS

I would that she might find
Another Jael! But such women now
Walk not the earth.

OZIAS

Who knows? In every age
Have mighty spirits dwelt unseen with man,
Biding the hour that needed them.

[*The stage lightens a little*

CHARMIS

Behold,
The dawn creeps on apace. 'T is well we stir.
What answer shall we give the desperate folk
Who bid us meet them in the council-hall
With some device to ease their misery?

CHABRIS

Such food as is, the fighting man must have,
Though wife and children starve — an old, old tale!

OZIAS

To yield the city is to seal our doom
At once. The people grant us five days' grace.
In this brief respite what may chance, God knows.

CHABRIS

Then at the end we open wide our gates
To Holofernes and his hungry swords!

OZIAS, *lifting up his hands*

Unless God help us.

(*Turns to Abner*)

We can find our way
Without the lanterns. Get thee now to bed,
Thou and thy men, who long have been a-foot.
The peace of God rest on thee and thy house!

The two officers salute the Patriarchs and go out, followed by the light-bearers extinguishing their lanterns.

Our path leads by the Tower; I fain would speak
With Judith, if she be not gone from there.
That woman's name, pronounced just now by chance,
Sent a quick thrill of lightness to my heart,
An exultation, wherefore I know not,
And something whispered me: "Go talk with her!"

CHARMIS

She must have gone by this.

OZIAS

'T is but a step,
And we shall know. Meanwhile the certainty
That she awaits us yonder in the court
Hath such possession of me I can see
The woman standing there, beneath the arch,
With parted lips as if to speak to us!

CHABRIS

Go first, Ozias ; we will follow thee.

Dark stage and change of scene

SCENE II. Early dawn. A spacious courtyard closed in at the rear by the city-wall. Antiquated architecture. Groups of squalid figures of men, women, and children dimly seen lying asleep here and there in the background. A dilapidated archway spans the left-hand upper entrance. A short flight of stone steps on the right leads to the door of a round tower forming part of the fortifications. Achior, in helmet and breastplate, is discovered standing near the foot of the steps in an attitude of expectancy. Presently he paces to and fro, glancing from time to time up at the tower with an anxious expression. A distant peal of trumpets is heard. The purple gradually lightens behind the battlements. As the scene progresses, citizens of wretched aspect cross the back of the stage, and at intervals a wounded soldier is borne by on a litter. The effect to be produced is that of a crowded town in a state of siege.

ACHIOR, *halting in front of the tower*

All this long night upon the battlements
Has Judith kept her vigil, and I here,
Low at her feet, where I would ever be —
Merari's daughter, dead Manasseh's wife,
Who, since the barley harvest when he died,
Has dwelt three years a widow in her house
And looked on no man : where Manasseh sleeps
In his strait sepulchre, there sleeps her heart.
She will not give me pleasure of her eyes
Nor any word of comfort. (*Pauses*) There she stands,

Fairer than morning in Arabia,
Her beauty blending with the light of dawn
On yonder tower. Now she turns, and now,
Like one that wanders in a dream, descends.
At last!

Achior withdraws a little. Judith appears in the doorway of the tower.

JUDITH, *descending the steps*

The Lord be with thee, Achior, all thy days!
May peace and grace walk ever at thy side.

ACHIOR

Daughter of heaven, would He but grant thy prayer,
I should not be the lonely man I am.
May I a word with thee?

JUDITH, *brushing past him*

Indeed not now.
Nay, stop me not, for I have haste to speak
Of weighty matters with the Patriarchs,
Who come this way — as if God sent them to me!

ACHIOR, *aside, impatiently*

So ends my waiting! Never have I chance
To be alone with her but some ill thing
Steps in between us! — Then some other hour,
Fair Judith?

JUDITH, *preoccupied*

Yes, some other hour than this.

Enter Ozias, Chabris, and Charmis.

CHARMIS, *aside to Chabris*

Lo! she is here. 'T is as Ozias said.
She seems like one foreknowing we would come.

Judith approaches the Patriarchs with her hands crossed upon her bosom, and makes low obeisance. Achior retires up the stage, and during the ensuing dialogue watches the speakers with deep interest.

OZIAS, *pausing and gazing intently at Judith*

I marvel much that in this stricken town
Is one face left not pinched with fear, nor wan
With grief's acquaintance. Such is Judith's face.

CHARMIS

That woman walketh in the light of God.

JUDITH

Would it were so! If so, I know it not;
Yet this I know, that where faith is, is light.
Oh, is it true, Ozias, thou hast mind
To yield the city to the infidels
After five days, unless the Lord shall stoop
From heaven to help us?

OZIAS, *with a despairing gesture*

It is even so.
The enemy have failed to batter down
Our gates of bronze, or decent entrance make
With beam or catapult in these tough walls,

Or with their lighted arrows fire the roofs.
Thus far our strength has baffled them; but lo!
The wells run dry, the store of barley shrinks.
Our young men faint upon the battlements,
Our wives and children by the empty tanks
Lie down and perish.

JUDITH

If we doubt, we die.
But whoso trusts in God, as Isaac did,
Though suffering greatly even to the end,
Dwells in a citadel upon a rock:
Wave shall not reach it, nor fire topple down.

OZIAS

Our young men die upon the battlements,
And day by day beside the dusty wells
Our wives and children.

JUDITH

They shall go and drink
At living streams, through heavenly pastures walk
With Saints and Prophets in eternal life!
Is there no God?

OZIAS

One only, one true God.
But now His face is turned aside from us,
He sees not Israel.

JUDITH

Is His mercy less
Than that of Holofernes? Shall we trust
In this fierce Bull of Asshur?

CHABRIS, *with an air of ending the discussion*

All is said!
The foe has hemmed us in on every side,
The plague is come, and famine walks the streets.
For five days more we place our trust in God.

JUDITH, *turning upon him sharply*

Ah, His time is not man's time, learnèd scribe!
And who are we — the dust beneath His feet —
To name the hour of our deliverance,
Saying to Him: *Thus shalt Thou do, and so!*
Ozias, thou to whom the heart of man
Is as a scroll illegible, dost thou
Pretend to read the mystery of God?

CHARMIS

The woman sayeth wisely. We are wrong
That in our anguish broke the staff of faith
Whereon we leaned till now. These aged eyes
Have lost their use if I see not in her
A God's white Angel bearing messages.

OZIAS

She seems like one inspired — mark her brow,
The radiance of it! Thus some Sibyl looks,

In trance, delivering her oracles.
When such lips speak, 't is to the souls of men.
Speak thou, we hear. What is it thou wouldst have?

JUDITH

I cannot answer thee, nor make it plain
In mine own thought. This night I had a dream
Not born of sleep, for both my eyes were wide,
My sense alive — a vision, if thou wilt,
Of which the scattered fragments in my mind
Are as the fragments of a crystal vase
That, slipping from a slave-girl's careless hand,
Falls on the marble. No most cunning skill
Shall join the pieces and make whole the vase.
So with my vision. I seem still to hear
Weird voices round me, inarticulate,
Words shaped and uttered by invisible lips.
At whiles there seems a palm prest close to mine
That fain would lead me somewhere. I know not
What all portends. Some great event is near.
Last night celestial spirits were on wing
Over the city. As I sat alone
Within the tower, alone yet not alone,
A strangest silence fell upon the land;
Like to a sea-mist stretching east and west
It spread, and close on this there came a sound
Of snow-soft plumage rustling in the dark,
And voices that such magic whisperings made
As the sea makes at twilight on a strip

Of sand and pebble. Suddenly I saw —
Look, look, Ozias! Charmis, Chabris, look!
See ye not, yonder, a white mailèd hand
That with its levelled finger points through air?

OZIAS

Nought but the vacant air do I behold.

JUDITH

There, look thou there! What blindness veils thine eyes?
See, it still lingers, like a silver mist!
It changes, fades, and then comes back again,
And now 't is ruby-red — as red as blood!

Judith shades her eyes with one palm as if the brightness dazzled. The Patriarchs, stricken with awe by Judith's words and manner, follow the direction of her gaze, but evidently see nothing. They look at one another wonderingly. Then Judith, after a pause:

'T is gone! Fear not; it was a sign to me,
To me alone. Ozias, didst thou note
The way it pointed? — to the Eastern Gate!
Send the guard orders not to stay me there.
Oh, question not! The omen I obey.
I must go hence. Before the shadow slants
Upon the courtyard thrice I shall return,
Else shall men's eyes not look upon me more.
What darkness lies between this hour and that
Tongue may not say. The thing I can, I will,

Leaning on God, remembering what befell
Jacob in Syria when he fed the flocks
Of Laban, and how Isaac in his day,
And Abraham, were chastened by the Lord.

OZIAS

This passes understanding. We would more
Of thy design, for thou art dear to us.

JUDITH

Wait thou in patience. Till I come, keep thou
The sanctuaries. Swear to keep them — swear!

The Patriarchs draw a little apart and appear to consult together for a moment.

OZIAS, *stepping from the group*

Although thy speech is fraught with mystery,
There lives conviction in it, and we swear
To hold the town, and if we hold it not,
Then shalt thou find us in the synagogue
Dead near the Sacred Ark; the spearmen dead
At the four gates; upon the parapets
The archers bleaching.

JUDITH

Be it so, my lords —
Yet be it not so! Shield me with thy prayers!

Judith bows down before the Patriarchs; they lift their hands in benediction above her head, and then slowly move away.

ACHIOR, *advancing swiftly down the stage*

Daughter of heaven! what mad thing is this?
Of thy dark commerce with these aged men
Something I caught, but nothing definite.
To some most perilous action on thy part
They seemingly consented. Tell me all!

JUDITH

Time and the place prevent me; and in truth,
Whereof we spoke concerns thee not to know.
Such scanty knowledge as thou hast of it
Keep locked within thy memory for a while.

ACHIOR

Thou hast some wild and dangerous intent
That chills my blood. Can I not counsel thee?
What evil dream at midnight in the tower
Has stolen thy reason? Whither wouldst thou go?

JUDITH, *hesitating a moment*

Didst see that finger pointing to yon camp?

ACHIOR

I saw it not, nor thou!

JUDITH

Thither I go.

ACHIOR

That thou shalt not!

JUDITH, *haughtily*

Thou sayest?

ACHIOR, *grasping her wrist*

Thou shalt not!
O Judith, listen! Rough I am in words
That would be gentle. What thy purpose is
Lies hidden from me. I see only this,
In yonder camp, among those barbarous hordes,
Swift death awaits thee, or some darker fate.

JUDITH

That must I venture. Other will than mine
Ordains the trial. O Achior, free my wrist!
Dear friend, brave soldier! Naught shall bar my way.

ACHIOR, *releasing her*

O Judith, let love bar it! Since the hour,
Now two years gone, when first I looked on thee,
No thought of mine by day or dream by night
Has been without thy image.

JUDITH, *recoiling*

Say it not!

ACHIOR

Can I behold thee go to shameful death,
And speak no word? My fear has made me bold.
Judith, I love thee. The dull sward that knows
Thy foot's light touch is hallowed ground to me.

I would not have the blossom from a bough
To fall upon thee rudely.

JUDITH, *fiercely, and then with sudden gentleness*

Peace, I say! —
Dear soul, my heart lies buried in a grave.
I have no love to give thee. Elsewhere seek
Some Jewish maiden worthy of thy worth.
I am thine elder both in time and grief.
No more of this. In kindness, pain me not.

ACHIOR

Then is my life a maimed and worthless thing.
Yet this is left me. If thou still art bent
On thy mysterious errand to yon camp,
I 'll go with thee. In other days I served
Prince Holofernes, from whose wrath I fled
To dwell, a wanderer, in alien tents,
And since have set my breast against his spears.
I know him well. 'T would fit his darksome mind
To lay a hand on me. Together, then!

JUDITH

The Patriarchs shall forbid it! *I* forbid!
Our path divides here, and so fare-thee-well!
Too long have I been spendthrift of my time.
I must prepare me for the journey hence.

(*Abstractedly*)

I shall go richly decked, pearls in my hair

And diamonds on my bosom. My handmaid
Shall even drape me in the rustling silk
That in a chest of camphor-wood has lain
Unworn since I was wed — the proud silk robe,
Heavy with vine-work, silvery flower and star,
And looped at either shoulder with a gem
To ransom princes.

(*Suddenly conscious of Achior*)

What, still art thou here?
Thou hast thy answer. Trouble me no more!

ACHIOR

Thou art gone mad! The grievous sights and sounds
Of this beleaguered town have turned thy brain
And bred in it some desperate resolve.
Whatever chances, I must follow thee.
I 'll to the Patriarchs and get their leave —
With or without it, thine shall be my doom.

JUDITH

Thou hast no part in it. God calls His own,
And I am His and Israel's! I go
To free my people, and, if needs must be,
Gladly to pay the forfeit with my life.
There lie the pith and sum of my intent.
Stand back and give me passage, Achior!

Judith brushes him aside and makes a swift exit through the archway at the rear of the stage. Daybreak.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I. The Eastern Gate. A stretch of the ancient city-wall. In the centre of the masonry is a wide gateway before which stand several soldiers. Two spearmen, Lamech and Elika, with levelled lances are keeping back, right and left, a surging mob of men, women, and children. Here and there is a woman carrying an inverted water-jar. Nathan and two or three other respectably dressed citizens are seen in the throng. Murmurs and gesticulations. Voices in the crowd cry: "Drink! give us drink!" The rabble momently increases. Time: forenoon.

LAMECH

Fall back, good folk! Last night the enemy
Poisoned the spring outside the city wall.
It is forbidden to draw water now.
No soul may pass here. Back, poor creatures, back!

VOICES

Drink! give us drink! we die of thirst — of thirst!

AN OLD MAN, *leaning on a staff*

Oh, are we not Thy children who of old,
Trod the Chaldean idols in the dust,
And built our altars only unto Thee?

VOICES

Bread! we are starving. Bread, or we must die!

A WOMAN

Just one poor wheaten loaf since yesterday —
For three of us! In mercy's name, a crust!
My little Ruth is dying!

LAMECH

Woman, peace!
'T is better so. I saw our Rachel die,
Our last born ewe lamb, and I shed no tear,
Knowing that hunger could not grieve her more.
So weep not thou.

ELIKA

My bosom aches for thee,
Beneath this breastplate.

VOICES

Water! water! bread!

NATHAN, *apart*

With fire and sword and famine, evil days
Have fallen upon us! — What is happening?

A perceptible new commotion in the crowd, then a sudden hush as Joachim enters in haste.

JOACHIM, *excitedly*

Two minutes since, as I was pondering
The famished folk that haunt the market-place,
Where one had fallen, smitten with the pest,
A woman swept me by — if 't was indeed

A woman, not an angel — in a blaze
Of gems and snowy raiment. Such a shape
Comes to men's dreams. Along the crowded streets
Thin, pleading hands reached out to touch her hem,
Rude archers doffed their head-gear as she passed,
And all the people stood amazed, as though
'T was some seraphic creature sent of God
To save us in our misery. Behold,
The shining apparition moves this way!

The crowd silently huddle together on one side of the stage and gaze wonderingly in the direction indicated by Joachim.

VOICES

A miracle! a miracle!

NATHAN, *shading his eyes and looking off*

Not so!
And yet a wonder! — dead Manasseh's wife,
Not in her mournful widow's-weeds, but decked
As for a banquet! I remember her
In those same bridal garments as she stood
Before the High Priest in the synagogue
One happier day than this! What may it mean?
Surely she would not mock us with her state.

JOACHIM

I knew her not in that unwonted guise.

Enter Judith partly veiled, a crowd following. She is richly dressed, with jewels in her hair and at the throat. A mantle falling from one shoulder exposes the splendor of her attire. Close behind follows Marah, the handmaid, carrying an osier basket. A woman holds up a child to Judith, who bends down and caresses it.

JUDITH

My heart bleeds for thee, thou most sorrowful!
From brow and bosom I would tear these jewels
Couldst thou but eat them, or were food to buy.
I give thee silver, though 't is mockery;
A dozen grains of barley were more worth.

Judith hurriedly hands the woman several pieces of silver from a pouch. As she falls back into the crowd, a woman clutches Judith by the skirt.

Unloose thy fingers and delay me not!
I go to Holofernes, and perchance
By prayer and supplication I shall win
His princely mercy for this stricken town
And all the wretched folk within its walls.
Nay, loose thy hold, each moment hath its price!

Judith wrests herself from the woman's grasp, arranges the veil over her face, and approaches the two spearmen at the gate, who stop her with their crossed lances held breast-high.

LAMECH

None may pass forth without the captain's seal.

JUDITH, *drawing a parchment from her girdle*

That have I here. Already thou hast word
To speed me and my handmaid. I am she
The parchment tells of.

(*Looking closely at one of the spearmen while the other examines the scroll*)

Thou — I knew thee once,
Elika, son of Jorim, aforetime
My husband's herdsman — a brave soldier now.
Thy gentle sister and thy mother, friend,
How fares it with them?

ELIKA

She that clutched thy gown,
That was my mother. Reason fled from her
When Leah died.

JUDITH, *wringing her hands*

And that was Naomi,
And I repulsed her! Whither has she gone?

Judith turns passionately to the crowd, which opens and shows Naomi standing in the background with a blank expression on her countenance. Judith takes her tenderly by the hand and leads her forward.

Dost thou not know me? It was in thine arms
I lay and slept the hour that I was born.
Dear nurse, look on me. It is even I,
"Judith the wilful" — thou didst call me so.

NAOMI

Ay, it is Judith, a grown maiden now,
The pearl of maidens. 'T is thy wedding day,
And my sweet Leah has gone, I know not where —
Somewhere hard by — to gather snow-white flowers
To deck thee.

JUDITH

Oh, she stabs me to the heart
With her unreason!

ELIKA

Ever thus she talks,
Unmindful, wandering from place to place
In search of Leah. She seems to know thee now,
But presently her mind will be a blur.
See how she stares at thee!

NAOMI, *gazing vaguely at Judith*

And who art thou
To stay me in the street here? Dost thou bring
Tidings of Leah? Has she told thee all —
How we two lay at midnight parched with thirst,
And would not touch the water in the jar
(Scarcely a gill there was!), but each to each
Smiled, and said: "Drink thou!" Then I fell asleep,
And just at dawn, I being in a drowse,
She brought the jar and set it to my lip,
And I, unwitting, drained the precious drops
That might have saved her! When the morning came

She spoke no more, but lay there white and cold.
Was that the tale she told thee? Oh, 't was true!

JUDITH

If this be not a dream, her heart is broken!

NAOMI

Listen — behind the wainscot I have hid
A cup of sweet rain-water. I would die
A thousand deaths ere I would taste of it!
Let her come back to me, my best beloved!

JUDITH

This is too piteous! Some one take her hence.
(*Discovering Nathan in the crowd*)
Ah — thou, good Nathan; lead her to my house
And bid my people there to care for her
Till I — God willing — shall come back again.
Go with him, Naomi. — Such balm as heals
A wounded spirit send Thou to this one!

Judith places the hand of Naomi in that of Nathan, who leads her away.

LAMECH, *returning the scroll to Judith*

Manasseh's widow — may God guard thee — pass!

Attendant soldiers throw open the heavy gates. Lamech and Elika range themselves on either side and salute Judith impressively as she passes out.

JUDITH, *over her shoulder*

Quick, Marah, follow me!

Dark stage and change of scene

SCENE II. The Camp of Asshur. An open space surrounded by cedar and olive trees. In the distant background are tents arranged in a semicircle under arching boughs. Part way down the stage on the left is a marquee with green hangings covering the entrance. Under a fringed canopy in the middle foreground Holofernes is discovered lying upon a leopard skin, his head propped up on one hand. On each side of him are groups of Assyrian lords and captains. Spearmen and men-of-all-arms observed lounging at the wings. Bagoas stands a little distance from his master. The soldiers in miscellaneous costumes, Holofernes' army being composed of conscripts from a dozen different conquered nations. Time: noon.

HOLOFERNES

O lords and captains, we are put to shame.
How does it happen that a little town,
Stuck like a hornet's nest against a rock,
Checks and defies such mighty hosts as ours?
Till now we swept in triumph through the land.
As the pent whirlwind, breaking from its leash,
Seizes upon the yellow desert sands
And hurls them in dark masses right and left,
So have we scattered the great armies sent
To stop our progress. All the nations saw
Our might, and cowered. One by one they came
And swore allegiance, grovelling at our feet —
The sons of Esau and the Moabites,
The tribes that dwelt beside the salt-sea dunes,
And those that builded on the mountain-tops.
All, save these dogs of Hebrews, bent the knee.

(*An archer enters suddenly*)

What would that man? His coming vexes me.

THE ARCHER, *kneeling*

O lord and prince, that should know all, know this:
An hour ago a watchman on the height
That overlooks the city saw two shapes
From out the eastern gateway issue forth —
In quest of water, it was thought at first.
But no, they paused not at the ruined well
Piled up three-deep with those we slew last night.
Straight on they pressed, and plunged into the wood
That hides a hundred footpaths through the hills,
And there, as if by magic, disappeared.
Swift runners were despatched to seek these two,
But all in vain.

HOLOFERNES

Begone! It matters not.
I would two thousand issued from that gate
And gave us chance to feed them with our swords.
Fool of the gods, to fetch me such a tale!

[*The archer salaams and goes out crestfallen*

Let no one else break in on our discourse.
Give me your wisdom, ye who lead my hosts.
For a moon's length have we been held at bay
By a mere handful in a crumbling town
That blocks our passage through the narrow pass.
This is the key unlocks a world beyond.
Jerusalem should have fallen long ago
And all the riches of Judea been ours.

Some spell more potent than the Hebrew spears
Must work behind them. Speak; what shall be done?

(*Waves his hand toward one of the lords*)

Say on, brave Captain of the Elymeans.
What voice is thine?

1ST CAPTAIN

My voice is for assault.
Better lie dead, each man upon his shield,
Than waste here with no grass to feed the mares
And scant meat left. Rust gathers on our swords.

HOLOFERNES, *turning to another chief*

And thou?

2D CAPTAIN

My lord, a soberer counsel mine.
Wide is the moat and many are the spears,
And stout the gates. Have we not flung our men
Against the well-set edges of their swords?
Note how the ravens wheel in hungry files
Above the trenches; watch them as they rise
Red-beaked and surfeited. Has it availed?
The city still defies us; but within
There 's that shall gnaw its heart out, if we wait;
For white-cheeked famine and red-spotted pest
Are our allies.

3D CAPTAIN

A judgment! Let us wait.

4TH CAPTAIN, *turning fiercely on the last two speakers*

Ye should have tarried on the river's bank
At home, and decked your hair with butterflies
Like the King's harlots. Little use are ye!

5TH CAPTAIN

Nay, valiant Dara, they did well to come;
They have their uses. When our meat is gone
We 'll even feed upon the tender flesh
Of these tame girls, who, though they dress in steel,
Like more the tinkle of a dulcimer
Than the sharp whisper of an arrowhead.

Tumult and angry mutterings among the captains; several of them lay hand on their sword-hilts, and threaten one another. The bowmen and spearmen at the wings make ready with their weapons. Holofernes springs to his feet and glares menacingly at the chiefs.

HOLOFERNES

Hold! — Keep thy falchions for the enemy.
Who draws a blade shall sheathe it in his breast! —
The conclave ends. Later I speak my will.

Judith, followed by Marah, enters from the rear of the stage, halts in terror halfway down, and then swiftly advances, looking about her to ascertain whom she shall address. Murmurs of surprise and admiration are heard on every side. Marah remains in the background, holding the osier basket in her arms.

HOLOFERNES, *starting*

Who breaks upon our councils? Silence, all!
Whence comest thou — thy mission and thy name?

JUDITH

Judith of Bethulîa I am called.

HOLOFERNES, *partly aside*

Methought the phantom of some murdered queen
Had risen from the ground beneath my feet! —
If these Samarian women are thus shaped,
O my brave captains, let not one be slain!
What seekest thou within the hostile tents
Of Asshur?

JUDITH

Holofernes.

HOLOFERNES

This is he.

JUDITH, *throwing herself at his feet*

Most mighty prince and master, if indeed
Thou art that Holofernes whom I seek,
And dread, in truth, to find, see at thy feet
A hapless woman who in fear has flown
From a doomed people.

HOLOFERNES

If thy words are true,
Thou shalt have shelter of our tents, and food,

And meet observance, though our enemy.
Touching thy people, they with tears of blood,
And ashes on their heads, shall rue the hour
They paid not tribute to our sovereign lord,
The King at Nineveh. But thou shalt live.

JUDITH, *rising*

O gracious prince, I do beseech thee now
Let those that listen stand awhile aloof,
For I have that for thine especial ear
Of import to thee.

At a gesture from Holofernes the captains and men-at-arms retire, making different exits. Bagoas lingers. Judith with a quick look calls the attention of Holofernes to the circumstance. He motions to Bagoas to withdraw.

My lord, if yet thou holdest in thy thought
The words which Achior the Ammonite
Once spoke to thee concerning Israel,
Oh, treasure them, for in them was no guile.
True is it, master, that our people kneel
To an unseen but not an unknown God,
And while we worship Him we cannot fall,
Our tabernacles shall be unprofaned,
Our spears invincible; but if we sin,
If we transgress the law by which we live,
Our sanctuaries shall be desecrate,
Our tribes thrust forth into the wilderness,
Scourged and accursed. Therefore, O my lord,

Seeing my nation wander from the faith
Taught of the Prophets, I have fled dismayed.

HOLOFERNES, *partly to himself*

In this wise, I remember, Achior spoke,
And warned me not to meddle with the Jews.
I banished him, and straight he refuge sought
Among the Israelites, who gave him place
And honor in their councils. Now his sword
Is turned against us. Hebrew, weigh thy words!

JUDITH

Heed, Holofernes, what I speak this day,
And if the thing I tell thee prove not so,
Let not thy falchion tarry in its sheath,
But seek my heart. Why should thy handmaid live,
Having deceived thee, flower and crown of men!

HOLOFERNES, *aside*

This woman's voice falls sweeter on my ear
Than the soft laughter of the Assyrian girls
In the bazaars, or when in the cool night,
After the sultry heat of the long day,
They sit beside the fountain with their lutes.

JUDITH

Oh, listen, Holofernes, my sweet lord,
And thou shalt rule not only Bethulîa,

Rich with its hundred altars' crusted gold,
But Cadés-Barné and Jerusalem,
And all the vast hill-land to the blue sea.
I bring to thee the keys of Israel.

HOLOFERNES

Speak, for I needs must hearken to thy words.

JUDITH

Know then, O prince, it is our yearly use
To lay aside the first fruits of the grain,
And so much oil, so many skins of wine,
Which, being sanctified, are held intact
For the High Priests who serve before the Lord
In the great temple at Jerusalem.
This holy food — which even to touch is death —
The people would lay hands on, being starved;
And they have sent a runner to the Priests
(The Jew Abijah, who, at dead of night,
Sped like a javelin between thy guards),
Begging permit to eat the sacred corn.
'T will not be granted them, as time will prove,
Yet will they eat it. Then shalt thou behold
The archers tumbling headlong from the walls,
Their strength gone from them; thou shalt see the spears
Splitting like reeds within the spearmen's hands,
And the strong captains tottering like old men
Stricken with palsy. Then, O mighty prince,

Then with thy trumpets blaring doleful dooms,
And thy proud banners waving in the wind,
With squares of men and eager clouds of horse
Thou shalt sweep down on them, and strike them dead!

HOLOFERNES

The picture, sorceress, lives before my eyes!

JUDITH

But now, my lord, ere this shall come to pass
Five days must wane, for they touch not the food
Until the Jew Abijah shall return
With the Priests' message. Here beneath thy tents,
O Holofernes, would I dwell the while,
Asking but this, that I and my handmaid
Each night, at the sixth hour, may egress have
Into the valley, undisturbed to pray.
I would not be thy prisoner, but thy guest.

HOLOFERNES

Thou shalt be free to come and go, and none
Shall stay thee, nor molest thee, these five days.
And if, O rose of women, the event
Prove not a dwarf beside the prophecy,
Then has the sun not looked upon thy like.
Thy name shall be as honey on men's lips;
Thou shalt have chests of costly sandal-wood,
And robes in texture like the ring-dove's neck,
And milk-white mares, and chariots, and slaves;

And thou shalt dwell with me in Nineveh,
In Nineveh, the City of the Gods!

JUDITH, *making a half imperceptible clutch at her bosom*

Oh, who am I that should gainsay my lord?

HOLOFERNES

Bagoas shall wait on thee; command the slave.
Bid him fetch fruit and meat for thy repast.

JUDITH

It is not lawful we should eat of them.
My maid has brought a pouch of parchèd corn,
And bread and figs and wine of our own land,
Which shall not fail us.

HOLOFERNES

Even as thou wilt,
O fair Samarian! My slave shall come
To do thy bidding.

[*Holofernes goes out*

JUDITH

O Marah, is it night, and do I dream?
Is this the dread Assyrian rumor paints,
He who upon the plains of Ragau smote
The hosts of King Arphaxad, and despoiled
Sidon and Tyrus, and left none unslain?
Gentle he seems we thought so terrible,
Whose name we stilled unruly children with

At bedtime — *See! the Bull of Asshur comes!*
And all the little ones would straight to bed.

MARAH, *slowly*

Mistress, he looks not what we pictured him.

JUDITH

Is he not statured as should be a king?
Beside our tallest captain this grave prince
Towers like the palm above the olive tree.
A gentle prince, with gracious words and ways.
How sayest thou?

MARAH

A gentle prince he is —
To look on. I misdoubt his ways and words.

JUDITH

And I, O Marah, I would trust him not!
Beneath his smoothness all is cruelty.
A tiger's talons thus are shod with down.

(*Enter Bagoas; Judith perceives him, and says quickly*)

Marah, he waits to show thee to the tent.
(*Aside*) The prince's slave — his shadow, so it seems.
I would not have the ill-will of this man.

Bagoas relieves Marah of the basket and enters the green pavilion with her. He immediately reappears, crossing the stage behind Judith. She observes him attentively.

Thy lord, Bagoas, is a powerful prince.

BAGOAS, *coming forward*

Men fear him greatly.

JUDITH

And thou fearest him?

BAGOAS

I serve him, lady, since I am his slave.

JUDITH

Now thou art mine, I buy thee of thyself
With coin of kindness — rarer 't is than gold.
Thy speech and manner seem beyond thy state.

BAGOAS

In my own land I was less humbly placed.
A merchant was I, but a scholar's son,
And had some strain of learning in my blood.
I travelled in far lands with merchandise,
Lord of rich caravans. Then came a war.
From Koordistán he brought me with his spoils
This conqueror of cities, slayer of men.
I pine in my captivity, and dream
Of where the swift Nerbudda laves its banks
And one sad woman waits for me in vain.
The gold he throws me in his lavish moods
I hoard to pay my ransom.

JUDITH, *taking a ring from her finger*

Is it so?
Here 's that shall aid thee; add it to thy store.

BAGOAS

My prayers shall go with thee both day and night.

[*He presses the ring to his lips as he goes out*

JUDITH

At least he will not be an enemy.

(*Muses*)

'T was not so evil as I feared, and yet
My heart is cold with terror. What step next?
The end appalls me. A black precipice
Yawns at my feet whichever way I turn.
I am like one that a magician's wand
Hath laid a spell upon; I neither speak
Nor move but as some unseen power directs.
I seem to wander in a land of dream
And walk with spectres. As a skein of flax,
Dropt by a weaver working at his loom,
Lies in a tangle, and but snarls the more,
And slips the fingers searching for the clue,
So all my plan lies tangled in my brain.
How stands the matter? I have gained five days
In which to act, and in the interval
May come and go unchallenged by the guard.
Thus far God lights me. All the rest is dark.

Achior abruptly appears at the remote rear of the stage — same entrance as Judith. He halts irresolutely, glancing back over his shoulder, as if he were pursued. Judith turns and discovers him. She rushes to Achior and seizes him by the arm.

Fly from this place, O Achior, here is death!

ACHIOR

I would not were it possible. Unseen
I reached the inner lines, but there I fell
Upon two Tartar sentinels asleep;
I broke their slumber and they gave alarm.
I think they follow closely on my heels.

JUDITH

What brings thee to the tents of Asshur?

ACHIOR

Thou!
It was my hope to be thy sword and shield.

JUDITH

I was not in thy keeping, reckless man!
Thy rashness will be like to ruin me.

ACHIOR

Deny me when they question. I will swear
I never knew or saw thee till this hour.
Torture shall wring no other word from me.

JUDITH

Too late. This very hour I spoke of thee
To Holofernes.

ACHIOR

Say, then, I am one
Thy scorn hath withered, that my wits are gone,
And that I vex thee with my vain pursuit;
Then bid him end me.

JUDITH

Thou indeed art mad.
Less wise than daring, see how thou hast rushed
Headlong on failure!

Sounds of voices and clanking arms off the stage. Several Tartar soldiers rush in and secure Achior. Holofernes enters from the opposite side attended by Bagoas bearing flowers and palm leaves in his arms. Holofernes on seeing Achior starts back in surprise, and then advances with a cynical smile on his lips.

HOLOFERNES

Who thus honors us?
Unless my vision tricks me, it is he,
My valorous Captain of the Ammonites,
My poet-soldier, breaker of maids' hearts,
Harp-player — that shall play upon a rack!

JUDITH, *aside*

There spoke the Holofernes of my thought.

Holofernes remains silent a few seconds, glancing from Judith to Achior alternately, and finally lets his gaze rest upon Judith.

HOLOFERNES, *suspiciously*

Thou know'st this man?

JUDITH, *indifferently*

By sight, but more by name.
A stranger's face is his among the Jews.
I've seen him on the streets in Bethulîa.
How came he here?

HOLOFERNES

Perhaps he followed thee.

JUDITH, *playing with her necklace*

I want him not.

HOLOFERNES

Nor I! This Ammonite
Has little earthly value, it appears —
A kind of carrion that finds no bids
Among the buyers in the market-place.
How then dispose of him? Thou dost not beg
His life of me?

JUDITH

Why should I, lord of all?
I would not beg of thee my own poor life
Were that at issue.

HOLOFERNES

'T were an empty plea
Hadst thou the cause to make it!

JUDITH, *to herself*

We are lost!

HOLOFERNES

Though thou wert folded in my very heart,
I 'd tear thee out, didst thou play false with me!
I 'll think on it. Meanwhile what shall be done?

JUDITH

Do what thou wilt, O sovereign lord.

HOLOFERNES

Well said!
Thou hast a cunning fashion in thy speech.

(*To the guard*)

Take him away, and as thou lovest light,
See he escape not.

(*To Achior with a mock air of deference*)

In some leisure hour
I 'll crave thy company. — Out of my sight!

(*To Judith tenderly*)

Lady, I bring thee flowers!

The soldiers prepare to drag Achior off, one of them unclasping a belt with which to bind him. Judith stands rigid and cold in the centre of the stage. As Holofernes offers the flowers to her, he looks over his shoulder suspiciously at Achior. Marah, who has partly drawn back the curtain of the pavilion, peers out timidly between the draperies.

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE I. A secluded wood near the Assyrian camp. Early twilight. A slowly increasing red glow overspreads the stage. Judith is seated on the trunk of a fallen tree arranging wild flowers in her lap. She has discarded the ornaments worn in Act II, a white scarf replacing the pearl necklace; her costume otherwise the same. Marah in the background holding a small wicker pannier containing lilies, ferns, etc. Holofernes stands a pace or two from Judith regarding her.

HOLOFERNES

Fair women have I known, but never one
Like unto thee. The hour I see thee not
Creeps like a tortoise; but when thou art near,
No swiftest sparrow hath such wings as time.

JUDITH

Of late, my lord, my ear has grown unused
To terms like thine. It has been wont to hear
Accents of grief and pain. Thy phrases seem
As phrases spoken in some half-known tongue.

HOLOFERNES

Then let thy wit translate. In these three days
Have I been lessoned by thy dignity,
Thy wisdom and thy loveliness. The camp
And all the lordly uses of my state
Have lost their savor and significance.

That thou shouldst sit and hold a little flower
Between thy fingers, toying with it thus
Idly and dropping it, doth move me more
Than some affair of gravest urgency.

(*Sits down beside her*)

At dawn I say: "I shall again behold
This daughter of Judea, shall hear her voice,
And catch, mayhap, a softness in her eyes."
Translate thou that, O wise Samarian!

JUDITH

Some lady of the court at Nineveh
Perchance might find a meaning.

HOLOFERNES

She were else
No woman! Tell me somewhat of thyself.
Thou art a widow?

JUDITH

I have told thee that —
And daughter to a man could ransom me.

HOLOFERNES

Not though he were the richest in Judea!
How long wert thou a wife?

JUDITH

One year, my lord.

HOLOFERNES

And widow?

JUDITH

Three.

HOLOFERNES

He loved thee well?

JUDITH

O prince,
I may not speak of this!

HOLOFERNES

In faith, nor I.
There 's matter nearer; what is past is dead. —
Art never merry? I would hear thy laugh.
Sad thou art not, and yet methinks thy smiles
Are rarer than a miser's charities.
There is a carven image of a sphinx,
A woman and a lion both in one,
That crouching stares across the empty air
With face mysterious, neither sad nor glad.
Thou mind'st me of it, though thy face can change.
Three noons ago thy cheek went white as death
At sight of me. Thou dost not fear me now?

JUDITH

Not now as then, yet I have fear, O prince.

HOLOFERNES

Thou shalt unlearn it. Busy tongues of men
Have misused me in their dull report,

And made my name a terror through the land.
A soldier's falchion sleeps not in the sheath;
But when these wars are done with I shall hang
My helmet in a garden for the birds
To build a nest in.

JUDITH

Thou art gentler far
Than I had thought thee.

HOLOFERNES

My grim captains here
Would smile behind their beards, could they but know
What soft ambition seizes me at times
Even in the heat and tumult of debate —
A longing to be other than I am,
To turn my back on all this pomp of war
And dwell unknown, in some untroubled spot,
With wife and children, dreaming life away
Beneath the palms and my Assyrian sky.

JUDITH

This earth, my lord, holds not within its store
Of jewels, crowns, and principalities
A thing more precious than thou dreamest of —
Peace and content, and love, the flower of life.

HOLOFERNES

An idle dream that weakens valor's arm.
Meanwhile that nest of vipers is uncrushed!

(*Starts to his feet*)

Were I much longer to be held at bay
In these accursed hills, I should become
The savage thing men paint me. But the end
Approaches near — my plans are subtly laid.
Two days from this, unless the very gods
Take arms against us, Bethulîa falls.

[*He walks up the stage*

JUDITH, *aside*

But two days left — God help me! Life or death
Lies in the interval!

HOLOFERNES, *turning sharply*

What sayest thou?

JUDITH, *recovering herself*

That in two days, my lord, it will be shown
Whether or no I am true prophetess.

HOLOFERNES

I shall have kept my covenant, and now
I swear no harm shall touch the oracle,
Though she prove —

Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER, *kneeling*

Prince and master, I am sent.
The council waits thy presence, gracious lord.

HOLOFERNES, *impatiently*

Say that I come. I had forgotten them!

'T was I myself convoked the conference.
These wrangling captains give me little rest.
Straightway I come.

[*Exit Messenger*

I go on leaden feet.
I leave thee as a reveller leaves his cup,
The wine unfinished. So, now, fare thee well!

[*Holofernes goes out*

JUDITH

Amen to that, say I, who fare so ill,
With all this darkness closing in on me.

MARAH, *coming forward*

I would, dear mistress, we might not return
To yonder camp. Rude folk for such as thou,
Those long-haired men that from the Tigris come,
And they that stain their teeth with betel-nut —
Fire-worshippers and bowers-down to stone.
Even the good Bagoas in his pack
Hath a flint image that he mutters to!

JUDITH

And I, in truth, I too would not go back;
But that must be, my mission is not done.
Not long our exile now. Hast left behind
Some love-lorn dark-eyed youth in Bethulîa?
Here in the summer quiet of this wood
How far we seem from that distracted town
Wrapped in the vapor of its own sick breath!
Conscience reproaches me that I have found

Some transient moments of forgetfulness
Plucking these wild flowers. 'T was a truce with fate.
Great peril threatens us. Would thou wert safe!
Cruel was I to drag thee in this coil!

MARAH

What danger threatens that I would not share
With thee, sweet mistress?

JUDITH

Ah, thou know'st not all.
To-night, when slumber has sealed every ear,
I 'll tell thee what dark embassy is mine
And what fell doom upon disaster waits.
Then, if thou waver, still is time to fly
And save thee.

(*Rises to her feet, and listens*)

Hark! some foot of man or beast
Has crushed a dry twig in the thicket there!

Bagoas enters hurriedly.

BAGOAS

Lady, I bring a message from my lord
Sitting in council with the captains now.
The prince commands that thou shalt feast with him
This night, and bade me lead thee to his tent.

JUDITH

O Marah, see! my lord keeps not his word.
He is as those false jewellers who change

A rich stone for a poorer — when none looks.
Five days he promised, and but three are gone,
And now he begs me come to sup with him!

MARAH

No choice hast thou, alas!

JUDITH

One needs must go —
When kings invite. The master's will is mine.
Such gloom has touched me lately, I would fain
Know mirthfulness. I jest, for in my heart
There lurks an unnamed terror. O Bagoas!
He would not slay me in some sudden freak?

(*Bagoas shrugs his shoulders*)

Does he wear arms when supping?

BAGOAS

No, he hangs
His falchion on a peg within the tent;
Dagger he hath none.

JUDITH, *softly to herself*

God be thanked for that. . . .
Upon a peg within the tent! (*Reflects*) Bagoas!

BAGOAS

What wouldst thou have, my lady?

JUDITH

Dost thou serve
The prince to-night?

BAGOAS

He has so ordered it.

JUDITH

Take it not ill if I persuade my lord
To do without thy service by and by,
Leaving thee free to go what way thou wilt.
'T would please my humor just for once to play
Cup-bearer to the prince, and fetch him drink
In that great chalice thou hast told me of.
And should I find him in a gracious mood,
As often men are between cups of wine,
I 'll breathe a word for thee into his ear.

MARAH, *aside*

My mistress plans to be alone with him!

BAGOAS, *with a quick glance at Judith*

No slave had ever such petitioner.
If thou but smile, thou 'lt have no need to speak;
Thy suit, unspoken, will be granted thee.

MARAH, *aside*

I would that we were gone from here.

JUDITH

But hold!
Perhaps my lord has other guests at hand,
And thou must still remain to wait on them.

BAGOAS

My lord's musicians and his dancing-girls —
He brings such in his train — may come awhile
For thy divertisement. No other guests.

JUDITH

That will content me better.

BAGOAS, *hesitating*

May I speak?

JUDITH

A friend's ear listens to thee; speak.

BAGOAS

This night
Thou standest in great danger. My lord's eyes
Are ravished with thy beauty — fatal gift!
His love is pitiless. (*Pauses*) Should it so turn
That he, before he hath drunk deep of wine,
Should fall into a drowse, then thou wert safe
For that time being.

JUDITH

Does wine make him sleep?

BAGOAS, *significantly*

Some wine might make him.

JUDITH, *eagerly*

What is in thy thought?

BAGOAS

I had an illness once; sleep fled my lids
Till I went mad with wakefulness. A man
Of Koordistan, well skilled in subtle drugs,
Gave me a medicine that cured the ill,
And taught me to compound it.

JUDITH, *quickly*

Hast thou this?

(*Bagoas nods his head affirmatively*)

Then give it me!

BAGOAS, *handing her a minute metal box, which he holds between fore-finger and thumb*

A dozen grains or so,
Dropt in a drink, will straightway dull the sense
And bring a gentle slumber presently.
'T is not a poison.

JUDITH, *placing the box in her bosom*

Would it were — that I,
At need, might take it. Though it all prove naught,
I am beholden to thee.

(*With an affectionate gesture she gives her hand to Bagoas, who kisses it respectfully*)

Tell me, now,
How fares it with the Ammonite?

BAGOAS

He has
Such faring as a fox within a trap —
Caught but not killed.

JUDITH

What harder lies in store?

BAGOAS

I think my lord intends to take him back
To Nineveh.

JUDITH

That were not well for him?

BAGOAS

Most ill, my lady.

JUDITH

And how bears he this?

BAGOAS

As one that has looked peril in the face
By field and flood on many a desperate day,
And so disdains it. At the first my lord
Questioned him keenly, being much perplexed
That one same hour should bring ye both to camp.
The prince suspected — I know not just what.

JUDITH

And now?

BAGOAS

He doubts not that the Ammonite
And thou are strangers.

JUDITH

He has ventured life
For me, Bagoas! If the chance befell
That thou couldst loose the latchet of his trap,
Wouldst thou not do it?

BAGOAS

For thy sake I would.
But 't will not happen.

JUDITH

Heaven is over all.
Strange things ere now have happened in Judea!
(*Pauses*)
O I must speak, Bagoas! Stand apart
A moment, Marah. (*Hurriedly*) Come what will, I speak!
Dark powers, invisible ministers of air,
Led my feet hither, wherefore I knew not
At first, then presently I understood.
Two days from now 't is planned to storm the town
And put these helpless people to the sword.

BAGOAS

Such rumor fills the camp. I think it true.

JUDITH

One thing alone may stay this massacre.

BAGOAS

Whose hand may stay the Prince of Asshur's hand?

JUDITH

God's!

BAGOAS

What thou speakest is not plain to me.
Thy God 's a mystery.

JUDITH

There is that to do
Blanches the cheek and frightens sleep away.
Across my heart in characters of fire
A mortal doom is written. Before dawn
The prince must die! — See how I trust in thee!

BAGOAS

Wouldst have me strike him as he sits at meat?
Command me, I will do it.

JUDITH

Nay, in this
'T is I alone must act, O man of men!
O lion heart! Yet I do beg of thee
A no less heavy service. Should I fail,
Through fault of nerve or some undreamed mishap,
And in the doing find myself undone,
Swear by the love thou bearest her who waits
Thy coming in those far-off lands, O swear
That thou wilt plant thy dagger in my breast
Though thou fall dead beside me.

BAGOAS

In my mind
Such purpose stirred ere thou didst give it words.

JUDITH

Then has God sent thee! I draw breath again.
Let 's on; I must make ready for my lord
(*Motions to Marah and Bagoas to precede her*)
(*Aside*) He said — upon a peg within the tent!

Dark stage and change of scene

SCENE II. The tent of Holofernes. A large blue pavilion set diagonally across the left rear corner of the stage. The entrance, which is very wide, hung with embroidered draperies, now drawn back. Within, a lighted cresset depends from the ceiling; near the doorway, and nearly blocking it, a low couch placed at an angle. At the right and left of the tent, outside, is a small stand upon which slaves are arranging flasks of wine, chalices, and dishes of food, fruit, etc., as the curtain rises. Among the overhanging boughs of trees glimmer lanterns of colored glass-work, and slender tripods supporting cups of burning perfume stretch in a line on either side of the stage. The scene softly illuminated.

Holofernes discovered seated on a long bench or settle, over which is spread a leopard skin. Behind this is his shield, fastened to the shaft of a javelin thrust into the ground. From the boss of the shield glares a green and gold dragon rampant. The slaves retire.

HOLOFERNES

All day have I been haunted by a dream
That in the breathless middle of the night
Robbed sleep of its refreshment. In my thought
I found myself in a damp catacomb

Searching by torchlight for my own carved name
On a sarcophagus; and as I searched,
A file of wailing shapes drew slowly near —
The hates and passions of my early youth
Become substantial and immortal things
With tongues to blazon forth each hidden crime.
Then terror fell upon me, who have known
Neither remorse nor terror, and I woke.

(*Rises dejectedly from the settle*)

The dream still frets me, still unstrings my heart.
Is it an omen sent me by the gods?
Such things foretell the doom of fateful men,
Stars, comets, apparitions hint their doom.
The night before my grandsire got his wound
In front of Memphis, and therewith was dead,
He dreamed a lying Ethiop he had slain
Was strangling him; and, later, my own sire
Saw death in a red writing on a leaf.
And I too. . . .

(*Throws himself upon the settle*)

Oh, I am ill and troubled in the mind.
That Hebrew woman shall beguile my gloom.
The hour should bring her, if she have not fled.
By what sly necromancy was I won
To give her unwatched freedom in the camp!
Should she not come! — I sigh in saying it,
As though she were a part of all my life,
This woman I have looked on but three days!

Judith enters, attended by Marah and Bagoas. As they step beyond the wings, Judith turns quickly and lays her hand on Marah's arm.

JUDITH, *in a low, hurried voice*

No further, thou. Go hide thee in the wood
Hard by, and when I call unto thee come,
And do the thing I bade thee. Fail me not!

MARAH, *lingering, pretends to arrange Judith's robe*

I shall not fail thee, thou adorable!

[*Marah goes out*

Judith, her manner indicating suppressed agitation, advances to the centre and bends low before Holofernes, who rises quickly, and taking Judith by the hand, leads her to the settle.

HOLOFERNES

The course has wearied thee, so rest thee here,
O Heart's Desire, upon this leopard skin.
From out the jungle by the Ganges' side
The creature leapt on me; and now I bear
The trophy ever with me in my wars —
A kind of talisman. Meanwhile it makes
A throne whereon a haughty queen might sit.

Judith, in dumb-show, declines the proffered seat, and begins to remove the mantle which covers her from head to foot. She throws it over the back of the settle.

JUDITH

No queen am I, but only thy handmaid.

HOLOFERNES

Ere now a handmaid has become a queen.

JUDITH

To serve thee is to reign. I keep my state,
And am most jealous of my servitude.
This night, O prince, no other slave than I
Shall wait on thee with meat and fruit and wine,
And fetch the scented water for thy hands,
And spread the silvered napkin on thy knee.
So subtle am I, I shall know thy wish
Ere thou canst speak it. Let Bagoas go
This night among his people, save he fear
To lose his place and wage, through some one else
More trained and skilful showing his defect.

HOLOFERNES, *turning to Bagoas*

Thou hearest, O Bagoas, what she says?
Another hath usurped thee. Get thee gone,
Son of the midnight! But stray not from camp,
Lest the lean tiger-whelps should break their fast,
And thou forget I must be waked at dawn.

BAGOAS

I hear, O prince.

HOLOFERNES

And send us presently
The Arab girls and him that plays the lute.

BAGOAS, *aside as he goes out*

Poor lady, in her whiteness how she looks
Like some rare idol that a conqueror
Tears from its niche, in pillaging a town,
And sets among the trappings of his tent.

(*Under his breath*)

Fear not, O prince. I shall not stray from camp!

While Holofernes divests himself of his breastplate and hangs his falchion on a peg inside the tent, Judith goes to one of the tables, and standing with her back to him, but in a position that enables her action to be observed by the audience, fills a flagon with wine, into which she hastily drops the contents of the little metal box given to her by Bagoas.

JUDITH, *aside*

O Thou who lovest Israel, give me strength
And cunning such as never woman had,
That my deceit may be his stripe and scar,
My kiss his swift destruction! If the drug
Work not its magic on him, then — what then!

Judith returns to the settle, and, kneeling, presents the cup to Holofernes. Holofernes drinks.

HOLOFERNES

Richer the wine is for those slender hands
And that gold bangle slipping down the wrist.
Now sit by me. (*She obeys*) Cup-bearer, hold the cup.
What a rare slave thou art!
A helmet heaped with pearls, i' the market-place,

Could buy thee not from me. How shall I make
Thy chains seem lighter? Our chance-builded camp
Has little entertainment in its stores;
But I have brought my troop of dancing-girls
From Nineveh, and they shall dance for us,
And one among them, that has voice, shall sing
A love-song that a Persian poet made
Before I slew him for a halting verse.

JUDITH

Surely thou didst not slay a man for that!

HOLOFERNES

Lady, it was a very grievous fault.
Who cheats in weights or measures merits death.
The Medes and Persians have it in their laws.

Enter a troop of Arab girls, with a clash of cymbals. They prostrate themselves before Judith and Holofernes, and then fall to dancing. Slaves place a small round table near the settle and bring a dish of fruit, a flask of wine, and two flagons. Holofernes and Judith eat and converse in pantomime, he insisting from time to time on her drinking from his cup, which she constantly refills. At the conclusion of the dance the Arab girls again prostrate themselves. While they are retiring, a soft music, chiefly from stringed instruments, is heard, and these verses are sung by a single voice behind the scenes. Holofernes rests an elbow on one knee, and supporting his chin on his hand, listens stolidly to the song.

O cease, sweet music, let us rest!
Too soon the hateful day is born;
Henceforth let day be counted night,
And midnight called the morn.

O cease, sweet music, let us rest!
A tearful, languid spirit lies,
Like the dim scent in violets,
In beauty's gentle eyes.

There is a sadness in sweet sound
That quickens tears. O music, lest
We weep with thy soft sorrow, cease!
Be still, and let us rest.

JUDITH, *aside*

A strange new look has crept into his face.
He listened to the music as a man
That strains his ear to catch some distant sound
Whose meaning baffles him. — What is 't, my lord?

HOLOFERNES

Thy coming chased the blackness of my day,
But now the heaviness that clouded me
Has come again.

JUDITH

The music saddened thee.

HOLOFERNES

Not so. I am not fashioned like a harp
That some chance touch may sadden or make glad.

(*Rises from the settle*)

That pungent scent of burning sandal-wood,

(*Puts his hand vaguely to his forehead*)

Or the dull opiate of those wilted flowers,
Or some malignant influence of the night
Hath drowsed me. Let me rest upon the couch
A moment; it will pass.

They enter the tent together.

JUDITH

Lie there, my prince,
I will keep watch and ward.

Holofernes reclines upon the couch, propping himself on one elbow. He points to a low tabouret at the side of the couch.

HOLOFERNES

And sit thou here,
Thou of the dove's eyes and the proud swan's throat.
Thy tresses give out odors of the rose.
Thy breath upon my cheek is as the air
Blown from a far-off grove of cinnamon.
Fairer art thou than is the night's one star —
(*Smiling*) Thou makest me a poet with thine eyes!

He puts one arm around her neck and gently draws her head to his breast. Judith rests there motionless for a moment, then slowly disengages herself and rises to her feet with a dazed, troubled look. In a second or two she recovers herself, and stooping picks up the flagon, which has fallen to the floor of the tent.

JUDITH

Sweet prince, I have forgot mine office. See,
The flagon 's empty! I 'll go fetch thee wine.

She hurries out, and sets the cup on a table, resting one hand on the edge of it, the other hand pressed against her heart.

Oh, save me, Lord, from that dark cruel prince,
And from mine own self save me! for this man,
A worshipper of senseless carven gods,
Slayer of babes upon the mother-breast,
He, even he, hath by some conjurer's trick,
Or by his heathen beauty, in me stirred
Such pity as unnerves the lifted hand.
Oh, let not my hand fail me, in Thy name!

(*She returns to the tent with wine*)

Drink this, my lord.

HOLOFERNES

In the full compass of my thirty years
At no one time have I so drunk of wine.

Holofernes, who has fallen back on the cushions, raises himself with effort on his elbow. He passes his arm around Judith's waist and constrains her to sit down on the edge of the couch. Then takes the cup and drinks.

Sweet vision, 't is a medicine that cures,
Grief will it cure and every ill, save love.
Who first did think to press it from the grape?
Art going? Nay, I know thou hast not stirred.

(*Confusedly*)

I am the plaything of vain fantasies.
Voices are calling through a mist. I hear
The clang of shields somewhere far-off, and see

The shapes of men and horses marching by —
O shadows, dreams, and visions, let me be!

Holofernes sinks back on the cushions, his arm slips from his breast, and the flagon, which he has retained in his grasp, clashes on the floor. Judith rises, startled, and looks at him with curious intentness for a few seconds.

JUDITH

My lord? . . . He sleeps! . . . Unending be his dream!

She advances a step outside the tent, grasping the folds of the looped curtain in one hand, then turns and gazes upon Holofernes.

The ignoble slumber that has fettered him
Robs not his pallid brow of majesty
Nor from the curved lip takes away the scorn.

(*Lets the curtain fall across the entrance to the tent*)

Bagoas shall not awaken him at dawn!

(*Pauses*)

O broken sword of proof! O prince betrayed!
In me he trusted, he who trusted none!

(*Pauses again*)

I did not longer dare to look on him,
Lest I should lose my reason through my eyes.
This man — this man, had he been of my race,
And I a maiden, and we two had met —
What visions mock me! Some ancestral sin
Hath left a taint of madness in my brain.
Were I not I, I would unbind my hair
And let the tresses cool his fevered cheek,

And take him in my arms — Oh, am I mad?
Yonder the watch-fires flare upon the walls,
Like red hands pleading to me through the dark;
There famished women weep, and have no hope.
The moan of children moaning in the streets
Tears at my heart. O God! have I a heart?
Why do I falter! (*Kneeling*) Thou that rulest all,
Hold not Thy favor from me that I seek
This night to be Thy instrument! Dear Lord,
Look down on me, a widow of Judea,
A feeble thing unless Thou sendest strength!
A woman such as I slew Sisera.
The hand that pierced his temples with a nail
Was soft and gentle, like to mine, a hand
Moulded to press a babe against her breast!
Thou didst sustain her. Oh, sustain Thou me,
That I may free Thy chosen from their chains! —
Each sinew in my body turns to steel,
My pulses quicken, I no longer fear!
My prayer has reached Him, sitting there on high!
The hour is come I dreamed of! This for thee,
O Israel, my people, this for thee!

Soft orchestral music. Judith rushes wildly into the tent, closing the hangings behind her. The boom of a gong is heard and a sentinel near by cries: "Midnight! Midnight! All is well!" A second sentinel, further off, takes up the cry, which is repeated by a third in the remote distance. Marah and Bagoas, with anxious faces, are observed at the right-hand middle entrance. Marah crosses the stage, picks up Judith's mantle, and takes a position near Bagoas. A

sound like that of a falling body, accompanied by a muffled exclamation from Judith, is heard inside the tent. Enter Assyrian Captain, who halts abruptly, and listens.

ASSYRIAN CAPTAIN

What noise was that within?

(*To Bagoas*)

Art stricken dumb?
Some ill, perhaps, hath happened to the Prince.
Art turned to stone? Go to thy master, slave!
Myself will go.

[*Advances towards the tent*

BAGOAS, *intercepting him*

Not thou, ill-fated man!

(*Seizes the captain by the shoulder and stabs him*)

An evil star it was that led thee here!

ASSYRIAN CAPTAIN, *clutching at the air as he falls*

What dog is this has bitten me to death?
(*Faintly*) O thou vile slave, had I suspected thee . . .

[*Dies*

Judith violently thrusts the draperies aside and appears grasping an unsheathed falchion, which she flings from her.

JUDITH *to Marah*

'T is done! Do thou!

Marah goes into the tent and immediately emerges, bearing the head of Holofernes enveloped in the mantle. Judith, who has stood motionless with both hands pressed against

her eyes as if to shut out some appalling spectacle, turns and discovers Bagoas on the extreme left crouching over the body of the captain. She starts back at the sight.

BAGOAS

Quick, let the black night swallow thee! Begone!

Marah seizes Judith by the wrist. The two are seen in the act of taking flight as the curtain descends.

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT IV

(*Four days later*)

The market-place in Bethulîa. Far back on the right, the entrance to the great synagogue; the long flight of gradually ascending steps leading to the portals crowded with spectators. Garlands and cloths of gold and purple tissues hang from the windows of the houses facing on three sides of the quadrangle. In the centre of the square, a platform two or three feet in height supports a large antique chair richly draped. With the exception of the space surrounding the dais, the stage is slowly filled by people of every condition.

Enter Nathan and Joachim conversing excitedly.

NATHAN

Was it not wonderful! O day of days!
The Ammonite, held captive, saw it all.
It thrills the blood to hear him tell of it.
When they discovered Holofernes slain
And lying headless 'mid the tapestries,
A sudden silence fell upon the camp,
And all the people stood like blocks of stone
In some deserted quarry; then a voice
Blown through a trumpet clamored: *He is dead!*
The Prince is dead! The Hebrew witch hath slain
Prince Holofernes! Fly, Assyrians, fly!
On this a panic seized the Asshur hosts;

They broke and fled from that strong mountain-hold,
Leaving their arms, their chariots, and their tents,
Even the camels tethered at the stake!
Our children's children shall be told this tale.

JOACHIM

Three days and nights at point of our red spears
The cohorts scattered. Such as know not death
Are safe now in Damascus, or beyond.

NATHAN

'T was Achior led the horsemen. It is said
A man he made a friend of in the camp
Set Achior free.

JOACHIM

That in effect is true —
A captive Holofernes held in thrall
As slave. That gaunt and swarthy-visaged man
Who follows Achior everywhere is he.

NATHAN, *meditatively*

To think a woman did it! Day of days!
Yet is not Judith made of tenderness?
I saw her stoop once in the crowded street
To kiss a sickly child the mother held.

JOACHIM

A warrior's soul, a woman's heart! I hear
That she has begged the Patriarchs to remove

The head of Holofernes from the lance
On which 't is set above the Eastern Gate.

NATHAN, *still meditative*

Such pity meetly crowns the daring act.
I wonder, now, the peril being past
And all her pulses stilled, if in her thought
There is not some vague, nameless sense of dread
Of her own self that could do such a deed!

JOACHIM

O Nathan, son of Paul, thou ever wert
A splitter of fine hairs! Had she not slain
That monster in his hour of victory,
Making his pride to bite the very dust,
What had become of *thee*, and all of us!

NATHAN

True! — through God's grace and that one woman's hand
The tombs and temples of Judea were saved.
I would not look good fortune in the teeth,
But somehow the event breeds thoughts in me.

JOACHIM

It were more wholesome to have fewer, man!
I trust thou hast not spoken much of this.

NATHAN

Do I look like a fool?

JOACHIM

No, no, good friend —
That 's what astonishes! But say no more.
This hour comes Judith to the market-place,
Where a glad people fain would honor her
With pipe and timbrel and the heart's acclaim.
See what a mighty throng has gathered here!

[*Nathan and Joachim stand aside*

Enter Bagoas and Achior.

BAGOAS

O Captain, be not prodigal of thanks.
'T was that brave lady bade me break thy chain.

ACHIOR

Alas, Bagoas, that did not set me free!
I am a prisoner whose manacles
Are newly riveted. 'T is mine to have
A most sweet cruel jailer who forbids
My presence. Only by a chance like this
May I behold her.

[*A flourish of trumpets, then distant music*

BAGOAS

There my lady comes! —
My fate and thine are one, brave Ammonite.
Though I go back to Koordistán enriched
With all the gold and trappings that were found
In Holofernes' tent — her gift to me —
I still go back a captive, ever bound

In bands of love and reverence for her.
Daring and meek and merciful is she,
And pure as is the white eternal snow
That lies unreached upon the mountain top.

ACHIOR

Thou didst watch over her that dreadful night.
I envy thee the office that was thine,
To stand there in the dark, with dagger drawn,
To save her or avenge, had all gone ill.

BAGOAS

And thou — for her sake didst thou not dare death?

The music approaches. The multitude sways to and fro, and voices cry: "She is coming!" "She who saved us is coming!" Achior and Bagoas join Nathan and Joachim at the wings near the footlights. The crowd parts right and left to give way to Ozias, Chabris, and Charmis, accompanied by chief captains, civic dignitaries, and men-at-arms bearing banners. Enter a troop of maidens dancing, followed by Judith dressed in her widow's weeds as in Act I. She is very pale, and walks with bowed head, Marah a few steps in the rear. The music dies down to a low murmur.

NATHAN

I thought she would come clad in cloth of gold,
Not in the sombre livery of grief.

JOACHIM

Like some victorious chief returned from war,
She lays aside her armor.

The Patriarchs conduct Judith to the foot of the dais, and motion her to ascend. She seems to demur. The Patriarchs, apparently embarrassed, expostulate in dumb-show, pointing appealingly to the empty chair.

NATHAN

See! she halts
Before the throne; they urge her to ascend,
And she, as one unworthy, still protests.
She takes her triumph modestly, methinks.

JOACHIM

Nigh unto Dothaim is a sepulchre
Where all her pride lies buried.

ACHIOR, *sadly*

And her love!

One of the chief captains reaches forward and places a light chaplet of laurel upon Judith's brow. Tumultuous cries and cheers.

JUDITH, *in a low voice*

Oh, who am I to sit upon a throne?
It were more fitting I should bow me down
At the throne's foot, my forehead in the dust.
Ozias, I have drunk a bitter cup!
Deck me with rue and fennel, if thou wilt.

OZIAS *to Judith*

Nay, gentle Judith, they will take it ill
That came from far and near to honor thee.

Thy name is in their hearts and in their prayers,
And they would look upon thy face this day.

JUDITH

So be it, then — it was for love of them!
My city, Bethulia, 't was for thee!

NATHAN

See! she consents.

ACHIOR, *rapturously*

Her face is like a star!

Judith slowly mounts the dais and stands erect, with one hand resting on the arm of the chair. There is a beatific expression on her features as she faces the populace. Those immediately about the platform kneel.

Mark how the warm blood steals into her cheek!
Such tint it brings as in the season's prime
Creeps up the slender stem to dye the rose.

NATHAN, *smiling*

A singer of love canticles was spoiled
When Achior turned soldier.

JOACHIM

Peace, man, peace!
I wonder will she speak. She lifts her hand
As if to beg the silence of the crowd.

JUDITH

Oh, not to me, but unto the Most High
Lift up thy voices! Glorify His name

With pipe and harp and solemn chanted psalm!
Let the triumphant breath of trumpets blow
The news to the four winds, Judea is saved!
For once again hath God delivered us.
He was the hand, and I was but the sword,
The sword was I, and He the hand that smote.
Glory and praise to Him forevermore!

(*Pauses*)

The spell is broken. Now farewell to all,
To votive wreath and music's blandishment.

(*Takes off the chaplet and holds it in her hand*)

From this day forth I dwell apart, alone
In mine own house, where laughter may not come
Nor any light, vain voices of the world.
Only the sorrowful shall find the door
Unbarred and open.

(*Descends the first step of the dais, and lingers*)

In thy memory
Keep me as some beloved wife or child
Or sister that died long and long ago!

Cries of "Judith!" "Judith!" "Judith!" Children scatter flowers and palm-sprays at her feet. A sudden blare of trumpets, followed by soft orchestral music. Judith descends from the dais. The crowd falls back in silence. Achior impulsively advances a pace or two towards her, and then halts, irresolute.

ACHIOR, *with an imploring gesture*

Judith!

JUDITH, *hurriedly wrapping herself in the black veil, one end of which she throws over the lower part of her face*

Let no one born of woman follow me!

[*Swift exit*

Bagoas grasps Achior by the arm, restraining him. The crowd leans forward with outstretched hands, and stands spell-bound gazing after Judith. Tableau.

SLOW CURTAIN

LONGFELLOW

1807–1907

Above his grave the grass and snow
Their soft antiphonal strophes write:
Moonrise and daybreak come and go:
Summer by summer on the height
The thrushes find melodious breath.
Here let no vagrant winds that blow
Across the spaces of the night
Whisper of death.

They do not die who leave their thought
Imprinted on some deathless page.
Themselves may pass; the spell they wrought
Endures on earth from age to age.
And thou, whose voice but yesterday
Fell upon charmèd listening ears,
Thou shalt not know the touch of years;
Thou holdest time and chance at bay.
Thou livest in thy living word
As when its cadence first was heard.
O gracious Poet and benign,
Belovèd presence! now as then
Thou standest by the hearths of men.

Their fireside joys and griefs are thine ;
Thou speakest to them of their dead,
They listen and are comforted.
They break the bread and pour the wine
Of life with thee, as in those days
Men saw thee passing on the street
Beneath the elms — O reverend feet
That walk in far celestial ways !

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